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HISTORY OF ENGLAND

FROM

THE FALL OF WOLSEY
TO THE DEFEAT OF THE SPANISH ARMADA

VOLUME XI.

ELIZABETH.

HISTORY OF ENGLAND

FROM

THE FALL OF WOLSEY

TO

THE DEFEAT OF THE SPANISH ARMADA.

BY

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CONTENTS OF VOLUME XI.

CHAPTER LXIII.

THE JESUIT INVASION.

	PAGE
Esme Stuart, Count d'Aubigny, sent by the Jesuits to Scotland	1
Reorganization of the French Faction at the Scotch Court	2
Philip invited to assist the Catholics there	6
Alarm of Elizabeth	7
Danger of the Earl of Morton	8
Elizabeth tempts Morton to commit Treason	13
Changes her Mind too late	14
And when he fails, deserts him	15
Arrest of Morton, and confinement in Dumbarton Castle	18
Charged with the Murder of Darnley	19
Obligation of Elizabeth to protect him	22
She remonstrates, threatens, and does nothing	25
Dexterity and Treachery of D'Aubigny	29
Fresh efforts to save Morton	31
Final resolution of the Queen not to interfere	34
Trial and Sentence	37
The Last Morning	37
Death of Morton, and Victory of the Catholic Faction	42
The Jesuit Invasion of England	43
The Pope sanctions the Murder of Elizabeth	45

PAGE

Elizabeth's Tolerant Policy towards the Catholics .. 47
Parsons and Campian 50
Their early History 50
The Seminary at Rheims 52
The English Mission resolved upon 55
Difficulty in the position of the English Catholics .. 57
New Construction of the Bull of Pope Pius .. 57
Agitation in the Court 58
The Queen appeals to the Country 60
Parsons and Campian land in England 62
Reception in London 64
Letter of Campian to the General of the Jesuits .. 65
He challenges the Protestant Divines 68
Arrests of Jesuits 70
Use of Torture 71
Sufferings of the Catholics 73
Priests in the Pay of Walsingham 74
Exultation of Campian 75
Meeting of Parliament 77
Dispute between the Queen and the House of Commons 78
Bill for the Repression of Treasonable Practices .. 80
Complaint against the Anglican Bishops 81
Lukewarmness of the Catholic Laity 84
Campian publishes his 'Ten Reasons' 87
Lyford Grange 87
Campian's Last Sermon 89
His Capture 91
Execution of Everard Harte 93
Campian is Tortured 95
Six Catholic Noblemen promise Mendoza to take Arms 97
Disputation in the Tower Chapel 99
Trial of Campian and his Companions 100
Execution of Campian, Sherwin, and Bryant .. 104
Reflections on the Treatment of the Jesuits. . .. 108

PAGE
Failure and Success of Persecution 112
Burghley's Execution of Justice, with Allen's Reply .. 114

CHAPTER LXIV.

VOYAGE OF SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.

The Alençon Marriage revived 117
Early Life of Sir Francis Drake 121
Portrait of Drake 122
Preparations for the Great Voyage 123
The Pelican sails from Plymouth 124
Mr Thomas Doughty 124
Magellan's Straits 127
Return of Captain Winter to England 129
Valparaiso and Tarapaca 130
Lima 131
Pursuit and Capture of the Cacafuego 132
Description of Drake and his Ship 135
Two Spanish Cruisers fear to attack him 137
He sails for California 139
Agitation in Spain and England 139
Anxiety of Philip to avoid a War 140
Feeling in the City of London 142
Convention between Mendoza and Elizabeth .. 145
Drake searches for a North-eastern Passage .. 146
Failing to find it, he returns by the Cape of Good Hope 147
The Pelican on a Coral Reef 148
Safe Arrival in England 150
Mendoza demands the Restoration of the Plunder .. 151
He is supported by Burghley and Sussex 153
False returns of the Bullion 154
Favour of Drake with the Queen 157

PAGE

She determines to restore nothing 158
Alençon 160
Spanish Conquest of Portugal 162
Uneasiness of France and England 162
Advice of Burghley 163
The Crown of the Low Countries offered to Alençon . . 166
Elizabeth promises to marry him 169
Arrival of Alençon's Secretary 170
Incredulity of Mendoza 172
A French Embassy 174
Conditional Marriage Treaty 175
Manœuvres to escape 178
Irritation in Paris 180
Likelihood of a Rupture with Spain 180
Don Antonio, the Portuguese Pretender 182
Proposed Expedition to Terceira 184
Walsingham is sent to Paris 188
Elizabeth's Dilemma 189
Misgivings of Walsingham 193
She sends Alençon Money 195
Hard Treatment of Don Antonio 196
Remonstrances of Mendoza 199
Final refusal to restore Drake's Plunder 201
Mendoza advises Philip to reconcile himself with Elizabeth 204
Alençon again in England 206
The Kiss at Greenwich 208
Fresh Hesitation 210
The Queen decides that she will not marry . . 212
Alençon goes to Holland 216
Installed Duke of Brabant 217
The Queen determines on a League with Spain . . 218
Resentment of the French Court 219
She inclines to the Marriage once more 222
Alternative Prospects 224

CHAPTER LXV.

THE JESUITS IN SCOTLAND.

	PAGE
D'Aubigny created Duke of Lennox	227
Disposition of James	228
Relations between Scotland and France	229
Proposed Association of James and Mary Stuart in the Crown	231
Mission of Captain Errington	234
Negotiations with the Queen of Scots	235
Elizabeth attempts to play her off against her Son	237
Letter of Mary Stuart to Mendoza	239
The Jesuits in Scotland	240
The Scotch Catholics make advances to Spain	242
Correspondence with the Catholics in England	244
Proposed Treaty between Elizabeth and the Queen of Scots	245
Intended Invasion of England by the Duke of Lennox	247
Irresolution of Philip	249
Jesuit Plot for Invasion and Insurrection	251
The Duke of Guise	254
Episcopacy in Scotland	255
The Earl of Arran	256
Sir Robert Montgomery	258
Action of the General Assembly	258
Tumult in Edinburgh	260
Alarms of Lennox	262
Eagerness of the Queen of Scots	263
Defeat of the French at Terceira	266
The Raid of Ruthven	270
Captivity of James	272
Scene in Edinburgh	273
Discovery of the Jesuit Plot	275

PAGE

The Earls of Angus and Ruthven apply for help to Elizabeth 278
Elizabeth refuses 280
French Intrigues 284
Appeal of Mary Stuart 285
La Mothe Fenelon comes to London 288
Proposed Alliance between France, England, and Mary Stuart 290
The Lady Arabella 292
Lennox retires from Scotland 294
Danger of James 296
Elizabeth receives Lennox in London 298
Lennox and Mendoza 300
Fresh Plans for Insurrection 302
Hesitation of the English Catholic Nobles 304
Treachery of Lennox 305
His Sudden Death in Paris 308
Parties in Scotland 311
Renewed Negotiations for an Arrangement with the Queen of Scots 312
Secretary Beale at Sheffield 314
Mary Stuart consults Mendoza 317
Mendoza advises her to temporize 319
Commissioners from Angus and Ruthven sent to Elizabeth 322
Conditions on which Scotland will be her Ally .. 324
Elizabeth demands the Extradition of the Jesuit Gaspar Holt 327
She declines the Scotch Proposals 329
And will not part with Money 330
Continuation of the Treaty with Mary Stuart .. 332
Which also she declines to conclude 334

CHAPTER LXVI.

EXPULSION OF MENDOZA.

	PAGE
Large sums advanced to Alençon	337
Plots to Assassinate the Prince of Orange	340
Orange wounded by Jaureguy	342
Enthusiastic delight of the Catholics	344
The Prince recovers	345
The French Conspiracy	348
Catastrophe at Antwerp, and Flight of Alençon	350
Ineffectual attempt at Reconciliation	353
Elizabeth again purposes to assist Spain in the Reconquest of the United Provinces	356
The Paris Plot	360
Guise prepares to Invade England	361
Negotiations with Spain	364
Letter from Mendoza to Philip	364
James escapes from the Protestant Nobles in Scotland	369
Revolution at the Scotch Court	371
James places himself at Guise's disposition	375
Guise ready to sail, waits only for Support from Spain	377
Charles Paget sent over to arrange the Landing	379
Walsingham is sent to Scotland	383
Complaints of James	383
The King of Navarre applies to Elizabeth for Support	387
Her sharp Practice	390
Impatience of the Duke of Guise	391
Divisions among the Catholics	392
Attempt to Assassinate Elizabeth	394
Death of Somerville and Arden	397
Arrest of Francis Throgmorton	399
His Confession on the Rack	400
Arrest of the Earls of Arundel and Northumberland	403
Difference of Opinion in the English Council	404

PAGE

Fresh Executions of Seminary Priests 406
Expulsion of the Spanish Ambassador 407
Violent Scene with the Council 412
Parry's Plot 415
Parry and Morgan 418
The Low Countries 422
Difficulties of James 425
He again writes to Guise 427
And to the Pope 428
Parties among the English Catholics 432
Protestant Plot to seize the King of Scots 434
The Lords are betrayed, and fly 439
Capture and Execution of Ruthven 440
Mary Stuart's Instructions to her Son 441
Elizabeth makes fresh efforts for a Compromise . . 445
Reopening of the Treaty with the Queen of Scots . . 448
She stands on 'proud terms' 454
The Treaty is dropped 455
Letters of M. Fontenay from Scotland 457
Curious Account of the Character of James . 457
Scotch Politicians 464
Mary Stuart's hold over her Son 465

CHAPTER LXVII.

THE BOND OF ASSOCIATION.

Effects of Protestantism 467
The Channel Pirates 470
State of the English Church 471
Policy of Elizabeth 477
Death of Alençon 480
Murder of the Prince of Orange 483

PAGE
Elizabeth pretends a wish to defend the Netherlands 486
Burghley's Advice 488
The Earl of Arran 491
Paltry manœuvring with Scotland 492
Lord Hunsdon sent there 494
John Craig and Arran 496
General Perfidy 499
The Countess of Shrewsbury and Lady Arabella Stuart 500
Letter of Mary Queen of Scots to Elizabeth 501
Conduct of Mary 503
Letter of Warning to her from an Italian 508
Mary's Professions to Elizabeth, and to the Pope and Philip 511
St Lawrence's Shoulder-bone 512
Confessions of Crichton, the Jesuit 514
Dread of Elizabeth's Assassination 515
Bond of Association 516
James's indifference to his Mother . .. 520
Mission of the Master of Gray 520
The Queen of Scots sends her Secretary to Elizabeth 523
She despairs of Help from abroad 527
She is moved to Tutbury Castle 529
She threatens James with her Curse 531
Meeting of Parliament 532
Dread of the Jesuits 539
Speech of Dr Parry 540
Display of Loyalty in the House of Commons .. 541
Parry's Treason 543
His Execution 544
New Bill to provide for the Queen's safety 545
Her Speech from the Throne 546
The States offer themselves to Elizabeth 548
Difficulties of the Situation 550
Elizabeth's Insincerity 552
Henry III. refuses the Sovereignty of the States .. 554

PAGE

Elizabeth's Letter demanding the delivery of Morgan 556
The Holy League 559
Henry III. declines Elizabeth's aid 562
She sends Champernowne to the King of Navarre .. 562
Death of Gregory XIII., and Accession of Sextus V. 564
Henry III. yields to the Guises 566
The King of Navarre's Appeal to Europe 566
Elizabeth refuses to help him 569
Scheme to rescue the Queen of Scots 571
Her Despair 574
She is placed under Sir Amyas Paulet's care .. 576
James affects devotion to Elizabeth 580
Proposed Assassination of Arran 581
A League negotiated between Elizabeth and James .. 583
Skirmish on the Border and Murder of Lord Russell 585
Arran suspected, and his Surrender demanded by Elizabeth 586
James refuses 587
Elizabeth withdraws her Demand 588
Arran prepares for an Armed Struggle 589
The Scotch Lords permitted to leave England .. 593
Flight of Arran 594
Elizabeth's excuses to James 595
Letter of Elizabeth to James 595
Lord Northumberland destroys himself in the Tower 600
Collapse of the Party of Insurrection 601

CHAPTER LXIII.

THE JESUIT INVASION.

WHILE the Irish insurrection was in its infancy, a few weeks after Sanders landed at Dingle, a second emissary charged with a similar mission appeared at Holyrood. Esmé Stuart, Count d'Aubigny, who had been selected to play over again the game which Queen Mary had begun and lost, was now twenty-three years of age. He had been trained by the Jesuits, and was an intimate friend of the Duke of Guise. As heir of the Regent Lennox, he was near in blood to the crown of Scotland, and was entitled to dispute the succession after the King with the House of Hamilton. He was not too old to be James's companion. He had qualities of mind and body calculated to give him influence and ascendancy, and he had been drilled with the utmost care for the part which he was to play.

To the world generally it was represented that he was going to Scotland to reclaim the Lennox lands there. Catherine de Medici and Henry were made to

believe that his object was to restore the French party in the Scottish councils. The Queen of Scots herself was not admitted to a secret of which her knowledge would be useless till the conspiracy was further advanced, and the Pope, the Duke of Guise, the Archbishop of Glasgow, and the English at Rheims, were the only persons in Europe who were acquainted with the real purpose.

The opportunity was singularly favourable. The Earl of Morton had fallen. He had recovered power again, but he knew that without Elizabeth's assistance he would be unable to maintain himself.

He had asked her to give the rents to the King of estates which were really his own, and to distribute a few trifling pensions among the Scotch Peers. She had met his request with a violent, passionate, and insulting refusal. The party which had dethroned Mary Stuart were the only friends that she possessed in Scotland; yet it suited her to plead to the world that she had no connection with them. To grant the King the rents of his grandmother's estates would prejudge, she was pleased to maintain, the question of the succession. Thus the Abbot of Dunfermline was sent back empty-handed, and the patience of the Scots was worn out. They would have preferred the most insignificant assistance from Elizabeth to the profuse offers which were pressed on them from abroad. But when, in return for their service, they found nothing but hard words, and when the King's claims in England were implicitly denied which they were enthusiastically bent on main-

taining, all those who had wavered between the two parties, and would have gone with Morton, if they could have received any kind of reasonable encouragement, fell away from an ungrateful service, to employers who promised to be more open-handed. Argyle, Maxwell, Montrose, with another Maitland, brother of the more celebrated secretary, secretly reorganized their party. It was easy to persuade James that Elizabeth was insulting and robbing him, while Maitland and Sir Robert Melville worked on his natural feelings as he grew older, by dwelling to him on his mother's injuries. His kinsmen in France affected an earnest interest in his welfare; and smarting under a sense of ill-usage, he had listened eagerly to Guise's advice to invite over his cousin, and to confer on him the Lennox title which Elizabeth had denied his right to dispose of.

The sudden death of the Earl of Athol after a banquet at Stirling had, about the same time, occasioned fresh suspicions of Morton. His administration had been unpopular with all parties. He had alienated the Calvinists by supporting bishops to please Elizabeth. He had made his policy English in its faults as well as its merits, and when England threw him over, the dissatisfaction which had murmured in secret broke into open hostility. Thus it was that when the young Gallicised Scot landed at Leith in September, 1579, he found the country, or at least the nobles, and all who were under their influence, prepared to receive him with open arms. Rumour said indeed that before leaving Paris he had been closeted with the Archbishop of

Glasgow, and that the Duke of Guise had accompanied him to Calais; but in their existing humour the people would believe nothing but good of their brilliant and accomplished countryman; especially when he was found to have forty thousand crowns in gold to distribute among those whom Elizabeth had refused to relieve. The few who murmured danger to religion were easily silenced. D'Aubigny admitted frankly that he had been brought up a Catholic, but professed himself willing to be taught a purer faith. The Scotch Parliament was held at Edinburgh at the end of October, where James took his place as King regnant. The Acts of Religion were confirmed, and the Kirk of Scotland once more formally recognized. The earldom of Lennox was then conferred on the new comer, and it was understood that he would be declared next in blood to the Crown as soon as his conversion should be completed.[1]

1580. February. D'Aubigny's easy success so far, coupled with the report of the rebellion which had broken out as they had hoped in Ireland, worked on the impatience of the conspirators. The time had come, they supposed, for the next step in the game. The Archbishop of Glasgow waited on Don Juan de Vargas, Philip's ambassador in Paris, pointed out to him the

[1] Mauvissière, though no party to d'Aubigny's secret mission, suspected that his appearance in Scotland had more meaning in it than was acknowledged, and imagined that he was aiming at the throne. 'L'on dict,' he says, 'que ce seroit avec une clause qu'il se feroit de leur religion. Ceux qui veuillent regner il fault qu'ils scaichent dissimuler.' —Mauvissière au Roy, October 29 TEULET, vol. iii.

opportunity which was opening, and asked him to use his influence with his master to bring Spain at last to declare itself. The Queen of Scots acting in concert with the Guises had broken, the Archbishop said, with the French Court, and had placed herself and her cause unreservedly in the hands of the Catholic King. Her fondest hope, in which the Duke of Guise shared, was to see her son carried off to Spain, converted to the true faith there, and married, if the King so pleased, to a Spanish princess. The present circumstances of Scotland would permit his capture if the King would receive him, and for herself, the Queen of Scots could now also, if she wished it, effect her escape, but she thought it better to remain, to run all risks, and to leave her prison only as Queen of England.[1]

Don Juan, who like most of the Spanish nobles was impatient to see the King exert himself, transmitted the Archbishop's communication in the most favourable colours. He had himself, he said, been acquainted in early life with the Queen of Scots, and he knew her to be a person of courage and ability. She was furious with the French Court for having so long neglected her; being a woman, she would not forgive, and longed to be revenged on them.[2] The movements in Ireland and Scotland were already exciting the Catholics in Eng-

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[1] 'Dixóme assimismo que á su ama le offreriran commodidad para poderse escapar de prision, y que no lo quiere, porque pretende salir della Reyna de Inglaterra y no de otra suerte, aunque le cueste la vida.'—Don Juan de Vargas al Rey, Hebrero 13, 1580; TEULET, vol. v.

[2] 'Esta indignada con estos grandemente, y como muger no perdona y desea vengarse dellos.'

land. The Queen of England felt herself so weak, that she was in terror if a cat stirred—and if d'Aubigny succeeded in overthrowing Morton, and the English Catholics took up arms, the mere appearance of a Spanish fleet upon the coast would make a revolution certain. France could not interfere while the Duke of Guise was on the side of the movement, and the overthrow of Elizabeth would bring with it the submission of Flanders. The Guise family would then probably partition France, the brothers would take each a portion, and Spain would be relieved for ever of all danger from French rivalry.[1] In conclusion he begged Philip, whatever he might resolve, to be secret. A bold stroke was being played, and if the suspicions of the French Court were once excited the game would be spoilt.

It is hardly necessary to say that Philip was not to be tempted. He replied generally that he was well pleased with the zeal of the Catholic party. He would entertain the King of Scots, he said, if he came to Madrid, and would endeavour to reclaim him to the truth. But he had himself his eye on Portugal, and he had no intention of meddling with England till the annexation was completed. Others however were inclined to move if Philip would not. The Knights of Malta had taken up the cause at the Pope's instigation as another crusade. The Grand Master was in correspondence with the College of Cardinals, on the despatch of a fleet

[1] 'Por ventura descubririan occasion que los hiciese resolver de emprender cada uno su pedaço desta corona y salir con el, dexandola tan debilitada que no se hubiese que temer de ella.'

to the support of Sanders, and the public feeling of Europe was expected to compel the King of Spain to take a share, whether he desired it or not, in so saintly an enterprise.[1]

However de Vargas might insist on secrecy, it was impossible, when the plot began to take form, for the nature of it to escape the English Government. In the Cabinets of Cardinals and Kings, in the cells at Rheims, in the purlieus of the Paris legation, or hanging about the posthouses in France, Walsingham's spies were everywhere. As soon as ever the plans of the conspirators became intrusted to letters, transcripts found their way to London, and the meaning of d'Aubigny's presence in Scotland, which Walsingham suspected from the first, ceased to be a mystery.

Elizabeth as usual fell into a passion of alarm. She had herself caused the mischief: she was ready now to promise anything to repair it. Lists of noblemen were drawn out who were to be 'entertained' with pensions, when there was no longer a chance that the pensions would be received. The Calvinists, so lately despised and hated, became objects of new interest; and Captain Errington was sent down to Scotland 'to incense the ministers and others well affected in religion against d'Aubigny, assuring them that he was a most dangerous practiser against the King's government, under colour of renouncing his Catholic religion.'[2] Every day

[1] Copie d'une lettre mandée al evesque de Glasgow, 1580: *MSS.* MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

[2] Mission of Captain Errington, 1580: *MSS. Scotland.*

information came in more and more unfavourable. Sir Robert Bowes wrote from Berwick that he had learnt on certain authority that Morton's death was determined on. He was to be tried and executed on a charge, which Elizabeth's conduct about the Casket letters had alone made possible, of being privy to the murder at Kirk o' field. It was true that Bothwell had consulted Morton. It was true that Morton had concealed his knowledge that the murder was intended. By weaving together fact and falsehood, it was possible to give colour to the pretence of the Queen of Scots that the crime had been Morton's own, and at once vindicate her innocence before a still suspicious world, and revenge her on the most dangerous of her enemies.

April. Errington reported that he could do nothing; and increasingly alarmed, Elizabeth sent Sir Robert Bowes after him as a more competent person on the same errand, to warn the King that there was a plot to carry him abroad, to bribe the Captains of Edinburgh and Dumbarton Castles to hold them for England, to terrify the ministers, to do anything and to promise anything 'to abase the credit' of the formidable stranger. Between herself and d'Aubigny letters passed of false politeness. D'Aubigny assured her that he was the most harmless of men, and in her answers she pretended to be satisfied; but she bade Bowes speak plainly in secret to Morton, warn him of his peril, and concert measures with him which would best meet the emergency.[1]

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[1] Instructions to Sir Robert Bowes, April 17, 19; *MSS. Scotland.*

Edinburgh was in a wild state. 'I find right strange humours here,' wrote Bowes when he arrived, 'and matters standing in doubtful condition; the nobility no less in division than the people in fury, and ready to take part according to their affections.' The Protestant leaders had planned a second seizure of James's person. They intended to decoy him into the Castle and close the gates upon him.[1] But James, as Bowes expected, was not to be caught so easily, nor did the Queen's message to him when it was delivered produce much effect. A hint that if he lent himself to d'Aubigny's intrigues his hopes in England might be cut short by Parliament, for a moment seemed to alarm him. 'He appeared much perplexed; he said he would follow her Majesty's advice, and require her counsel in all his affairs.' But his young cousin had 'won his affections' so completely, that the ambassador 'dared not assume any long continuance of his promise.' With James himself there was nothing to be done. 'The wise' however, with whom Bowes took counsel, 'considered the matter though hard not desperate to be recovered.' Though 'Morton was fallen from his high estate,' the 'experienced' thought that he might again

May.

[1] 'The King will be moved to visit the Castle of Edinburgh, and I think it is either done or will be done this night, but I look it shall not take effect to the desire of the movers.'—Bowes to Burghley and Walsingham, April 27: *MSS. Scotland.* It is noticeable that Elizabeth only half trusted Burghley in Scotch matters. Walsingham bade Bowes direct his general letters to himself and the Lord Treasurer; but if there was 'any specially private matter,' he was to write it in cipher to Walsingham singly, 'to be by him conveyed alone to the Queen.'—Walsingham to Bowes, May 3: *MSS. Scotland.*

be restored. 'The better sort made no difficulty of the matter, offering to adventure themselves and their friends if they might be assured of her Majesty's support and backing.' Morton himself 'was ready to execute any plot that should be devised;' but he knew by this time the person with whom he was dealing, and he would not risk his life and fortune at Elizabeth's bidding, without security that this time she would take up in earnest the cause of which he was the representative. Offers, he said, had been made to him from the other side, which would enable him to provide for his own safety. He could not trust to an uncertainty. The Queen of England must identify herself with the Protestants of Scotland on the one side, and satisfy James's just demands on the other. She 'must declare publicly her care for the common cause of religion, and divide the King from foreign practices by relieving him with some good liberality.'[1]

In other words, Morton not unnaturally required Elizabeth to commit herself, and in fact as well as promise, part with some little money. He pressed for a speedy reply, and as might have been expected, he could not have it. Walsingham, earnest as he was himself in the cause, 'was unable to draw from the Queen such answer as the necessities of the time required,'[2] nor could anything more be wrung from her, though Bowes again said that unless she could resolve a revolution was 'imminent and inevit-

June.

[1] Bowes to Walsingham, May 23, May —; *MSS. Scotland.*

[2] Walsingham to Bowes, June 1; *MSS.* Ibid.

able.' There was a party still well inclined to England, but they would run no risks without knowing her Majesty's 'resolute purpose.' And so little hope had Morton from his past experience, that after a few weeks' delay, he told Bowes that 'he looked not for any seasonable resolution from her,' and must provide for his own safety.

Such words could bear but one meaning. He implied that he must desert England altogether, and throw his weight and name into the other scale. Bowes, more faithful to his mistress than to Morton, continued to keep him in play by promises which he knew would never be fulfilled; so 'handled the matter' that the difficulties seemed rather to be raised on his side than the Queen's.[1] He tried, and Elizabeth herself tried, to tempt Morton into some dangerous enterprise, either the seizure of James's person, or the sending d'Aubigny out of the world, or into something in which when once involved he would be compelled for his own sake to persevere. She wrote to him in her own hand, professing to warn him of a conspiracy for his own destruction, begging him to lay his mind frankly open to her, and promising that 'upon intelligence received from him, she would not fail to put in execution whatever should by him be thought meet.'[2] Morton saw the snare and declined to be caught. He 'took the letter in very evil part.' 'He thought it de-

[1] 'If Her Majesty please not to lend any money as is desired, then the matter must be handled with expedition and some cunning to persuade that the lets and impediments thereof may arise and come from themselves.' —Bowes to Walsingham, June 15: *MSS. Scotland.*

[2] Elizabeth to Morton, June 22, 1580: *MSS.* Ibid.

vised by some that loved him not, invented to delay time as had been done often before.' 'Words without deeds,' he said, 'should not prevail with him.' He saw clearly that her Majesty intended to 'be at no charge, nor yet would maintain and stand to such as would adventure themselves.'[1] He replied to Elizabeth that he did not see how a single nobleman could lay plans before another sovereign for a change in the government of his own country. If he obeyed her, he feared that she would not herself 'allow' him in so doing; and he invited her to invert the situation and to consider what she would feel if he was a member of her own council 'solicited by strangers.'[2] He knew that his life was in danger; he had no ambition for martyrdom; and though he preferred the English alliance as the best for his country, he confessed that Elizabeth might drive him to seek his safety by means which would not be eventually profitable to her.[3]

August.

The government of Scotland meanwhile rapidly passed to d'Aubigny. Edinburgh Castle was given in charge to one of his adherents. Dumbarton was made over to him as an appanage of his earldom, and he had thus the key in his hand to open Scotland to the French or the Spaniards; while he won the hearts of the General Assembly by subscribing the confession of faith, by petitioning for a minister to reside with him to perform the offices of true religion, and by throwing

[1] Bowes to Walsingham, August 1 and 10: *MSS. Scotland.*

[2] Morton to the Queen, July 16; *MSS.* Ibid.

[3] Bowes to Walsingham, August 2: *MSS.* Ibid.

himself on the wisdom of the Kirk to choose a fitting pastor for him.[1] Bowes came up to London to tell Elizabeth what could not be safely committed to letter. She sent orders to Lord Shrewsbury to keep a vigilant eye on Mary Stuart, and she despatched Bowes again to Scotland, with instructions to demand an audience from which d'Aubigny should be excluded, to insist to the King that whatever d'Aubigny might pretend he was 'a professed enemy to the Gospel,' that he had come to Scotland to carry out a plot which had been devised at Rome for the overthrow of religion, and to entreat at all events that he should not be left in possession of a place of so much importance as Dumbarton. If the King paid no attention, it appeared as if Elizabeth had made up her mind at last to the other alternative. Bowes was empowered 'to confer with the Earl of Morton and other enemies of Lennox,[2] how the matter might be helped, either by laying violent hands on the said Lennox and his principal associates, or in any other way which by the Earl of Morton should be thought meet;' her Majesty giving a positive assurance 'that the Earl should not lack any assistance that she could give him,' and 'express commandment' having been sent to the governor of Berwick to put himself and his force at Morton's disposition.[3]

Sir Robert had himself seen and spoken with Elizabeth, and, notwithstanding past experience, believed that

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[1] CALDERWOOD.

[2] So d'Aubigny will henceforth be called.

[3] Walsingham to Bowes, August 31: *MSS. Scotland.*

she was really in earnest. He galloped back to Edinburgh. He asked for a private interview with James, which Lennox prevented him from obtaining. He then turned to Morton as he had been told to do, and Morton, trusting to an engagement from which he believed that Elizabeth could not now retreat, committed himself at once to a plot for Lennox's destruction. The haste was fatal. A panting courier came in two days later from London with news that all was undecided again. 'Her Majesty,' Walsingham wrote to Bowes, 'de-
September. sires you to follow the way of persuasion, and forbear to enter into any conference with them of force to be used, or promise of assistance from her Majesty.' 'You perceive,' he added, in bitter despondency, 'how uncertain we are in the course of our doings. I am afraid our unthankfulness to God, which in justice ought to receive some severe punishment, will not suffer us to put off by timely prevention the approaching mischiefs that hasten towards us, which I fear are to receive their beginning from that realm. Be not hasty to promise much from hence for we take no care to perform.'[1] Unfortunately Bowes had promised. Morton had involved himself in schemes at Elizabeth's instigation which were distinctly treasonable, and which, if unexecuted, could not fail sooner or later to be discovered by his enemies. He might still have saved himself, powerful as these enemies were, if he had acted on his first impulse, and dropped thenceforth all con-

[1] Walsingham to Bowes, September 2: *MSS. Scotland.*

nection with England and its Sovereign. But Morton, though unprincipled as a man, was singularly steady to his political convictions. He was firmly convinced that the interests of Scotland lay in an alliance, not with France, but with England. He believed that Elizabeth could not now desert him, and he continued to listen to her wavering messages till he too, like every other Scot who had run her fortune, perished in his confidence.

She had not absolutely decided on deserting him. Had she decided anything and given him timely notice of it, he might have fled. Her infirmity of purpose unfortunately took shape in language as violent as her action was weak. She thundered out threats at James that 'if he would not follow her counsel she would work him more prejudice than in his young years he could understand.'[1] In the morning in the Council Chamber she made up her mind to be brave. Her resolutions were undone at night by the whispers of the ladies of the bedchamber, sworn friends of Mary Stuart. All would go well, wrote Bowes, if she would be but firm, 'while drifts and faintness would utterly overthrow the cause.'[2] Every one but Elizabeth saw through the situation. The council dreaded, not unjustly, that the patience of the loyal Scots would be tried too far, that the English party among them would fall in pieces, and that England would then inevitably be invaded.

The council represented to her that if 'Lennox were suffered to continue in his greatness,' he would destroy

[1] Walsingham to Bowes, September 10: *MSS. Scotland.*

[2] Bowes to Walsingham, September 12: *MSS.* Ibid.

her friends one by one. He would 'nourish troubles' on the Border, and for every hundred pounds that she had saved by refusing the requests of the Abbot of Dunfermline she would have to spend a thousand on the garrisons of the Marches. He would find a wife for the King in France or Spain, and, when opportunity served, would make 'present title' to her crown, as his mother did when she married the Dauphin. And 'the King would have more help than she, because he was a young man in whom both kingdoms would seem to be knit to avoid peril by uncertainty of succession:' while 'he would have the comfort also of all discontented persons in England, whereof the number was now far greater than at the beginning of her Majesty's reign.'[1] She was recommended to send 'an embassy of weight' to Edinburgh—Lord Hunsdon, Lord Scrope, or some other great person whose presence 'would encourage those who liked not Lennox,'—and to intimate clearly and decidedly that if her remonstrances were not attended to, she would declare war. She yielded as usual. Instructions in this spirit were drawn out for Lord Hunsdon and Sir Walter Mildmay; but they were no sooner written than they were repented of. Lennox plied her with deprecating letters, which she allowed to influence her, though she did not believe their sincerity. She recalled Bowes, bidding him tell the King that she was deeply displeased with his ingratitude, but that as he would not listen to her he must go his own way;

[1] A purpose of Council at Richmond, September 18, 1580: *MSS. Scotland.* Burghley's hand.

while to Morton again, 'for fear he should think himself forsaken and given over as a prey to Lennox,' she sent a message that she did not really mean to leave things thus; that very soon, if not immediately, she would send up 'persons of greater quality to put in execution the advice by Morton given, assuring him for the great constancy she had always found in him for the maintenance of amity between the two nations she would never see him abandoned.'[1] October.

The value of the promise was now to be seen. There were persons about Elizabeth who tempted her into vacillation and betrayed her weakness. Lennox was given to understand from England that he had nothing to fear, and that he might venture safely on the next step of the revolution. Morton had till now been titular President of the Scotch council, while Angus, Mar, and others of the Protestant leaders had remained members of it also. On the departure of Sir Robert Bowes the King informed them that their services would no longer be required, while a charge was brought publicly against Morton that he had held treasonable dealings with England. Everything which he had done, all his correspondence with Bowes, had been discovered. Lennox knew that his own life had been in danger, and he had entirely made up his mind to take Morton's life in return. Yet he paused after the first step to see whether Elizabeth was as weak indeed as he was given to believe. She roused herself into a passing fury. She dictated an

[1] The Council to Bowes, October 7: *MSS. Scotland.*

order for Lord Hunsdon, who was now at Berwick, to go to Holyrood and tell James once more that she saw through his purpose, and that she would use the power which God had given her to prevent it. She bade Hunsdon take money with him, bribe Argyle if possible to leave the Lennox faction, form a party among the Protestants, and hold himself ready to advance to their support if they found it necessary to take arms. But Elizabeth's politics ran for ever in a single groove. The order was drawn at her words; but it was no sooner ready than it was qualified with additions which made it meaningless.[1] Finally her purpose evaporated, and she recalled it altogether.

The next step followed as matter of course. To destroy Morton had been d'Aubigny's first object. So long as Morton lived the reaction could never be safe. His talents, and his experience, backed by help which sooner or later might come from England, would bring him back into power. He was now at Lennox's mercy. It would have been easy to try him for his late treason and to execute him with a show of fairness. But the House of Guise, under whose directions Lennox throughout was acting, had a subtler purpose, and Bowes had early ascertained the charge on which Morton would be brought to trial. To kill the Protestant chief and to stain him with the murder of Darnley would at once remove the main obstacle to Lennox's policy and the blot upon the Catholic cause; and those who, like all

[1] Instructions to Lord Hunsdon, with her Majesty's additions, November, 1580: *MSS. Scotland.*

passionate Catholics, imagined Scotch Protestantism to be an accidental creation of a few intriguing nobles, could believe that the disgrace of the leader would be the death-blow of the creed.

James Stuart, the second son of Lord Ochiltree, famous or infamous afterwards as Earl of Arran, a youth little older than Lennox, was selected for the execution of the arrest. The King had consented, and the first plan was to send for Morton to the presence-chamber, when he would necessarily be alone and unarmed, and seize him in the King's presence. Either James's courage failed him however, or his better nature prevailed. On the day agreed upon (December 26) he took Morton hunting with him. He called him his father. His manner was unusually affectionate, and in the course of the chase Lord Robert Stuart, possibly at James's instigation, told him what was intended, and advised him to fly. He had long known that he was in danger, but for some cause he was unable to believe that it would approach him in the form of an arrest. He neglected the warning, he would not even retire to his own castle at Dalkeith, but returned to Edinburgh with the Court. When informed that he was to be accused of the murder of Darnley he laughed at the thought of it, and went as usual to his apartments in Holyrood, 'confident in the King and in his own innocency.'[1] December.

[1] Bowes to Burghley and Walsingham, January 1, 1581: *MSS Scotland.*

1581. January. The name of Sir James Balfour will be remembered as one of Bothwell's confederates. Balfour, like many others who had been concerned at Kirk o' Field, had profited by the general disinclination to look deeply into the history of the murder, but he had found it prudent nevertheless to remain chiefly on the Continent. It happened that he, and only he, was in a position to prove the communication which had passed between Morton and Bothwell. He had a quarrel of his own with Morton, which he had long watched for a chance of settling. He had been in communication with Lennox—it was believed in England that he had been at Madrid, and had obtained money from Philip to assist Lennox's enterprise,[1] and he had now secretly returned to Scotland to give his evidence. The arrest was effected on the last evening of the year in the Earl's own room in the Palace.[2] That night and the next day, which was Sunday, he remained there under a guard, and it was said that he might have escaped had he tried. On Monday morning Captain Stewart carried him up to the Castle with a strong escort, which appeared however not to have been required. Morton had but few friends. The Catholics hated him as the champion of Protestantism; the Protestants, for having betrayed the liberties

[1] 'Avisan assimismo que este Sir James Balfour habia estado en España, que V. Md le habia mandado dar quantidad de dinero con que habia ganado algunas voluntades en Escocia para conseguir la execution del negocio.'—Bernardino de Mendoza to Philip, January 15, 1581: *MSS. Simancas.*

[2] Bowes to Walsingham, January 1: *MSS. Scotland.* Calderwood says erroneously, that it was in the council chamber, where Morton had ceased to sit.

of the Kirk by maintaining bishops to please Elizabeth; and both, for having been, as they considered, too subservient 'to the auld enemy.' The crowd saw him pass in silence; and when the Castle gates closed behind him there was neither regret nor sign of displeasure. The news flew to England, to France, and over France to Spain and Rome, and the exultation of the Catholic world was a singular tribute to Morton's greatness. The Queen of Scots heard of it at Sheffield, and though as yet ignorant of all its meaning, she knew that her most detested enemy was in the power of her friends, and had but one fear, that the English might interpose to save him. She wrote to Mauvissière charging Morton with having been the cause of all her misfortunes, and the most disloyal of mankind.[1] She wrote to the Archbishop of Glasgow at Paris bidding him explain to the King the enormity of Morton's offences;[2] and the King, little dreaming that the overthrow of the late Regent was the first act of a scheme of which one of the results contemplated by its authors was the dismemberment of the French Empire, addressed a request to Elizabeth at Mauvissière's entreaty to abstain from interference. The English Catholic nobles—Mendoza does not specify which among them but speaks generally of all—let Lennox know that by them the death of his prisoner would be received with entire satisfaction, and Mendoza himself in sending his congratulations to the Queen of

[1] Mauvissière to the King of France, January 11: TEULET, vol. iii.

[2] The Queen of Scots to the Archbishop of Glasgow, January 12 and March 4: LABANOFF, vol. v.

Scots pressed upon her with superfluous eagerness the importance of his execution, if the Catholic faith was to be restored.[1]

The meaning of the charge on which he had been arrested was perfectly understood in England. It was to verify to the world the Queen of Scots' allegation that those who had accused her of her husband's murder were themselves guilty of it.[2] The obligation of Elizabeth to protect him was, it is needless to say, at least as great as the eagerness of the Catholics for his destruction. She it was who had prevented Morton and Murray originally from publishing the Casket letters, and making a defence of the Queen of Scots impossible. She it was who had forced the Regency of Scotland upon him against his will, and had used him ever since for her own convenience, while she had withheld from him the support which she had promised. She had herself under her own hand invited him to concert measures with her for the coercion of his own sovereign. She had entangled him in a dangerous intrigue by engagements of the most solemn kind; and at the last moment, when he could have provided otherwise for his personal safety, she had bound him to her side by reiterated assurances that come what would she would never abandon him.

Lightly as obligations of this kind sat upon Eliza-

[1] Don B. de Mendoza to Philip, January 15, 1581: *MSS. Simancas.* Philip wrote on the margin of the decipher, 'Fué muy bien,'—'It was very well done.'

[2] 'Queriendo proceder en esta manera el Rey con Morton porque se clarificase mas la innocencia de su madre, y falsedad de que le han querido culpar.'—Ibid.

beth, she did in some degree recognize that she could not safely let Morton die. She was herself, as she well knew, the real object of the conspiracy, and interest as well as honour required that Lennox should not suppose that he could defy her with impunity. He had gathered courage from her vacillation; he should see that she could be provoked too far. She sent the Earl of Huntingdon to York to raise levies of men, with directions to make choice especially of persons 'well affected in religion,' and to join Hunsdon at Berwick with as large a force as he could collect; while Thomas Randolph, grown old now, but with long experience in Scotch politics, went back to the scene of his early labours to take part in a later act of the same play, to tell the King in Elizabeth's name that her forbearance was exhausted, and that he must retrace his steps and release Morton, or prepare for the consequences. He carried with him copies of a correspondence between the Archbishop of Glasgow and a Cardinal at Rome, procured by an emissary of Walsingham, which revealed the meaning of Lennox's presence in Scotland, which exposed the connection of the invasion of Ireland, the inroad presently to be described of the Jesuits and seminary priests into England, and the Guisian intrigue at Holyrood. The young lord by whom James was allowing himself to be directed had come over, as Randolph was able to prove, merely and only 'to overthrow religion' in Scotland first and in England after; 'a thing which would not be accomplished without the bloodshed of infinite numbers, and

the irrecoverable dishonour of the King's name.' The Queen required that the charges against Morton should be examined, not by Lennox, but by indifferent judges, and she desired James to understand that if the story of Kirk o' Field was reopened, the accusations pressed against one should be pressed equally against all who had been concerned.[1]

If this remonstrance produced no effect, 'you will then,' so Randolph's instructions concluded, 'seek out the party opposed to Lennox, who wish well to the King and to England; you will find what strength they can make, if her Majesty send a power to preserve the Earl and the realm from foreign practices; and you will tell them that we have ordered the Earls of Huntingdon and Hunsdon to put a power in readiness to be sent forward forthwith in case a milder course will not be taken by the King. If you find nothing can be obtained but extremity against Morton and his friends, you are immediately to send for such forces as the Lord-Lieutenant shall have prepared in such number and at such time as you shall think meet.'[2]

In recommending Elizabeth to take a determined attitude, the whole council were for once heartily agreed. The nature of the conspiracy was so patent, the danger so serious and so widely spread, that minor differences vanished before the general necessity of self-defence. The cautious and moderate Sussex was at one with the impetuous Walsingham. 'He was sorry,'

[1] Commission to Thomas Randolph, January 7; Walsingham to Randolph, January 8: *MSS. Scotland.* [2] Commission to Randolph.

he said, 'that her Majesty had overslipped her best opportunity,' 'that it had not pleased her to enter sooner into the execution of matters fit for her surety.' 'If his own blood would stop the gap that had been opened he would gladly give it.' But it was now too late for regrets. Courage was wanted—courage 'in deed and not in words,' and what her Majesty would do she must do quickly.'[1]

Her Majesty it seemed was herself of the same opinion. Huntingdon flew to York to collect troops, while Randolph made haste to Edinburgh. Morton's friends had not been idle. The Earl of Angus, his cousin, had two thousand of the Douglases under arms. The ministers had begun to see that worse might be before them than Tulchan bishops. Ruthven, who had gone with Lennox from a private grudge, had returned to his party. Lindsay was true as steel to the cause for which he had stood by Morton at Carberry and at Lochleven; and all the Protestants in Scotland, Peers and Commons, were ready to take arms when the first English soldier had stepped out from Berwick upon Scotch soil. Should Huntingdon and Hunsdon move they would blow Lennox back to France again, with more ease by far than Sir Wm. Drury had taken Edinburgh Castle. Yet he was indifferent to his danger, and his friends in Elizabeth's household must have told him that he need not be alarmed. The day before Randolph reached Edinburgh Morton was carried off to Dumbarton. To the

[1] Sussex to Walsingham, January 7: *MSS. Scotland.*

Queen's message, the King replied that he was sovereign in his own realm, that he meddled not between her and her subjects, that he must request her to leave him to deal with his own as they had deserved. This answer was to have been the signal for the advance of the Earls from Berwick. Unhappily either Randolph had secret and separate orders from Elizabeth, or age had dulled his courage and his intelligence. The Marian spirit with which he had once contended so bravely was again in the ascendant. The old situation was repeated with no substantial difference, yet he allowed himself to be drawn into a private correspondence with Lennox, and yet worse, allowed himself to become his dupe. This true pupil of the Jesuits pretended that no harm was meant to Morton, that the supposed correspondence was a forgery, and the suspicions against him baseless as a dream; that he was a sincere Protestant, devoted to his King, his country, and the Queen of England. Instead of sending for troops to Berwick therefore, Randolph, to the astonishment and dismay of every loyal English statesman, wrote to say that force would not be needed, and that Lennox's character had been mistaken. Huntingdon tried to open his eyes. The Scotch Commons were the only true friends of England, he said, and no good could come from d'Aubigny.[1] 'By your letter to the Earl of Leicester,' wrote Walsingham scornfully to him, 'you seem to conceive hope that Lennox may be won to be at her Majesty's devotion, which we suppose you

[1] Huntingdon to Randolph, January 25: *MSS. Scotland.*

deliver by way of mirth. We cannot be persuaded that any sure foundation can be made that way, though it may stand him to great purpose to entertain us with that alluring hope. I pray you harp no more on that string.'[1] 'I am sorry,' wrote Walsingham again to Lord Huntingdon, 'I am sorry Mr Randolph should suffer himself to be carried into an opinion that Lennox may be won. I know that both he and those that put that conceit in his head will find themselves deceived in that man. I beseech your lordship concur with me in seeking to divert Mr Randolph from such a belief.' Huntingdon sending on these words to Randolph added of his own: 'You already know my opinion, whatever he offers will prove but dissimulation in the end. You build on sand to accept him in any such credit. I can but repeat the sentence of St Paul, Qui stat, videat ne cadat, chiefly a warning in matters of faith, but it may serve our turn in matters of policy, especially when religion and policy are so knit together as in this action.'[2] February.

Their anxiety was but too justly founded, and if Randolph's conduct was not the work of some private order from the Queen, hopes like those which he was holding out were the straws which she for ever caught at to escape the necessity of action. The council remained determined, and she did not openly oppose them. The Earls at Berwick held themselves ready to march, and ships hung on the coast to intercept James if an

[1] Walsingham to Randolph, January 31: *MSS. Scotland.*

[2] Huntingdon to Randolph, February 8: *MSS.* Ibid.

attempt was made to send him to Spain. Orders went again to Randolph to insist that Morton should be removed from Dumbarton and placed in neutral hands, that his trial should be open without practice or corruption, and with due regard to time and place. If these demands were refused, Randolph was instructed 'undelayedly to call in the English army.' 'Morton,' said Walsingham, was not put at for the slaughter of the King, but for the putting down of the young King's mother;' and he sent Lennox word that if 'by foul play he touched one hair of Morton's head it should cost the life of the Queen of Scots.'[1]

Threats unluckily were not actions, and Walsingham was not Elizabeth. Randolph's eyes remained mysteriously dim. He continued to hold intercourse with Lennox; he continued his favourable reports to the Court. The King, he said, had no thoughts of leaving Scotland. Morton would have a fair trial, and there was not the faintest purpose of altering religion. Lennox 'after conference with the ministers had embraced the true Evangile.' He was in Scotland only because he was the King's nearest relation. He was devoted to England and the English alliance.[2]

The young nobleman who had been trusted with so great an enterprise, was doing ample credit to his instructors. To blind Randolph, to pacify the alarms of the ministers, and as an answer to Elizabeth, a confes-

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[1] Walsingham to Randolph, February 9: *MSS. Scotland.*

[2] Answer of the King of Scots and Council, February 7: *MSS. Scotland.* Enclosed by Randolph to Walsingham.

sion of faith of the most extreme Protestant kind, running through the whole gamut of Calvinist doctrines, and cursing the Roman antichrist, was subscribed at Holyrood, on the 2nd of March, by the King, by Lennox, by Lord Seton, by the master of Grey, by all the party who then, and in the years which followed, were the leaders or instruments of the Jesuit faction. To so audacious a stroke what reply could be given? It deceived the English Parliament, which was then in session. It appeared incredible that if Lennox meditated mischief against England, he should have taken a step which would alienate the great Catholic powers. It deceived for a time even Mendoza himself, who described the confession as the vilest composition ever committed to words, which he could only hope to be a forgery.[1] But it answered its purpose in Scotland. It broke up the party which would have taken arms not out of love for Morton but in fear of Popery, and to Elizabeth it was a fresh excuse for inaction. Rumours were studiously spread, to which the troops at Berwick gave appearance of truth, that the independence of Scotland was threatened. Morton's correspondence with Bowes was published. He had been betrayed by his secretary, who charged him with having intended to send the King to England. Angus, Mar, Ruthven, Glencairn, Montrose, and Lindsay, held together, prepared to rise, till the end of February, but 'jealousies and suspicions changed the state of the cause, and altered

[1] Don B. de Mendoza to Philip, March 17, 1581: *MSS. Simancas.*

the minds of many;'[1] and half of those who in January would have welcomed the English as allies, in March would have encountered them as their 'auld enemies.' Huntingdon still longed to go forward. The Douglases could be counted on at all events; the cause was God's, and God would fight for justice. But influences were at work with Elizabeth which made Huntingdon a special object of suspicion. The French ambassador had protested, under directions from Paris, against English interference in Scotland. Burghley told him that France was as much interested as England in suppressing Lennox, who was entirely Spanish; that the party now in power about James intended to send him to Madrid, where he was to be made a Catholic of and married, and that Spain would then give the law to the world. The ambassador, scarcely knowing whether to believe Burghley or not, advised Elizabeth to end her difficulties not by taking part with Morton, but by making friends with Mary Stuart. He told her that by recognizing the Queen of Scots as her successor, she might secure herself from danger either from Scotland or the Continent; while he dwelt on the danger of intrusting Huntingdon with an army, who was her most formidable competitor, considering the temper of the Puritans, of whom he was the leader and idol, and their notorious objection to female sovereigns. This chord never failed to wake a response in Elizabeth. The Puritans, whatever their abstract theories about monarchy, were passionately

[1] Bowes to Walsingham, February 24: *MSS. Scotland.*

loyal to herself, but the blast against the monstrous regimen of women which Knox and Goodman had blown so loudly in the Marian persecution had never been forgiven or forgotten.[1] The remains of her purpose disappeared. To obligations of honour long practice with Murray, Orange, Condé, and Morton himself, had rendered her remarkably indifferent. To use the Protestant leaders for her convenience, to tempt them by promises to commit themselves, and if they failed to leave them to their fate, had been either her deliberate policy or her custom a hundred times repeated.

A custom 'dangerous and dishonourable' always, but never more dangerous, never more dishonourable than now. Murray and the Prince of Orange belonged to that supreme order of men whom it does not rest with kings and queens to injure. Morton's character was spotted with much that was ill. His one virtue was his fidelity to England, and for that he was left to die. On the 7th of March, Walsingham reported Elizabeth to be 'very doubtful and irresolute,'[2] so doubtful that as she would go no further he regretted that she

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[1] 'Je me suis aussy aidé,' Sire, d'un argument que nul de ses conseillers et subjectz ne luy a osé dire, et qu'elle a bien reçeu, qu'elle aura tousjours beaucoup meilleur compte de la dicte Royne d'Escosse et de son filz, puisque ils luy sont si proches et en sa puissance que des aultres plus esloingnez de son sang, pretendants la succession par moyens illicites et factions illicites, en tenant du tout le party Puritain, et qui vouldrait se delivrer du puissance superieure et principalement du regne des femmes s'il estoit possible—chose que je luy ay si bien faict sentir qu'elle a eu ce propos agreable et cognoit que c'est la verité.'—Mauvissière au Roy, Fevrier 10: TEULET, vol. iii.

[2] Walsingham to Randolph, March 7: *MSS. Scotland.*

had gone so far. The council strove hard to save her from herself. When insensible to shame she was amenable at times to arguments of prudence. They told her that she must either encounter Lennox now, when he was comparatively weak, or try conclusions with him later, when he would have a Spanish army at his back, and half England in insurrection, when the question would no longer be of the life of Morton, but of the English crown. She replied that she could not invade Scotland merely because the King had called to his services one of his near relations. They told her she was not asked to invade Scotland. Her soldiers would go there as friends to all Scots that were good and honest, and whether or no, if she valued her throne she must not leave James in the hands of Lennox. She gathered up her courage again. On the 15th Walsingham wrote that after all he had hopes that she would yield.[1] But Randolph's letters again overthrew her half-formed purpose. He cast doubts on the probability of success in an armed movement. He still insisted that there would be no danger to Morton if Lennox was not unwisely irritated. Walsingham told him angrily that the Queen had given her word and must keep it. Huntingdon said that it was 'madness to hope for good from a Guisian and a Romanist.' Lennox 'might dally and speak fair till he had things fit for his purpose, and then he would show himself a man of the Holy League.' Assassination had been hinted at as a

[1] Walsingham to Randolph, March 15: *MSS. Scotland.*

means of getting rid of Lennox. Huntingdon flung such vile suggestions from him with scorn, and desired only to see his mistress take the place that belonged to her at the side of the Protestants of Scotland. 'Perhaps you will think I would have England make war with Scotland,' he wrote. 'No, no; not so. Nor above all things can I consent to murder. Absit. Accursed be he, say I, that either deviseth or executeth any such device: for non est faciendum malum ut inde veniat bonum; but if that you desire in the name of your sovereign cannot be obtained, as I look it will not, why may not some of the nobility, advised and assisted by England, say to the King, Your Grace is young, you cannot judge of your own State, and we therefore pray you not to lean to the advice of one only. Why may not such a course be taken to encounter Lennox? And then if he reply with harquebuz and not with reason, then let the nobility say he must put up his forces and submit to hearken to what is fit for the King and country. If he will not yield to this let them disarm him, and to this I wish my Sovereign to give aid.'[1] It was to no purpose, and Randolph was soon forced to own that he had been mistaken, and 'that nothing now could save Morton's life.' Had there been hopes otherwise, the discovery of his negotiations with Sir Robert Bowes would have sealed his fate. 'No councillor dared open his mouth for him. All his friends were appalled; courage and stomach quite overthrown.' The mask was thrown

[1] Huntingdon to Randolph, March 24: *MSS. Scotland.*

away, and so fierce a feeling had risen up in Edinburgh among the retainers of Lennox and his adherents against England, that Randolph was himself shot at through his window, and was obliged to fly to Berwick.[1]

Two days after, a messenger came in from the Earl of Angus to know whether England would interfere, and demanding a definite answer. Hunsdon was obliged to say that it was not to be, and at once the relics of the Protestant combination dissolved. Mar made his peace with Lennox; Angus retired into Northumberland; and the troops selected so carefully to revolutionize Scotland were dismissed to their homes. Mauvissière reported to his master that his remonstrances had been successful, that the Queen would meddle no more in Scottish politics, and that Morton would be left to his fate;[2] and the Queen of Scots, who, so long as Elizabeth's conduct was uncertain, had played into Mauvissière's hands, had besieged her with protestations of affection, and 'had sworn by the Eternal God that she would never undertake anything to the prejudice of her sister of England or her estate,'[3] sent a message to Philip through the Archbishop of Glasgow, that now was the time for him to step in. The King her son was about to return to the true Catholic faith; his next step would be to declare war against England in revenge for her own imprisonment; and he would

April.

[1] Randolph to Walsingham, March 25: *MSS. Scotland.*

[2] 'A la fin j'estime avoir gaigné ce point que la dicte Royne laissera faire la justice du comte de Morton et ne se meslera plus.'—Mauvissière au Roy, Avril 9: TEULET, vol. iii.

[3] The Queen of Scots to Elizabeth, May 2, 1580: LABANOFF, vol. v.

not hesitate for a moment were he assured of support from his Majesty. She pressed Philip for his own sake to snatch the opportunity. Through her friends in Scotland she endeavoured to drive James into hostilities, believing that when once the work was commenced the Spaniards would be compelled to assist.[1] An army of them might land first in Ireland, and after establishing Desmond and Sanders and expelling the English, they could then cross over into Scotland.[2]

The Catholic powers had been embarrassed hitherto in dealing with James, because no ambassador could be received at the Scotch Court who was not accredited to him as King; and the Queen of Scots had protested against a recognition which would imply that she had herself been legally deposed. She proposed now to remove the difficulty, preparatory to the great move which was in contemplation, by associating James with herself in a united sovereignty. A correspondence had been opened with the happiest promise between mother and son, having this for its aim; and Mary Stuart told the Archbishop of Glasgow that she was in haste to put James in lawful possession of all the greatness to which he could aspire. He would continue King, but King by her own free grant and

May.

[1] 'Exortandole que pase adelante con lo començado contra la Reyna de Inglaterra.'—Don Juan B. de Tassis al Rey, Abril 10, 1581: TEULET, vol. v.

De Tassis had succeeded de Vargas as Spanish Minister at Paris.

[2] 'Pide la Reyna de Escocia que en toda diligencia V. M^d^ mande embiar el socorro que fuese servido dar á su hijo, y que esse acuda á Irlanda y alli se esté á la mano para entrar en Escocia quando sea llamado.'—Ibid. Mary Stuart to the Archbishop of Glasgow, March 4, 1581: LABANOFF, vol. v.

consent, and no longer by usurpation and violence.[1]

There remained only the knitting up of the Morton tragedy for the first act of Lennox's work to be satisfactorily completed. The mad Earl of Arran, the heir of the House of Hamilton, once thought of as a husband for Elizabeth, was still living in confinement. He had been in charge of his cousin Colonel Stewart, Morton's accuser, and to this Stewart his title had been transferred. The new-made Earl was sent to Dumbarton to bring Morton back to Edinburgh. Morton, looking over the commission, and seeing a name which he did not know, inquired the meaning of it. On receiving his answer he said that his doom was decided. There was a prophecy that the bloody heart of the Douglas should fall by the mouth of Arran. The young King had shown much natural hesitation in consenting to the death of a man who had been in the place of a father to him. His scruples had been overcome by the prospect of clearing the reputation of his mother.[2] The promise given to Elizabeth that Morton should be tried by his Peers was observed to the letter and broken to the sense. Argyle, Seton, Lochinvar, Maxwell, Eglinton, Sutherland, and half a dozen others, the leaders all of them of the faction which had been held down under the Regency, were impanelled. Morton challenged some of them, but his objections were overruled, and his fate was decided on before the court opened. The indict-

[1] Mary Stuart to the Archbishop of Glasgow, May 26, 1581 : LABANOFF, vol. v.

[2] Mendoza to Philip, June 15, 1581 : *MSS. Simancas.*

ment charged him with foreknowledge of the murder of the King's father. Balfour's evidence was heard and accepted. No defence was permitted. The bare fact was true and could not be denied, and after a rapid consultation the Lords declared him guilty 'art and part.'[1] 'Art and part,' said Morton, striking the ground with his staff as the verdict was declared, 'art and part; God knows the contrary.' His share in the crime had been that he knew that it was about to be committed, and that he had stood apart and let Bothwell do his work. But the technical guilt was sufficient for the present purpose. Short shrift was allowed. The trial was on the 1st of June: the next afternoon was fixed for the execution, and in the morning two of the Edinburgh ministers came to prepare the late Regent for death. No one till that moment knew the part that he had actually taken in the murder. A shadow had hung over him. He had been looked askance upon even by the party to which he belonged, and there was the most earnest hope among the Protestants that before he died he would say something to dispel the mystery which still hung over that horrible transaction. June 2.

He had slept soundly, being, as he said, 'at the end of his trouble.' The ministers 'telling him to be of good comfort, he said that he was rather willing to render his life than live.' 'God had appointed a time for his death, and had appointed the manner of it, and seeing that now was the time and this the manner, he was content.'

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[1] Pitcairn's Criminal Trials of Scotland, vol. i. part 3.

He was then reminded that it was his duty while he had yet the means to make a clear confession. Knox had asked him on his death-bed if he had been acquainted beforehand with the murder, and he had then denied all knowledge of it. To Scotland and to his own soul he owed now a frank acknowledgment if he had anything to tell. He made no difficulty. Very simply he related the overtures which had been made to him by Bothwell, and the answer which he had given. He had not consented, but he knew that the deed was to be done. His cousin Archibald Douglas had been present, and he knew this also, and had taken no steps to punish him. The ministers asked him why he had not put Darnley on his guard. He replied that he had not dared, and he admitted that he was justly condemned. He had no new light to throw on the manner of the murder. Whether Darnley had been strangled or was alive at the explosion, he was as ignorant as the rest of the world. Of the death of the Earl of Athol he declared himself wholly innocent.

The ministers obviously bore him no good-will. They charged him with having been a pensioner of Elizabeth, with having intended to put James into her hands, and with having betrayed the Kirk by maintaining the iniquitous bishops. He could afford to smile at the charge of having received money from the Queen of England. He had asked her for money certainly, but for the King and not for himself, and his requests had been uniformly refused. Bishops or no bishops he had been a true friend to the Kirk of Scotland, and the ministers, of all men in

the world, had least cause to reproach him. They 'bade him not stand upon his innocence.' 'God,' they said, 'always did justly, and men never suffered more than their deeds had deserved.' The admonition might have been spared. He made no complaints. 'God,' he admitted, 'had not only dealt justly with him, but mercifully, for he had been a sinner overmickle given to the world and the pleasures of the flesh. Had his life been spared he meant to have cast away such vain delights and dedicated himself to God's service in quietness and simplicity, but as God was pleased to take him he was satisfied.' 'As to his sentence,' he remitted his judges to their consciences; 'but it had been alike to him if he had been as innocent as Stephen or as guilty as Judas; the authors of his death had purposes on hand which could not be done except he was taken away.' 'Tell the King from me,' he said, 'I admonish him in the name of God to beware of them; the estate of religion was never in such danger.'

'Then,' continue the narrators of this singular scene, 'then he prayed, and asked us to show him arguments of hope on which he could rely; and seeing flesh was weak that we would comfort him against the fear of death.'

'We told him of the promises of mercy in the Word, on which it behoved him to lean, the example of mercy towards God's servants who had been sinners, of David, Magdalen, and Peter, and the experience of mercy which he had found himself.'

'He answered: I know all that to be true. Since I

passed to Dumbarton I have read all the five books of Moses, Joshua, and Judges, and now I am in Samuel. I see the mercy of God wonderful, and always inclined to have pity on his people; for howbeit he punished them oft, yet when they turned to him he was merciful again.'

The Old Testament had not been Morton's only study. Lady Ormiston, when he was first arrested, had given him an ominous present, Bradford's 'Meditations on Death;' and the stern sad man, sitting caged upon the rock above the waters of Clyde, had made ready for his end by patient thought upon it. A few passages from this book were read to him; and then, as it was still early, he was called to his 'dishine,'[1] 'which he ate with great cheerfulness, the ministers and he drinking to each other,' and 'promising to drink by-and-by together in the Kingdom the immortal drink which would never suffer them to thirst again.'

He had a weary morning, for others of the Edinburgh clergy came to see him, and to prevent false reports from going abroad, the confession was repeated to them from the beginning. At two o'clock he dined, and immediately after one of the keepers entered to say that the preparations were complete, and that his presence was waited for in the Grass Market.

He did not know that the time was so near. 'They have troubled me overmuch this morning with worldly

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[1] Déjeuné.

things,' he said; 'I supposed they would have given me a night's leisure to have advised myself with God.'

The keeper intimated that it could not be: the scaffold was ready, and the officers could not stay.

'I am ready also, I thank God,' he said. He muttered a short prayer, rose and followed the guard down the stairs. At the door of the Tolbooth he encountered the Earl of Arran, who brought him back to his room, and desired him to write his confession and sign it. Having begun his journey he was impatient till it was over. He could not confess again, he said. The ministers knew all. He was pressed no further. Arran asked for his forgiveness. 'It is no time to reckon quarrels,' he answered; 'I forgive you and all others.' That there might be no misconception he repeated from before the block to the crowd the real character and extent of his crime, and then added in proud consciousness of his general rectitude, 'The King shall lose a good servant to-day; as I have professed the Evangile now taught in Scotland, so I am content to die in it; and albeit I have not walked therein as I ought, yet God will be merciful to me, and I bid all good Christians pray for me.' With these words he prepared for the end. Many remarkable men have attitudinized on the scaffold, concealing agitation under a mask of coolness. Morton perfectly simple yielded to the awfulness of the moment. One of the clergy, Mr Lawson, said a prayer. While he was speaking, 'the Earl lay on gruife on his face before the place of exe-

cution, his body making great rebounding with sighs and sobs, evident signs of the mighty inward working of the Spirit of God.'

'Then,' says a spectator, 'he shook hands with us all round and bade us farewell in the Lord. So constantly, patiently, humbly, without fear of death, he placed his craig under the axe, his hands being unbound, and crying continually, Lord Jesus, receive my soul; Into Thy hands, Lord, I commend my soul, the axe fell, and whatever he had been before, he died the true servant of God.'[1]

'So,' reported Mendoza to Philip, 'all is well over, and blessed be God the event is far better than a few days since we feared. The King was then hesitating, but we see now that it was only from a sagacious desire to compass his end more effectually, to make clear the innocence of his mother, and throw the guilt of his father's murder on Morton and the heretics. This is a grand beginning, from which we may look soon for the recovery of that realm to Christ; God being pleased that so pernicious a heretic should be removed out of the way by a chastisement so signal and so exemplary.'[2]

The victory of Lennox had been complete. He had destroyed the Protestant champions, broken up the English party, sown divisions among themselves, and made shipwreck of Elizabeth's honour. A little more,

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[1] Narrative of the Confession and Execution of the Earl of Morton: *Illustrations of Scottish History*, p. 493.

[2] Mendoza to Philip, June 15, 1581: *MSS. Simancas.*

and Scotland, at its present rate of progress, would be ready to lend itself to the Duke of Guise, and to open its ports to the armies which were to avenge the wrongs of Mary Stuart. The Irish part of the great Jesuit conspiracy had failed, though at this time had not yet failed obviously, and Munster and Wicklow were still in flames. The Scotch part of it had been absolutely successful. The story must now turn to the third division of the confederates, the soldiers of Christ, whose scene of action was England itself. An account given by one of them of a visit of himself and a companion to the Vatican, will serve as a fit introduction to the invasion of Parsons and Campian.

It was towards the close of the Pontificate of Gregory XIII. that two young English Jesuits, Anthony Tyrrell, who tells the story,[1] and Foscue or Fortescue, better known as Ballard, and concerned afterwards in the Babington conspiracy, set out upon a journey to Rome on a noticeable errand. Their object was to learn from the lips of the Pope himself whether 'any one who, for the benefit of the Church and the delivery of the Catholics from their afflictions, attempted to destroy the Queen of England, should have for the fact his pardon.' They halted on their way at the Seminary at Rheims, where they found the fraternity occupied with the same subject as themselves. The preacher of the Easter-day sermon, an English convert, called Elizabeth 'the monster of the world, worthy of deposition,' and

[1] Confessions of Anthony Tyrrell, made in the Tower, August 30 and 31, 1586: *MSS.* MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

he said from the pulpit that 'Pity it was there could not be found any of that courage to bereave her of her life.' Father Allen, the principal, spoke afterwards in the same strain, 'inveighing most heinously against the Queen, saying that her law exceeded for cruelty both heathen and Turk, and that she sought nothing but blood.' Language of this kind was congenial food for Tyrrell and his companion, and they went on upon their way greatly strengthened and comforted. Tyrrell was not a stranger in Rome. He had been educated at the English College, and thither he went on his arrival, taking Ballard with him. He explained to the rector, Father Alfonzo Algazari, the object of his coming. The rector 'being rejoiced to hear of priests of that mind,' consulted Everard Mercuriano, the general of the order to which the Englishmen belonged. Mercuriano sent for Tyrrell, and inquired who Ballard was, 'whether he was of credit in England,' 'whether he was wise and fit for any great action;' and the answers being satisfactory, he procured for them the interview which they desired with the great person whom they had come to consult. Gregory received them in his cabinet. They prostrated themselves, kissed his foot, and remained kneeling, while Algazari, as their spokesman, described their errand.

'May it please your Holiness,' he said, 'here be these reverend priests lately come from the hot harvest in England, who have come hither partly to gain strength to give the enemy a new encounter, but chiefly to obtain such spiritual graces from your beatitude as the

nature of their country doth require. One thing I am to move your Holiness in their behalf—for without the fulness of your apostolical authority they dare attempt nothing—if any person moved with zeal should take out of this life their wicked Queen, whether your Holiness would approve the action.'[1]

The Pope—it was the same Pontiff who had sung Te Deums for the massacre of St Bartholomew—turned to the kneeling pair, and said: 'Children, beloved in the Lord, we embrace you in the bowels of Christ. We have always had a fatherly and pastoral care of you and your country. We have opened the bowels of our compassion upon you, and have long bewailed your miseries. As touching the taking away of that impious Jezebel, whose life God has permitted thus long for our scourge, I would be loath you should attempt anything unto your own destruction, and we know not how our censure on that point amongst her subjects which profess themselves our children would be taken; but if you can wisely give such counsel as may be without scandal to the party or to us, know you we do not only approve the act, but think the doer if he suffer death simply for that to be worthy of canonization. And so with our Apostolic benediction we dismiss you.'[1]

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[1] Tyrrell was twice examined, and gave two accounts of this conversation. Both are preserved, one of them being endorsed by Burghley. They vary very little, one being merely rather fuller than the other. The shorter confession adds a few interesting words on the disposition towards regicide of the English Catholic laity. 'We were warned,' says Tyrrell, 'to be very cautious of the Pope's censure to our country

This interview took place four years later than the events which are now to be described, when the passions of the priests had been exasperated by the persecution as it was termed of the Jesuit missionaries, and when the hopes of regicides had just been stimulated by the accomplished assassination of the Prince of Orange. When allowance has been made however for these influences, the story throws a definite light upon the character of the men with whom Elizabeth and her ministers had to deal. The disposition of an organized party is not changed in a day or a year. The Pope who had blessed the murder of Coligny, who from the day of his accession had laboured unremittingly to stimulate a crusade against England, who had landed a Nuncio and an armed force commissioned from himself in Ireland, and who, when his efforts had all failed, gave his sanction to the darker method of cutting through the difficulty, cannot be credited with more innocent intentions in the interval; and the Jesuits were

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Catholics, for it might be it served not for all men's appetites, and therefore we were to use great discretion.'

Falling afterwards into the hands of the priests, Tyrrell published a recantation, and wrote to the Queen to say that his story was an invention. See Strype, *Annals*, vol. iii. part 2, p. 425. The following year he reasserted what he had before stated; withdrew his recantation 'wherein he had repeated for falsehood that which he had bonâ fide uttered,' and promised so to confirm the original narrative, 'that neither fear nor flattery should cause him to deny it again.'—*Annals*, vol. iii. part 1, p. 698.

The words which he places in the Pope's mouth, agree exactly with the message sent from Rome to Dr Parry, through the Cardinal of Como. See Parry's trial.—*State Trials*, vol. i.

but spiritual soldiers bound to execute his bidding whatever it might be.

Elizabeth boasted with justice that no Catholic had as yet suffered in England for his religious opinions. The laws against the Catholic services were technically severe; but for twenty years they had been evaded with the frank connivance of the authorities. The Queen had repressed sternly the persecuting zeal of her own bishops. Priests of the old sort were still to be found in every part of England, though in diminished numbers, saying mass in private houses, while justices of the peace looked away or were present themselves. Nuns were left unmolested under the roofs of Catholic ladies, pursuing their own devotions in their own way, and were denied nothing but a publicity of worship which might have provoked a riot. Whatever had been the Queen's motive, she had refused to let the succession be determined, and the Catholics could look forward to seeing again a sovereign of their own creed. She required nothing but political obedience and outward submission to the law, and with the average Englishmen of native growth and temperament, loyalty was an article of faith which the excommunication had failed to shake. The rebellion of the North had elicited few signs of practical sympathy, and the Duke of Norfolk and the Earl of Northumberland had been executed without increasing the existing disaffection.

The truce between the two parties, which might have lasted otherwise till Elizabeth's death, was ended by the impatience of the converts. The Pope in his

spiritual capacity had put out his thunders in vain. The Pope as a temporal prince, at the instigation of Sanders and Allen, had fallen back therefore on the arm of flesh. He was making actual war upon her in Ireland. His agents had revolutionized Scotland, and the most short-sighted eyes could not but see that England's turn was to follow. The forbearance which had been extended to the old priests was not unnaturally suspended when from the seminaries at Rheims and at Rome, which had become notorious as nests of conspiracy, and from the Order of Jesus, which recognized no obligation but the will of its General and of the Pope, a flight of spiritual immigrants appeared suddenly on the English shore. They were subjects who had left their country without leave, and had sworn allegiance to a power which was then at war with their sovereign. Primâ facie they were fair objects of suspicion: the confession of Tyrrell proves that no wrong was done them when they were credited with a more dangerous character. They presented themselves as innocent lambs, apostles of a spiritual creed; and there was something lamb-like in the disposition of more than one of them. But to suppose them ignorant of intentions which were avowed in the pulpits, and formed the common talk at the tables of the seminaries to which they belonged, does over-great injustice to their equally undoubted ability. Even the lamb when infected by theological fanaticism, secretes a virus in his teeth, and his bite is deadly as a rattlesnake's.

A more particular account must be given of the

men who were strong enough to alter in their own disfavour the policy of Elizabeth's Government.

Sanders, Allen, Harding, Dorman, Phillips, and the other protochampions of Catholic orthodoxy, who established the celebrated seminaries at Douay and Rheims, had been persons in authority in Oxford in the reign of Queen Mary. They had witnessed the execution of the martyrs. They had shared in the enthusiasm of the reaction and the reconciliation with Rome, and when Mary died childless and Elizabeth succeeded, they fled abroad anticipating a counter-persecution. But Elizabeth, tolerant towards Catholics everywhere, was especially tolerant at the Universities. Catholic fellows retained their offices unmolested. Catholic students were admitted to degrees without being required to take the oath of supremacy. It was only as the Heads of the Colleges dropped off that care was taken to put Anglicans in the vacant places, that the Universities might be tranquilly metamorphosed without violent change. Cambridge, which had been the nursery of the Reformers, retained their spirit. When Cambridge offended the Government it was by over-sympathy with Cartwright and the Puritans. The genius of Oxford, then, as always, for some singular reason inclined equally to the opposite extreme. While Whitgift could hardly succeed in forcing the scholars of Trinity into surplices, Allen was able to return to Oxford and preach Popery without molestation; and the professors' lecture halls, the College common rooms, and the students'

parties among themselves, were saturated with sentimental devotionalism.

In this element grew up Edmund Campian and Robert Parsons. Campian was born in 1540, the son of a bookseller in London. Parsons was a few years younger. The first became a fellow of St John's, the other of Balliol. They were dear friends, both 'sound Catholics at heart, and utterly condemning the Queen's and council's new religion,' and both distinguished by a large following of pupils and admirers. Campian was the more showy of the two; he was patronized by Leicester, when Leicester was coquetting with de Quadra and Rome, and in 1560, when he was twenty, he made an oration at Anne Robsart's funeral, stuffed with high compliments to Lord Robert's virtues. In 1566, when the Queen came to Oxford, he was one of the disputants who had been selected to amuse her, and he gained favour by the skill with which he distributed his compliments between her Majesty and her lover. The arrival of Mary Stuart, and the rebellion of the North, put an end to these halcyon days. Leicester went over to the ultra-Protestants, and being made Chancellor of the University gathered up the reins, and enforced the Act of Uniformity. The English service was introduced into the College chapels; the oath of allegiance and subscription to the Articles was exacted of the fellows, and those who refused to comply were removed. Allen, foreseeing the coming troubles, had already fled a second time, and gone back to Belgium, where with Philip's help and sanction, he opened a seminary at

Douay, for the education of English Catholics. Thus he had a home ready prepared for the exiles to take refuge in, and his ranks were daily recruited by priests and scholars, who preferred their creed to their country. Parsons, whose conscience was elastic, took the oath, but was discovered and expelled with some discredit. The House of Rimmon was the favourite illustration of those who tried to compromise between God and their fellowships, but the Council of Trent and the Pope refused to sanction the subterfuge. Campian saw his way less clearly, and his conduct was less open to reproach. He had speculated out the Anglo-Catholic theory for himself, and in 1567 was ordained deacon in the Church of England. 'Extraordinary mental anguish' followed. He shrunk from being examined by Leicester's commissioners. The imposition of hands by a heretic bishop he felt as a brand of infamy. He left Oxford and went to Ireland, to reside with Stanihurst the Recorder of Dublin, and the father of one of his pupils. Here he occupied himself in writing a short but valuable history of Ireland — valuable especially as containing a lucid account of things which in that curious time he saw there with his own eyes. Afterwards, being for some cause suspected, he came back in disguise, witnessed the trial of Doctor Story in Westminster Hall, and feeling that his own country was no longer a home for him he followed Parsons and joined him and Allen at Douay.

The establishment at Douay was broken up, as will be remembered, by Requescens, and the seminary was removed to Rheims; but its prosperity continued un-

abated. The pupils whom Campian and his friends had trained at Oxford had caught and retained his spirit. They grew from boys to men. They took their degrees and became fellows, and Holt of Oriel, Arden of Trinity, Garnet, Bryant, Sherwin, Emerson,[1] and many more, wandered together by Cherwell and Isis, brooding over their masters' teaching, and resolving one by one to break the ties of home and kindred and devote their lives to the cause of the Catholic faith. Those who had been born Catholics continued cool, collected, and moderate. The Anglican converts developed the Catholic theory among themselves to its most extravagant conclusions. 'Those who are seminary priests,' wrote one to Walsingham, in 1585, 'learnt not their papistry abroad, but carried it with them from their colleges at Oxford.'[2] The sum of life to them was the triumph of the Church, and they themselves longed to become the Church's soldiers. Thus Oxford became a perpetual recruiting ground from which year after year flights of students passed over to Rheims or to another college which the Pope had erected at Rome, filled with a passionate hatred of the Church of their country, whose orders were a mark of the beast, and which itself was the Antichrist of prophecy. To profess the Catholic creed and to become themselves priests was not enough for them, and the subtle politicians into whose hands they fell understood how to utilize their enthusiasm.

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[1] Ralph Emerson, namesake of Ralph Waldo Emerson the great American, and probably of the same blood with him.

[2] *Domestic MSS.* April, 1585.

To dreamers such as these, the Order of Jesus became an object of ecstatic admiration. The Jesuits had come into existence to combat the Reformation, as the Templars and the Knights of St John to be the warriors of the Cross against the Crescent. Their discipline and their devotion were absolute alike. They had no law but the will of their superior, no purpose but what they called the cause of God. They appeared a legion of angels, with weapons tempered in celestial orthodoxy, sent down to earth to smite the hydra of heresy. In this order therefore the choicest of the English converts instantly enrolled themselves. Campian and Parsons went first, and the best of the rest were allowed to follow them. Through the lax police system of England and the connivance of secret friends in high places, they corresponded with their companions whom they had left behind at the University. They visited their old haunts when they pleased, undiscovered by officials who did not wish to see them; and whenever a new man was wanted Oxford could always supply some young enthusiast, eager to venture his life in the service of God and Mary Stuart.

From these sources, as the Marian priests died off, Allen supplied their places. 'The number of Catholics,' wrote Mendoza, on the 28th of December, 1578, to Philip, 'increases daily, the instruments being missionaries from the seminary which your Majesty founded at Douay. A hundred of those who went to study either there or at Rome have returned in this past year. They travel disguised as laymen, and young as they are, the

fervour with which they throw themselves into their work, and the cheerful fortitude with which they accept martyrdom when occasion offers, are entirely admirable. Some have already suffered with the utmost calmness,[1] following in the steps of the saints who had gone before them. Till lately there were but few priests left in England, and religion was dying out for want of teachers. None called themselves Catholics but the few to whom God had given grace to persevere out of pure zeal for his service. But now, by means of those who have come over, it has pleased God to provide a remedy.'[2]

These first comers however were but the rank and file of the converts: mere secular priests who, unless they gave other cause for suspicion, had not as yet drawn on themselves the special animosity of the Government. But in connection with the great efforts which were being made to overthrow Elizabeth, something was needed more vigorous, more publicly effective. The Church, so Allen deliberately calculated, required martyrs to set off against the victims of Queen Mary. Catholics should show that they could suffer pain as well as inflict it, and if Elizabeth could be forced into a confessed religious persecution, it might rouse the

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[1] Mendoza perhaps alludes to Cuthbert Mayne, who was discovered in Cornwall in November, 1578, having about him copies of the Bull of Pope Pius. He was tried for treason and hanged at Launceston. This and similar executions are now held to have been needless cruelties. But were a Brahmin to be found in the quarters of a Sepoy regiment scattering incendiary addresses he would be hanged also.

[2] Mendoza to Philip, December 28, 1578: *MSS. Simancas.*

Catholic powers out of their apathy. As a preparation further for the intended invasion from Scotland, men were wanted of authority and intelligence to stimulate everywhere a powerful Catholic revival. In other words, the Jesuits were wanted, and as yet no Jesuits had been allowed to go to England. Their lives were precious, and the English mission was considered likely to be the most dangerous which they had yet undertaken.

To the young spiritual knights-errant however the peril was an additional temptation, and the consent of the General of the order had at length been obtained. When Sanders sailed for Ireland Allen went to Rome to arrange the plan of the campaign, and Campian, who had been for some years working at Prague, was selected with Parsons to make the first adventure. Mercuriano sent for them to Rome to receive their instructions, and they arrived there in the spring of 1580, just at the time when d'Aubigny had secured his footing in Scotland. The principle of the Jesuit organization was absolute despotism. Parsons, now about five and thirty, cool, clear-headed, and not given to emotions or sensibilities, was made head of the mission. He was trusted with the inner secrets of the Papal policy, and was left to rule himself and his companions as occasion or opportunity required.[1] Campian and the rest of the party

[1] Mr Simpson, the latest and most candid biographer of Campian, endeavours to believe that Parsons was ignorant of Sanders's expedition to Ireland, that he and Campian only became acquainted with it, and were embarrassed by the knowledge, when on the eve of entering England.

had no such discretion. It was essential that the mission should bear the character of a purely religious crusade, that those who became martyrs should appear as martyrs for their faith, without note or taint of treason on them. To make converts would be entirely sufficient for the purposes of the intended insurrection. Enthusiastic Catholics (and converts were always enthusiastic) could be relied on with confidence when the army of liberation should appear. Campian therefore was directed to keep strictly to the work of conversion, not to mix himself with politics, to avoid all mention of public matters in his letters to the General, and never to speak against the Queen except in the presence of persons of known and tried orthodoxy.

Absolute adherence to such a programme was impossible. The great difficulty of the English Catholics, which they felt more keenly the more their consciences were aroused, was the Bull of Deposition. They had been absolved from their allegiance. They were themselves implicated in the censures of the Church if they continued to regard Elizabeth as their sovereign, and the alternative of disloyalty or infidelity had been

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Sanders had landed openly at Smerwick, with a commission as Legate, in July, 1579, nine months before Parsons and Campian left Rome. He had published circulars to the Irish chiefs immediately on his arrival, announcing that his coming was to be followed by a Papal army. James Fitzmaurice, the Pope's general, had been killed. The progress of the insurrection was being watched with the greatest eagerness in France and Spain, and yet we are to suppose that at Rome itself, the head-quarters of the enterprise, nothing was generally known about it. Mr Simpson is too intelligent a person to defend seriously so preposterous an hypothesis.

harshly forced upon them. The Jesuits therefore were commissioned to tell them in the Pope's name that the Bull only remained in force as it regarded the Queen and the heretics, but that it was so construed as not to touch the Catholics. It left them free to profess themselves loyal until circumstances would allow the sentence to be executed. Catholic English gentlemen, that is, were to be allowed to call themselves good subjects of Elizabeth, to disclaim all disloyal intentions, to lead the Queen to trust them by assurances of devotion and fidelity, until the Spaniards or the French or the Scots were ready to invade the country, and then it would be their duty to turn against her.[1]

The poison of asps was under the lips of the bearers of such a message of treachery. It could not be communicated, as Burghley fairly argued,[2] without implied treason. No plea of conscience could alter the nature of things. To tell English subjects that they might continue loyal till another sovereign who claimed their allegiance was in a position to protect them, was to assert the right of that sovereign, as entirely and essentially, as to invite them to take arms on his side. And if the Pope erected his pretensions to dispose of kingdoms into an article of faith, a government which flung back his insolent claims into his teeth was not likely to allow priest or layman to make a conscience of disloyalty.

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[1] Facultates concessæ PP. Roberto Personio et Edmundo Campiano, pro Angliâ, die 14 Aprilis, 1580: *MSS. Domestic.*

[2] Execution of Justice, London, 1583.

After receiving their instructions, the forlorn hope of Popery, Parsons, Campian, and seven of their Oxford pupils, now Jesuits like themselves, commenced their journey from Rome on the 18th of April. They were received at Milan with distinguished honours by Carlo Borromeo, who gave them fresh exhortations to constancy. They made a second halt at Rheims, where Campian preached a sermon which showed that he had not forgotten his command of English, and threw the college into an ecstasy of enthusiasm. In the beginning of June they went forward again, and at St Omers they were met by a warning, that if they valued their lives they would go no further. A number of inflammatory briefs scattered by Sanders about Ireland had been sent over to the English council; alarming reports had come in of Spanish preparations; a declaration of war was not unlikely—in return, as will be presently told, for the depredations of Drake; and one of Sanders's papers declared positively that a Spanish fleet was on the point of sailing for Kerry. Elizabeth showed it to Mendoza, and inquired whether his master had authorized Sanders to use such language. Mendoza's answer did not mend matters. He declined to say whether assistance would or would not be sent from Spain to Sanders. He looked on the Pope, he said, as undoubtedly God's vicar, and head of the Roman Catholic world. For that confession he would lose a hundred lives if he had them. What his rights were as a temporal prince he did not know; but this he would say, that the tyranny of the Pope was the eternal sub-

June.

ject of declamation with the English clergy. Caricatures were sold publicly in London of the Pope, Nero, and the Grand Turk, as the three tyrants, and the Queen ought not to be surprised if the Pope used such power as he possessed to restore Ireland and England also to their old condition.

She was alarmed, and not without reason. She had just broken with the Duke of Alençon, as Burghley supposed definitively, and had thus affronted France. An uneasy humour was spreading among the English Catholics, and Mendoza represented to Philip that if he would take advantage of the existing confusion, and send his fleet to the Channel, he would probably find an easy victory. A commission had been sent out to the bishops bidding them look more sharply after the Catholic families. Elizabeth pretended to Mendoza that it had been issued without her consent. She recalled it. She said her bishops were a set of knaves,[1] and she would not have the Catholics ill-used. But her hesitation was ill-timed, and could not be maintained. Reports of the Jesuit mission came in from Rome with exact information of its nature, and of the new construction of Pope Pius's Bull. Briefs, identical with those dispersed by Sanders in Ireland, declaring the Queen a schismatic, and Queen no longer, were found lying about the streets in London; and Elizabeth, in spite of herself, had been driven back upon severity. The statutes against the Catholics were put in force,

[1] 'Diciendo por su misma boca que eran unos bellacos.'—Don B. de Mendoza al Rey, á 23 Marzo, 1580.

and gentlemen detected in hearing mass were thrown into loose confinement.[1] Two proclamations were issued, one requiring every one who had sons or relations abroad to recall them to England, and declaring that whoever harboured Jesuits and seminary priests would be prosecuted as a maintainer of rebels;[2] the other, a noble appeal from the Queen to her well-affected subjects, to judge between her and those who were now seeking to overthrow her throne. Confident in the just moderation of her past government, she told them that she relied upon their loyalty, to support her against her enemies domestic or foreign.[3]

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[1] Mendoza to Philip, June 26. Mendoza says they were imprisoned. The meaning of the word will be presently seen.

[2] CAMDEN.

[3] 'The Queen's Majesty findeth the continuance or rather increase of traitorous and malicious purposes, labours and solicitations of such rebels and traitors as justly have been condemned by law, and do live in foreign parts, and the joining to them certain others that are fled out of the realm, as persons refusing to live here in their natural country like natural subjects; both which of long time have wandered from place to place, and from one prince's Court to another; but especially to Rome; and there have falsely and traitorously slandered the good government of the realm by the Queen's Majesty, who in very deed, and that most notably to be recorded, hath so graciously, favourably, and with that [indifferency (MS. injured)] ministered justice to all her subjects, high and low, as [in no] age by any history can be recounted such a long and peaceable continuance of quietness and rest as in her time hitherto hath been. And if the foresaid traitors and their complices had not for their private ambition and rancour sought at one or two times to have interrupted the same in one or two corners of the realm, it might have been pronounced of her Majesty's quiet government, by the goodness of God for these twenty years, that could not have been recorded by any history for these thousand years, either of England or any kingdom in Christendom. And yet, it may be truly said, notwithstanding their said interruptions at home by their open rebellion, and their traitorous labours, practices,

At this moment Parsons and his party reached Calais. They were prepared for danger, and had come

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and solicitations to many great princes to procure sedition in the realm, yea, to have the realm invaded by foreign force as lately they have begun in Ireland, whereof by God's goodness their attempts are likely to be frustrate. But now to add some matter to serve their wicked purpose they have caused to be put in writing that the Pope, the King of Spain, and other princes are accorded to make a great army to invade England, and to dispose of the crown, and the possessions of the subjects of the realm, at their pleasure, thereby intending to move the people of the realm to a discord in their minds, as some to be bold to persist in their undutifulness, some to be afraid to continue dutiful. But her Majesty considering the goodness of God, how hitherto she and her whole realm have been preserved by his godly and special protection, and that she ought not only to be most thankful for the same, and to maintain his glory and honour by retaining her people in the true profession of the gospel, and to keep them free from the bondage of the Romish tyranny, but also she ought and must use those means which God hath given to her and put into her hands, that is power over an infinite number of godly, dutiful, faithful, manlike, and able people, her loving subjects through all parts of the realm; with which and by whose ready help, with their bodies, lives, and substance, by God's grace she is and shall be able to withstand, both by sea and land, all foreign power how mighty soever the same may be procured or intended against her and her realm. —And to that end she hath of late caused the universal strength of her subjects to be viewed, prepared, and arranged, and the same she doth mean to have still continued in a readiness to withstand all hostile attempts, as well by sea with her own navy and the navy of the realm, as by land both on horseback and on foot; whereby, through God's goodness, she hath such a strength as, in comparison, never any king of this realm hath had the like, to overcome all foreign malice to her and to the state of true Christian religion, for the profession and maintenance whereof her Majesty knoweth that both herself and her realm is maligned. So she thinketh it good to admonish her good people that they continue in the dutiful and humble service of Almighty God, manifesting by their honest conversation, their Christian profession, and also do remain constant in courage with their bodies and substance to withstand any enterprises that may be offered to this realm; and that whatsoever rumours by speech or writing they shall hear of as maliciously dispersed by traitors abroad or by their secret complices and

to seek it. Half the country, at least, they believed to be at heart in their favour. They had friends everywhere, from the palace at Westminster to the village alehouse; and to issue proclamations was more easy than to execute them. To avoid suspicion they crossed in separate parties. Parsons went first,[1] disguised as a volunteer officer returning from the Low Countries. He found no difficulty. His buff uniform, his gold lace, his hat and feather, and well-appointed servant, were passport sufficient for the Dover searchers. He made his way to Gravesend, and up the river to London; and as the readiest means of finding a friend, he went openly to the Marshalsea to look among the Catholic prisoners. His reception there shows with what extreme laxity the word 'prison' must be understood as applied to recusants who could pay for good treatment. They were no more prisoners than law students at an Inn of Court. They went in and out at their pleasure, complying only with the rules of hours. They had apartments to themselves, where Parsons dined with them, and they introduced him to a young Catholic gentleman of fortune, a Mr Gilbert, who invited him to his house in Fetter Lane.

June.

favourers at home, that they not only be not moved therewith to alter their duties and courage, as by God's grace there shall be no just cause, but that they cause all such spreaders of like rumours to be apprehended, and speedily brought to such justices as they shall know to be faithful professors of true religion, and dutiful and faithful ministers under her Majesty, by them to be chastised according to their demerits as sowers of sedition, and aiders and abettors of foreign traitors.'—Admonition for the People, Burghley's hand: *MSS. Domestic.*

[1] June 11.

Campian came next. He crossed on the day of St John the Baptist, his patron saint, as he observed, to whom he had commended his cause and his journey. His pretended calling was that of a jewel merchant, and Ralph Emerson, 'his little man,' followed him with his box and his pack. Campian wanted the cool adroitness of his superior. He was suspected and carried before the Mayor, who took him for Allen himself. Allen, he could safely swear that he was not. The Mayor however was on the point of sending him to the council, when God and St John introduced an old man in some authority, who overruled the magistrates and dismissed him. Believing himself thus under the special guardianship of heaven, he too went to London, and made his way to the friend in Fetter Lane. The rest came in one by one, and found a hearty welcome from Gilbert, who, with other young Catholics of family, had formed themselves into an association for the protection of the Jesuits as soon as they should arrive. In the list of its members may be read the names of Charles Arundel, Francis Throgmorton, Anthony Babington, Chidiock Tichbourne, Charles Tilney, Edward Abington, Richard Salisbury, and William Tresham, men implicated all of them afterwards in plots for the assassination of the Queen. The subsequent history of all these persons is a sufficient indication of the effect of Jesuit teaching, and of the true object of the Jesuit mission.

London was the stronghold of English Protestantism. Yet even in London the Government was singularly feeble. Campian was known everywhere to have

arrived. His reputation for eloquence caused such an eagerness to hear him preach, that Lord Paget hired a hall near Smithfield, and on the 29th of June, a Jesuit missionary, under the ban of the council, and liable, if arrested, to be tried for treason, preached publicly in the middle of the city to a vast audience. A warrant was, of course, issued for Campian's apprehension, but 'great persons at Court' sent him warning. The constables were Catholic, and conveniently blind. The fathers agreed that, if taken, they should swear all of them that their errand was purely a spiritual one: they then dispersed to visit every English county, to hear confessions, administer the sacraments, reconcile the lapsed, encourage all Catholics to persevere in the faith, and wait for the good time that was in store for them. Gilbert and his friends provided money. Each father had two horses, a servant, a variety of disguises, and sixty pounds in cash. They dressed as occasion required, sometimes as officers, sometimes as gentlemen, sometimes as Protestant clergy, sometimes as bailiffs or apparitors. Campian himself, in a letter to the general of the order, sketches his adventures and his success.

November. 'I came to London,' he wrote, 'and my good angel guided me unwittingly to the same house that had harboured Father Robert[1] before, whither young gentlemen came to me on every hand. They embrace me, reapparel me, furnish me, weapon me, and convey me out of the city. I ride about some piece

[1] Parsons.

of the country every day. The harvest is wonderful great. On horseback I meditate my sermon; when I come to the house I polish it. Then I talk with such as come to speak with me, or hear their confessions. In the morning, after mass, I preach. They hear with exceeding greediness, and very often receive the sacraments, for the ministration whereof we are well assisted by priests, whom we find in every place. The priests of our country being themselves most excellent for virtue and learning, yet have raised so great an opinion of our society, that I dare scarcely tell the exceeding reverence all Catholics do to us. How much more is it requisite that such as are hereafter to be sent for supply, whereof we have great need, be such as may answer all men's expectation of them. Specially let them be well trained for the pulpits. I cannot long escape the hands of the heretics. The enemies have so many eyes, so many tongues, so many scouts and crafts. I am in apparel to myself very ridiculous. I often change it, and my name also. I read letters sometimes myself, that in the first front tell news that Campian is taken, which noised in every place where I come, so fills mine ears with the sound thereof, that fear itself has taken away all fear. My soul is in my own hands ever. Let such as you send, make count of this always:—The solaces that are intermeddled with the miseries are so great that they not only countervail the fear of what temporal government soever, but by infinite sweetness make all worldly pains seem nothing. A conscience pure, a courage invincible, zeal incredible, a work so worthy—the number

innumerable of high degrees, of mean calling, of the inferior sort, of every age and sex. Among the Protestants themselves that are of milder nature, it is turned into a proverb that he must be a Catholic, that payeth faithfully that he oweth; in so much that if any Catholic do injury, everybody expostulates with him as for an act unworthy of men of that calling. To be short, heresy heareth ill of all men, neither is there any condition of people commonly counted more vile and impure than their ministers, and we worthily have indignation that fellows so unlearned, so evil, so derided, so base, should in so desperate a quarrel overrule such a number of noble wits as our realm hath.[1] Threatening

[1] There was too much justice in Campian's description of the Protestant clergy. The bishops seemed determined to deserve the name which Elizabeth was so fond of bestowing on them. The House of Commons had many times remonstrated in vain against their commutations of penance, their dispensations for pluralities, their iniquitous courts, and the class of persons whom they ordained to the ministry. The Crown at length took up the complaint, and at an interview between the Queen and council and a number of the bishops in February, 1585, there was the following singular dialogue:—

'Then spake my Lord Treasurer to my Lord of Canterbury, Truly, my Lord, her Majesty has declared unto you a marvellous great fault that you make in this time of light so many lewd and unlearned ministers.

'Well, quoth her Majesty, draw articles, and burden them that have offended.

'I do not burden, quoth my Lord Treasurer, them that be here; but it is the Bishop of Lichfield that I mean, who made seventy ministers in one day for money, some tailors, some shoemakers, and other craftsmen. I am sure the greatest part of them are not able to keep houses.

'Then said the Bishop of Rochester, That may be so, for I know one that made seven in one day. I would every man might bear his own burden. Some of us have the greatest wrong that can be offered. For mine own part, I am sure I never made above three in one day. But, my Lord, if you would have none but learned preachers admitted

edicts come forth against us daily; notwithstanding by good heed and the prayers of good men, we have passed safely through the most part of the island. I find many neglecting their own security to have care of my safety. . . . The persecution rages most cruelly. At the house where I am, is no other talk but of death, flight, prison, or spoil of their friends. Nevertheless they proceed with courage, many even at this present being restored to the Church; new soldiers give up their names, while the old offer up their blood, by which holy hosts and oblations God will be pleased, and we shall, no question, by him overcome. There will never want in England men that shall have care of their own salvation, nor such as shall advance other men's. Neither shall this Church here ever fail, so long as priests and pastors shall be found for these sheep, rage man or devil never so much.'[1]

It was characteristic of Campian that he failed to discover where the strength of the Reformation lay. It appeared to him to be a question of this or that opinion.

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into the ministry, you must provide better livings for them.

'To have learned ministers in every parish is, in my judgment, impossible, quoth my Lord of Canterbury. Being 13,000 parishes in England, I know not how this realm should yield so many learned preachers.

'Jesus! quoth the Queen; 13,000 is not to be looked for. I think the time has been, there hath not been four preachers in a diocese. My meaning is not you should make choice of learned preachers only, for they are not to be found, but of honest, sober, and wise men, and such as can read the Scriptures and the Homilies well unto the people.'—Brief effect of her Majesty's speech to the bishops, February 27, 1585: *MSS. Domestic.*

[1] Edmund Campian to Everardo Mercuriano: *MSS. Domestic*, November, 1580.

It was in fact a question of national life, a question whether the ecclesiastical system of which the Pope was the head was to continue to rule without appeal over the entire destinies of mankind. To the Jesuit the temporal and spiritual power of the Papacy were related to one another as soul and body, one incapable of existing without the other. He did not see that the thing which he called heresy had a body also, the body of the State, which represented justice, which represented law, which represented those rights of conscience which ecclesiastics denied, and considered it a crime to claim. Campian saw the Catholic Church agreed upon a body of doctrine which had the prescription of ten centuries in its favour, which had been taught by the Fathers, and had shaped the spiritual thought of Christendom. He saw the heretics split into a hundred sects, staggering like men walking on quicksands, and over their confusions and uncertainties he anticipated an easy victory. Heresy appeared to him in extremity of death, without defence of reason or authority of age. He wrote from his concealment to the council offering to dispute in public with any Protestant or Protestants who would encounter him. He published a book which he and his admirers considered to have closed the controversy. It was as if an adversary of the Newtonian astronomy had thought to overset the modern theory of the celestial motions by an appeal to Ptolemy or Hipparchus; or as if Julian or Porphyry had imagined that they had disproved Christianity by showing that it was not to be found in the Theogonies or in the Zend Avesta. Time and accumu-

lation of knowledge, and the mental expansion which came with it, had shown intelligent men that things which their forefathers had believed to be true were not true. That a priest, by muttering a few words, could convert a cake into Almighty God, had become for ever incredible to them. The Church had said, You shall believe it or we will kill you; and the State had interposed with the stern intimation that the Church should do nothing of the kind. You priests and bishops, the English Parliament had said, shall have stake and gibbet at your disposition no more. You had power once, and you abused it, and we shall not trust you again. For these abstruse questions we cannot absolutely say what is true, nor do we believe that you can say. Within the limits of reverence and piety we will allow men to think for themselves. Our own laws are politically sufficient for us. Your master the Pope has no authority in this island, and shall not meddle with us. If you will obey the law and live peaceably, you shall have the same protection from us that others have. If you will not obey, if you choose to persist in claims which we deny, and conspire with strangers against the Government of your country, your so-called sacred character shall not save you. We will hang you as we would hang any other traitor.

This was the position which Campian had really to assail, and keener arguments were needed to overcome it than were to be found in the patristic armoury. It became daily more and more clear that mischief was intended, and Elizabeth, against her will, was compelled

to see that the laws must be enforced, and these itinerant incendiaries be put down before the whole realm was on fire. They were protected for the first six months by the Queen's extreme aversion to severity. As soon as Walsingham was permitted to exert himself, large captures were rapidly made. At the beginning of December seven or eight of the young priests, Sherwin, Bryant, Pascal, Harte, Johnson, Kirby, and one or two more were arrested in various places and taken to the Tower. Harte's courage failed him; he recanted and saved himself by becoming a spy. The rest when examined said frankly who and what they were —English subjects in the service of the Pope, who was levying war against the Queen in Ireland. They were required to give the names of the gentlemen at whose houses they had been received, and to reveal the place of concealment of their leaders. They refused, and it was thought just and necessary to use other means to force them to speak. The Tower rack stood in the long vaulted dungeon below the armoury. Under a warrant signed by six of the council, and in the presence of the Lieutenant, whose duty was to direct and moderate the application of the pains, they were laid at various times, and more than once, as they could bear it, upon the frame, the Commissioners sitting at their side and repeating their questions in the intervals of the winding of the winch. A practice which by the law was always forbidden could be palliated only by a danger so great that the nation had become like an army in the field. It was repudiated on the return of calmer times, and the

December.

employment of it rests as a stain on the memory of those by whom it was used. It is none the less certain however that the danger was real and terrible, and the same causes which relieve a commander in active service from the restraints of the common law, apply to the conduct of statesmen who are dealing with organized treason. The law is made for the nation, not the nation for the law. Those who transgress do it at their own risk, but they may plead circumstances at the bar of history, and have a right to be heard.

This also is to be said of the torturing of these Jesuits. 'None was put to the rack that was not first by manifest evidence known to the council to be guilty of treason, so that it was well assured aforehand that there was no innocent tormented. Also none was tormented to know whether he was guilty or no: but for the Queen's safety to know the manner of the treason and the accomplices.'[1] 'Nor was any man tormented for matter of religion, nor asked what he believed of any point of religion, but only to understand of particular practices against the Queen for setting up their religion by treason or force. If any one of them did say that he would truly answer to such things as he was demanded on the Queen's behalf, and would by oath, or without oath, seriously and upon his allegiance say that he did know or believe his answers to be true, he was never racked. Neither was any of them racked that had not both obstinately said, and did persist in

[1] Thomas Norton to Walsingham, March 27, 1582: *MSS. Domestic*

that obstinacy, that he would not tell truth though the Queen commanded him.'[1]

Allen and his friends had now the confessors which they desired. Where eye could not reach, imagination penetrated, and the scenes in the Tower dungeons were painted in the gorgeous colours of the Catholic martyrologies. The Government published no details of these dark transactions, and the Church had the field to itself. Only here and there is it possible to check with certainty the facile pen of the describer. The imprisonment was made intentionally severe. The cells were underground, lighted by tunnels sloping upwards, and closely grated to prevent communication. The prison diet was bread, beer, salt fish, and water not the freshest.[2] The alarm had extended beyond the influence of its immediate cause. Old Abbot Feckenham and the surviving Marian bishops, who had lived hitherto in country houses, under loose restraint, were confined more strictly in the castles of Hull, Wisbeach, and Banbury. They suffered from the change of lodging, and some of great age died of it. Those whose estimate of probabilities will allow them, may believe if they please that debauched women were introduced into the rooms of Feckenham and Watson the Bishop of Lincoln, to tempt these aged and broken men to acts of impurity.[3]

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[1] Thomas Norton to Walsingham, March 27, 1582: *MSS. Domestic.*

[2] 'Ad vitæ victusque sustentationem aliud non habent præter panem et cerevisiam et modici salsi piscis sustentationem. Tum, quod valde inhumanum est, aqua ad eorum necessitates supplendas illis denegatur, nisi ejusmodi quæ putrida sit velint acceptare.'—Letter from a Priest in the Tower, July, 1581; *MSS. Domestic.*

[3] 'Erat non multis abhinc diebus meretrix quædam quorundam opera

Bryant, a youth of twenty-four, was known to be aware of the hiding-place of Parsons. July. He refused to reveal it, and the Commissioners who had been sent to examine him threatened that 'if he would not tell truth for his duty to God and the Queen, he should be made a foot longer than God had made him.' He defied them, and they kept their word, and the Catholics exultingly reported that by special miracle he had felt no pain. He had laughed upon the rack, and had asked his tormentors if that was all that they could do. Thomas Norton, one of the examiners, when the story was published conceived that he would be touched in honour if he was believed to have done his work so ill. He admired Bryant's courage. He 'lamented that the Devil should have so possessed him in so naughty a cause.' But 'as to the setting forth of the miracle that he was preserved from feeling of pain,' he said, 'it was most untrue, for no man of them all after his torture made so grievous complaining and shewed so open signs of pain as he.'[1] Harte's constancy was loudly boasted of,[2] but his suffering was merely imaginary. He was a

in reverendi Episcopi Lincolniensis cubiculum invercunde introducta, quæ, omni muliebri pudore abjecto, hunc, senem virum senio pœne confectum, ad nequitiam et turpem libidinem omnibus modis solicitavit. Præ verecundiâ taceo quibus illecebris hæc virago usa est quæ eum a perpetua castitatis constantia deduceret; cui senex fortiter resistens dum hanc impudicam belluam foras expellere totis viribus operam dedit, nebulones pessimi qui istam adduxerunt reverendissimo seni verbera minitabantur. Alia quoque meretrix ad Feckenhammum pari arte intromissa fuit.'—Ibid. Both Feckenham and the Bishop of Lincoln were a hundred miles from London. The priest in the Tower therefore could have learnt these stories only at second-hand.

[1] Thomas Norton to Walsingham, March 27, 1582: *MSS. Domestic.*

[2] 'Dominus Hartus per tres horas in tormento expansus jacebat.'—Let-

traitor to his friends, and he was put on the rack that the report of his endurance might gain him credit and confidence with his order. 'There is nothing,' said this wretch, in a letter to Walsingham, 'that can please Doctor Allen better than to hear of his scholars' stoutness in suffering for the Catholic faith. It is a wonder to see how he will rejoice at hearing thereof, which thing maketh me to think that whereas I who was before this so dear to him that he made some account of me, and was not willing that I should depart when I did, if he shall now hear of my stoutness, that it has been such as to abide a whole year's close imprisonment, and that in the Tower, the only name whereof is terrible abroad, yea, and much more, to have been at the rack —although I endured nothing thereon, but that is unknown to him—to have been indicted, arraigned, and condemned for the same, as both he and his fellows I know are fully persuaded, and now stand at her Majesty's pleasure for my life—without any speeches as I suppose yet openly known that I am so minded as I have professed to your honour to reform myself according to her Majesty's good and virtuous proceedings—if I were now with him in this case I should be so much made of as I cannot express it in words, and I think verily he would now make me privy to many things which hitherto, mistrusting my constancy, he has kept secret from me, imparting them to very few of the chief seniors of the house.'[1]

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ter of a Priest from the Tower, July, 1581: *MSS. Domestic.*

[1] John Harte to Walsingham, December 1, 1581: *MSS.* Ibid.

From these specimens the condition generally of the Jesuit prisoners may be easily pictured. Campian and Parsons meanwhile were still at large, and more successful than ever. The account of his friends' endurance added fire to Campian's oratory, and trebled the rate of conversion. Lord Oxford, Burghley's ill-conditioned son-in-law; Sir Francis Southwell; Lord Vaux; Lord Henry Howard, the Duke of Norfolk's brother; Philip, Earl of Arundel, Norfolk's eldest son, to whom Elizabeth was endeavouring by special kindness to compensate for his father's death; these and many more of high blood were early 'reconciled,' either by him or his companions.[1] 'The heretics,' wrote Campian to the General, 'brag no more of their martyrs, for it is now come to pass that for a few apostates and cobblers of theirs burned, we have lords, knights, the old nobility, patterns of learning, piety, and prudence, the flower of the youth, noble matrons, and of the inferior sort innumerable, either martyred at once,[2] or by consuming prisonment dying daily.'[3] 1581. January.

There must have been something at the bottom vulgar in Campian. It was at once the glory of the Reformation and the disgrace of Pole and Mary that the Protestant confessors were mainly taken from me-

[1] Deposition of Charles Arundel, December, 1580: *MSS. Domestic.*

[2] The only *martyrs* of distinction whom the Church could as yet boast of were the Duke of Norfolk and the Earl of Northumberland, who had been executed for palpable treason.

[3] Ed. Campian to Everardo Mercuriano, November, 1580: *MSS Domestic.*

chanics' workshops. Galilean fishermen were the first to die for the Gospel, and a burnt cobbler did as much honour to Protestantism as an executed noble to Rome. But the conversion of so many men of rank was politically of extreme importance. The spirit of the Ridolfi conspiracy was evidently reviving. It was a question of life and death, and the Government determined to be masters. Jesuits and seminary priests continued to arrive in tens and twenties. The Earl of Westmoreland received a summons to Rome from the Pope, and brought back a pile of bullion to Flanders. 'The Papists said openly they hoped to see Westmoreland and the Duke of Alva in England before the coming Midsummer.'

The Catholics, for the first time, refused generally to attend the Anglican services, and one of Walsingham's spies in England warned him that 'the times were perilous, the people wilful and desirous of change, with greater danger on hand than was provided for.'[1] Walsingham, with Burghley at his side, accepted the challenge. Attendance at church was made a test of loyalty, and Lord Paget and other suspected nobles were required to hear the service at Paul's Cross at their peril.[2] Parliament was called to grant extraordinary powers, the same Parliament which had been returned in 1572, in the excitement which followed the rebellion. The Protestant majority was valuable, and there had been no dissolution.

[1] —— to Walsingham, June 5, 1581: *MSS. Domestic.*

[2] Paget to Walsingham, January 10, 1581: *MSS.* Ibid.

The Houses met on the 16th of January. The Queen was absent and there was no speech. The attendance of Peers was ominously small. Elizabeth had intimated that the session was to be a short one, and that she would have no meddling under any circumstances with the government of the Church. Sir John Popham, the Speaker, endeavoured to meet her wishes, and recommended the Commons to be discreet and brief. It was easier to advise than to secure compliance. The Lower House had already shown signs of restlessness under the Queen's dictation, and English Protestant gentlemen were as resolute as the Jesuits, and no less conscious of the goodness of their cause. When Popham sat down, Paul Wentworth[1] moved that there should be 'a Fast of the House,' and that every morning at seven, before business commenced, there should be a sermon, 'that so beginning with the service and worship of God, he might the better bless them.' The House was favourable to both proposals. Sir F. Knowles objected the Queen's orders, but was overruled. A Fast of the Commons House was carried by a majority of fifteen, and Sunday the 25th was named for it. The privy council were requested to select the daily preachers, 'that they might be discreet persons, who would keep a convenient proportion of time, and meddle with no matter of unquietness.'[2]

Elizabeth, determined as she was to put down the

[1] Brother of Peter Wentworth, member for Tregony, who had been distinguished in the past session.

[2] Proceedings of the House of Commons in the matter of the Fast, January, 1581: *MSS. Domestic.*

Jesuits, was equally resolved to treat them merely as traitors, and to keep religion out of the field. Anything which would give a Protestant character to the measure about to be proposed she looked upon as specially objectionable. She sent for Popham, who the next day told the House that she was greatly displeased and that she required them to recall their resolutions. When they hesitated Knowles rose again and addressed them in the Queen's name. She was splenetic even when she was wise. She knew that she could depend on their loyalty, but she liked to treat them as schoolboys. She desired them to understand that 'she did not disallow fasting and prayer, using the same in her own person.' 'She acquitted them of malice but condemned them of errour and unadvisedness.' After 'her lenity to the brother of the man who had made the motion, that a second Wentworth should be heard and followed she interpreted to be great unthankfulness.' They were still inclining to be mutinous when Sir Nicholas St Leger opened a way for them to yield with dignity. He spoke of 'the great affection' which the House bore to the Queen, the imperfection of all estates, and chiefly 'the faults of the bishops who had suffered the duty of fasting and humiliation to go out of use.' He considered however that they would do well to submit in the present instance, with the hope 'that both her Majesty and others would repent all defaults and humble themselves to God in sackcloth and ashes.'[1] So expressed, the

[1] Proceedings of the House of Commons in the matter of the Fast, January, 1581; *MSS. Domestic.* Compare D'Ewes' Journals, 1580-81.

House accepted his advice without a division, and Knowles was empowered to tell the Queen that her will should be obeyed. Sir Walter Mildmay then rose for the council. He spoke of the moderation of the Government, of the prosperity which England had enjoyed under the Queen while the rest of Europe was in flames. He dwelt on the successive attempts which had been made by the Popes to destroy her, the northern rebellion, the Bull of Deposition, the Irish revolt, and the secret countenance given to the disaffected by Spain. So far the Queen had been able to encounter these plots against her at her own cost. The country had been called on for little or no assistance. The few subsidies for which she had asked had not covered half her expenses, and without loans or benevolences she had carried on the government out of her private revenues. England under her moderate rule enjoyed more freedom than any nation under the sun. She had been personally a virtuous princess, unspotted in word or deed, merciful, temperate, a maintainer of peace, and of justice. She had a right therefore to call upon her subjects now to stand by her against the malice of the Pope and his confederates.

'The enemy sleeps not,' Mildmay said. 'The mischievous purposes will be renewed. They are determined to root out the Gospel and set England on fire. The obstinate and stiff-necked are not converted, but are bolder than they were. A sort of hypocrites, Jesuits and vagrant Friars, have come into the realm to stir sedition, and many of those who used to come to church have fallen back and refuse to attend. We must therefore look to it.

Our Church, compared to the persecuting Papal Church, has been lenient and merciful, but when fair means have done no good, and behind our tolerance there come in these emissaries of rebellion and sedition, it is time to look more strictly to them. They have been encouraged so far by the lenity of the laws. We must show them that as the Pope's curses do not hurt us, so his blessings cannot save them. We must make laws to restrain these people, and we must prepare force to resist violence which may be offered here or abroad.'[1]

With this preface a bill was introduced, 'to restrain her Majesty's subjects in their due obedience.' On the publication of the Bull of Pope Pius, an Act had been passed making the introduction of this or any other Papal rescript into England treasonable; but it had been proved inadequate, and Parliament was now therefore requested to enact 'that all persons pretending to any power of absolving subjects from their allegiance or practising to withdraw them to the Romish religion, with all persons after the present session willingly so absolved or reconciled to the See of Rome, should be held guilty of high treason;' and 'that those who abetted or concealed such persons should be held guilty of misprision of high treason;' that the saying mass in private houses which had been winked at for twenty years should be permitted no longer, that whoever should say or sing a mass should be fined 500 marks and imprisoned for a year, and that those who refused to attend

[1] Speech of Sir Walter Mildway: *D'Ewes' Journals*, 1580-81

the service of the Established Church should pay 20*l.* a month for their exemption.[1]

It was a serious step. The last clause especially was equivalent to the confiscation of the estates of the Catholics; and although the Commons did not hesitate to pass a measure which was felt to be necessary, yet they felt also that if the nation was to be coerced into conformity the Established Church must be made worthy of its position. In the last session they had complained of the revival by the bishops of the worst practices of the unreformed system. The Queen had promised improvement, but her injunctions had been evaded or despised. 'Were there any honesty in those prelates in whom honesty should most be found,' said one, 'we should not be in our present trouble.' Notwithstanding her order to abstain from such subjects the Commons by committee renewed their petition. The Queen thought it prudent to yield, and six of the bishops were appointed to confer with the Commons to devise means of redress. The discussion which followed appears to have been extremely acrimonious. The bishops were told that they were unfit to be trusted with the charge of the Church. 'They had filled the pulpits with unlearned and unfit ministers whom they had admitted into orders, and the number of Papists and Anabaptists had increased by their remissness.'

'The bishops,' in reply, 'spake most or only for jurisdiction, in so much as one great March.

[1] Statutes of the Realm, 23 Elizabeth, cap. 1.

bishop said that, rather than he would yield that private schoolmasters should acknowledge their conformity in religion before justices of the peace, he would say Nay to the whole Bill.'[1] At length, not without bad blood on both sides, the dispute was compromised. The bishops promised amendment. The Commons withdrew the additions which they had meant to attach, and the Bill was passed. A large subsidy was voted for the defence of the realm. Another Act was passed also, levelled intentionally against pamphleteers like Stubbs, but made double-edged to strike Papist as well as Puritan, raising into felony the publication of rhyme, book, ballad, letter, or writing to the defamation of her Majesty.[2]

The remaining business was hurried over. The Crown had obtained money, and the council their increased powers. On the 18th the Queen came to the House of Lords, thanked the Parliament for their services, 'not including such members of the Commons House as had during the session dealt more rashly in some things than was fit for them to do;' and declared it prorogued.[3]

The passing of the Treason Act obliged the Catholics to review their position. Almost all among them who were Catholics by descent were patriotic Englishmen. They had no desire either to lose their lands or

[1] Note of proceedings in Parliament. Mr Norton's defence against Mr Hampton's report, March, 1581: *MSS. Domestic.*

[2] Statutes of the Realm, 23 Elizabeth, cap. 2.

[3] D'Ewes' Journals. This Parliament never met again. It was continued by prorogation till April 19, 1583, and then dissolved.

be forced into disloyalty, and could they be permitted would gladly continue to attend the Church services as before. But they dared not resist the Jesuit authorities. Their wishes were referred to Parsons and Campian, who though they could not sanction what the Council of Trent had forbidden, yet allowed them to use their best ingenuity to evade the statute.

'No Catholic Christian,' it was said, 'could go to church without danger of damnable schism.' The Anglicans might claim the name of Catholic, but their ministers 'were some Protestants, some Puritans, some holding other plain heresies.' 'He that was a Protestant to-day would to-morrow be a Puritan, or some other sectary.' 'No Catholic therefore ought to pray with them or hear them preach.' 'Christians were bound fully and wholly, and not by pieces and patches, to keep the Catholic faith, which was impossible to be done if they went to church and prayed and communicated with heretics and schismatics, Puritans, Anabaptists, Brownists, or the Family of Love.' When however they were asked whether they would or would not go to church, they need not answer. No one by English law was bound to criminate himself, while a general refusal might lead 'the simple' 'to repute them Atheists or Godless.' Before they could be indicted there must be proof of fact or facts. A B, it would have to be said, being of the age of sixteen years, for the space of many months had not frequented church or chapel, not having lawful excuse. And of this no jury could possibly be assured. That a man had not attended his

parish church did not prove that he had attended no church. Nor was there any definition of the words 'lawful excuse.'

April. Should these exceptions be disallowed however, the Jesuits concluded that a true Catholic must confess his faith and brave the consequences. If he was required to say distinctly whether he would attend church or not, he must in that case, 'making protest that he spoke under compulsion, and not to impeach any law or statute,' say out plainly and honourably why he could not obey. The service was not Catholic, and he dared not, for the peril of his soul, go near it. The laws and statutes of a Christian country could not compel a man to damn his soul.[1]

The Catholics were now in hard case, and they had to thank for it the fanatics who had erected the right of the Pope to depose princes into an article of faith. The letters of Mendoza to Philip throw an interesting light on the despair of the better part of them. 'The leading Catholics of this country,' he wrote on the 6th of April, 'have signified to me that, besides the troubles and miseries which they have undergone in the two last years, a persecution now awaits them of which the first was but a shadow. They must not depart from the realm; and unless they will forget God, and profess the errors which are here established, they will not only lose lands, liberty, and perhaps life, but, through these laws now passed through Parliament, they may leave

[1] Papers endorsed 'Catholics going to Protestant churches, 1581:' *MSS. Domestic.*

tainted names to their children.[1] They place themselves in the hands of God, and are willing to sacrifice life and all in the service, but scarcely with that burning zeal which they ought to show.[2] They feel as men the shame of figuring before their descendants as traitors to their Prince; yet they see also that these unjust and rigorous laws may be the means of extirpating the Catholic religion out of the land, unless in some way the execution of them be prevented. It is to effect this purpose that the heretics have pressed them on the Queen. They have made her believe that the Catholics will not be contented with liberty of worship, but desire a change of sovereigns. They have pretended that her life is in danger, the independence of the country threatened, with other lies and fictions; and although the Catholics did their utmost to prevent these laws from passing, and offered the Queen at last a hundred and fifty thousand dollars if she would refuse consent, they could not prevail upon her. They address them-

[1] This could be said only of converts—or of those who chose to entertain the Jesuits. The statute touched no one who had been born and bred a Catholic, if he offended in no other way, further than by a fine if he was recusant.

[2] The uncertainty of the English Catholics, placed between two duties, was acknowledged by a seminary priest in the Tower. 'For preparation,' he said, 'to be made here before our coming, who were priests sent to win men home again to our society and fellowship, I knew none other but that it was chiefly to be made by our own labours, hoping that if there were any great number of such, when any power were once set on land—though how that should be done we likewise knew not—they would all join together to make a reformation. And yet, I tell you true, there were more that did doubt hereof than did affirm it, because they thought all generally, of what religion soever they were, would jointly bear arms against a foreigner.'—Depositions: *MSS.* MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS 1582.

selves therefore to your Majesty as the pillar and defender of the faith. They ask your pity, and they ask your help: and they beseech your interest with his Holiness, if the tares of heresy are not entirely to choke the good seed which God has planted by the seminary priests, to appoint some English cardinal, such as Father Sanders or Father Allen. If they have no head or no leader, they will crumble away under these statutes. A cardinal only can help them; and one gentleman has offered a thousand dollars annually for his support.'[1]

April 6.

'God,' wrote Mendoza again, in a second letter a few weeks later, 'for our sins, permits the spirits of the Catholics to sink more and more, while with the heretics, whatever happens inspires them only with fresh courage to maintain their delusions.'[2]

May.

The confession of the Spaniard was in singular contrast to the dream of Campian that heresy was dying. During the session of Parliament the latter was hiding in London, printing his 'Ten Reasons for being a Catholic,' which were to complete the conversion of England. He had a friend living on the Harrow Road, whom he often visited. His walk led him past the Tyburn gallows,[3] and instinct telling him what might one day befall him there, he touched

[1] Mendoza to Philip, April 6, 1581: *MSS. Simancas.*

[2] 'Parece que habia de hacer caso en los Catolicos. Por nuestros pecados permite Dios que les anichilen mas los animos, viendose el contrario en los hereges que cualquiera novidad les da á los corage para sustentar su cequedad.'—Mendoza to Philip, May 14: *MSS. Simancas.*

[3] Where Connaught Terrace now stands.

his hat to the ugly thing whenever he went by. The 'Ten Reasons' came out, throwing Oxford, among other places, into an ecstasy of enthusiasm; and Campian and Parsons, who had been in London also, then went into the country to the house of Lady Stonor, near Henley. The publication of the book had increased the determination of the Government to disarm and punish its author; but the persecution had created much general pity for the hunted Jesuits. Notwithstanding the threatened penalties, some Protestants were found, of the milder sort, who concealed them from their pursuers;[1] and the care of their friends and the wilful blindness of the country gentlemen had hitherto served to screen them. But the search was now growing hot, and greater precaution had become necessary. July.

At Lyford, near Abingdon, twenty miles from Henley, there was an ancient 'moated grange,' the abode of a Mr Yates, a Catholic who was in confinement in London. His wife was at home, and with her were eight Brigittine nuns, who had gone to Belgium on the death of Queen Mary, but had returned on finding that they had no persecution to fear, and were now lingering out their lives and their devotions in this Berkshire manor

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1 'Con todo esto permite Dios que se vea lo que se vió en la primitiva Iglesia, habiendo gente de todas suertes que con ser hereges son tan fieles á muchos de los clerigos que andan aqui escondidos, que por solo acariciarles postponen hijos, muger y haciendas, diciendo que son buena gente sin haberse hallado jamas hombre destos que les acuse hasta agora con conocerles por Catolicos, ayudandoles con lo que tienen.'—Mendoza al Rey, 4 de Julio, 1581: *MSS. Simancas.*

house, with the knowledge and consent of the Queen. The ladies, hearing that Campian was in the neighbourhood, were extremely anxious to receive the communion from him. They had two priests in constant attendance. They were not in want of the sacraments, and the house being notorious and likely to be watched, his appearance there was thought unnecessary and imprudent.

Parsons had resolved to return alone to London. His companion he proposed to send to Norfolk, where the Catholics were numerous and concealment would be easy. The nuns however were pressing, and Campian was anxious to please them; and Father Robert gave a reluctant consent, on condition that his stay should not be protracted beyond one day and night.

July 12. To Lyford therefore he went, on Wednesday the 12th of July. He was received with tender enthusiasm. The long summer evening was passed in conferences and confessions, and absolutions and pious tears. Mass was said at dawn, and the devotions were protracted through the morning: an early dinner followed, and the dangerous visit was safely over. Campian and Emerson mounted and rode away across the country. Their road led them near Oxford. It was hard for them to pass the place to which so many memories attached them, without pausing to look at it. They lingered, and put up their horses at an alehouse, where they were soon surrounded by a crowd of students. The same afternoon some Catholic gentlemen happened to call at Lyford, and hearing that they had so nearly

missed Campian, one of them followed, and overtook him and begged him to return. The students added their entreaties. If Campian would but remain at Lyford on Sunday, half Oxford, they said, would ride over to hear him preach. The temptation was strong. Knowing his weakness, Parsons had placed him under Emerson's authority: but Emerson wanted strength, and clamour and entreaty prevailed. He gave the required permission, and himself went on upon his way; while Campian 'turned again by the road that he came,' promising to follow in the ensuing week. The expected sermon became of course the talk of the University. An agent of Leicester, named Eliot, was in Oxford at the time with a warrant in his pocket for Campian's apprehension. He gave notice to a magistrate, collected a posse of constables, and on Sunday morning early concealed them in the neighbourhood of the grange; whilst he himself went boldly to the gate, and pretending to be a Catholic requested to be admitted to mass. The nuns and the Catholic visitors had for two days enjoyed to the full the presence of their idolized teacher. The Sunday only remained, and then he was to leave them indeed. The students had crowded over as they promised, and Eliot passed in as one of them. Mass was celebrated. They all communicated; and then followed the last sermon which Campian was ever to preach.

The subject was the tears of Jesus at the aspect of Jerusalem, Jerusalem that murdered the prophets and stoned them that were sent to her. England was that

Jerusalem, and he and his fellows were the prophets. The Protestants on their side could sing the same song. Campian, though not past middle age, could remember the martyrs at Oxford, and the burning of those four hundred mechanics at whom it pleased him to scoff. Who was to choose between the witnesses? But the dreams of hysteria are to the dreamers the inspiration of the Almighty. He was never more brilliant, his eloquence being subdued and softened by the sense that his end was near. Eliot—Judas Eliot as he was afterwards called—glided out before he had ended. A few minutes after, a servant rushed into the assembly, to say that the doors were beset by armed men.

July 16. Those who are acquainted with English manor houses must have seen often narrow staircases piercing the walls, and cells hollowed out in the seeming solid masonry. These places were the priests' chambers of the days of the persecution, where in sudden alarms they could be concealed. Into one of them Campian and the two chaplains were instantly hurried. The entrance, scarcely to be detected by those who knew where to look for it, was in Mrs Yates's room behind the bed curtains. The constables with Eliot at their head were admitted, searched every place, and could find nothing. The magistrate who was in attendance apologized to Mrs Yates, and was about to withdraw his men, when Eliot, who had seen Campian there with his own eyes, and knew that no one had left the house, produced the council's warrant, and insisted on a further search. It was continued till dark,

but still without success. The brave Mrs Yates showed no anxiety, begged the constables to remain for the night, entertained them hospitably, and dosed them heavily with ale. Sound slumber followed; Campian and his two companions were brought out of their hiding-place, and at that moment might have easily escaped, but enthusiasm and prudence were ill companions. A 'parting of friends' was necessary, and 'last words,' and tears and sobs, at Mrs Yates's bedside. The murmur of voices was heard below-stairs, and disturbed the sleepers in the hall. The three priests were again hurried into the wall, and at day-break the search was renewed. Again it was unsuccessful. The magistrate, an unwilling instrument throughout, was about to depart with a sarcastic remark to Eliot on the accuracy of his information; they were descending the staircase for the last time, when Eliot, striking the wall, heard something unusual in the sound. A servant of the house who was at his side became agitated. Eliot called for a mattock, dashed in the plaster, and found the men that he was in search of lying side by side upon a narrow bed. They had confessed their sins to each other. They had said their *Fiat voluntas tua*. Three times they had invoked St John as Campian's patron saint. But St John had left them to their fate. Campian was taken out without violence, and was carried first to Aldermaston, the house of Humfrey Forster, the Sheriff of Berkshire. Forster, who, like most English gentlemen, was more than half a Catholic, received him rather as a guest than

July 17.

a prisoner, but was obliged to communicate with the council, and received orders to send him up at once. The sympathy which protected him in the country did not extend to London. He was brought into the city in his lay disguise, wearing cap and feather, buff jerkin, and velvet hose, his feet tied under his horse's belly, and his arms pinioned behind his back. A placard was fastened on his head, with the words, 'Campian, the seditious Jesuit.' He was led along through a yelling crowd to the Tower gate, where Sir Owen Hopton received him, and his lodging for the night was 'Little Ease'—a narrow cell at one end of the torture chamber, underground, entirely dark, where he could neither stand nor lie at length.

July 22.

The next day the council directed that some better lodging should be provided for him. Neither the Queen nor Leicester had forgotten the brilliant youth who had flattered them at Oxford. The Earl sent for Campian; and being introduced into a private room, he found himself in the presence of Elizabeth herself. She wished to give him a chance of saving himself. She asked whether he regarded her as his lawful sovereign. The relaxation of the Bull allowed him to say that he did. She asked whether he thought that the Bishop of Rome could lawfully excommunicate her. A distinct declaration of loyalty, a frank repudiation of the temporal pretensions of the Pope, were all that was required of him. He would not make either. He said that he was no umpire between parties so far above him, he could not decide a question on which the

July 25.

learned were divided. He would pay her Majesty what was hers, but he must pay to God what was God's. He was returned to the Tower with directions that he should be kindly treated; but Burghley's determination prevailed over Elizabeth's good-nature. Morton had just been executed. A spy at Rheims procured and sent over a copy of a letter from Allen to Father Algazzari, boasting of Campian's successes, of the multitude of priests who were at work in England, of the ease with which they baffled the searchers at Dover, and of the unnumbered converts whom they were reconciling to the faith. Two expressions in the letter, underlined either by Burghley or Walsingham, justified the worst interpretation of the Jesuit's objects. Allen spoke of a young Catholic of good family as having come over to him *ut se servaret ad illud tempus*, that he might keep himself safe till *that time*—the time of the insurrection and invasion. Another piece of information was that Parsons was in continual conference with several noblemen, and even with certain members of the privy council.[1]

Everard Harte, a seminary priest, perhaps the traitor's brother, who had defied the Government, and declared himself the Pope's subject, was hanged and quartered under the late Act at Tyburn, on the 31st of July. 'He died,' says Mendoza, 'with in- July 31.

[1] '*Continuo interpellatur a nobilibus etiam et a quibusdam consilianis propter necessaria consilia.*'—Allen to Algazzari, June 23: *MSS. Domestic.* Opposite to the words in italics either Burghley, Walsingham, or Elizabeth—for no one else saw these papers—has drawn a finger—☞

vincible resolution, to the wonder of the heretics and the great edification of the Catholics. Two nights after, there was not a particle of earth which his blood had stained, that had not been carried off as a relic, and infinite sums were given for his shirt and other clothes.'[1] The same 31st of July, Campian was questioned at the Tower, first on his allegiance, and afterwards, since his answer was still equivocal, as to the houses which he had visited, the families which had received him, and the whereabouts of the printing press from which his books were issued. He would confess nothing, and he was racked two days successively.[2] His courage was not absolutely proof. He gave up a few names; and his bearing was contrasted unfavourably with Bryant's, who had suffered far more severely. Additional arrests followed, and greater strictness with the ordinary prisoners. Their friends were no longer admitted indiscriminately into the Marshalsea, and indulgences were taken away which they had been allowed to purchase. Relations of those who lay under charge

August.

[1] Mendoza to Philip, August 4, 1581: *MSS. Simancas.*

[2] Mendoza says that when the rack failed, needles were run under the nails of the fingers and toes of the Jesuits—a mode of torture, he tells us, which the Spaniards expected to form one of the worst atrocities of the Kingdom of Antichrist. 'Aprecian á los clerigos que aciertan á prender con diversissimos y terribles generos de tormentos, y entre otros usan uno que en España se imagina la gente que como el mayor de todos ha de obrar el Antichristo, que es el meter hierros entre las uñas y la carne, y con este han sido atormentados dos clerigos que tienen en la Torre, siendo uno dellos Campian.' —Mendoza al Rey, 4 de Agosto: *MSS. Simancas.* Such exceptional barbarity could hardly have escaped the knowledge of the Catholic martyrologists. Mendoza had probably heard some confused account of the thumbscrew.

of treason, or who had gone abroad without leave, were forbidden to send them money. The Spanish ambassador became a general banker for the families of the distressed, and through his servants some few conveniences were smuggled into the prisons notwithstanding the council's vigilance.

Filled as they had been with visions of 'a good time' soon coming, the Catholic leaders now became wild with impatience. The arrest and torture of Campian were too horrible to be borne, and they besieged Mendoza with entreaties that Spain and the Duke of Guise should delay no longer. D'Aubigny had succeeded brilliantly in Scotland; Morton was dead; the English party gone; the friends of the Queen of Scots in power. Now, if ever, was the time for their allies to come over and interfere between them and destruction. Unfortunately, Guise was not France, and d'Aubigny, though he had destroyed Morton, had not destroyed Protestantism. James was still Protestant; d'Aubigny had been obliged to profess himself Protestant; both he and the King had recently signed a vehemently Calvinistic confession; and Philip, anxious always to find excuses to put off interference, could not think of compromising himself by an alliance with a non-Catholic power.

'I have let them know in Scotland,' wrote Mendoza to him, 'that before anything can be done, the King must be reconciled to the Church. It is not an easy matter, for the Scotch council are declared Protestants, and would send word of it to this Queen. The Catholic nobles here have been the means

September.

of communication. I showed them that, in the present state of Europe, a change on the part of the King of Scots was the indispensable preliminary to a movement in England. For your Majesty to employ your forces in the Low Countries in the immediate service of the English Catholics, would only lead to war between your Majesty and France; and when the war had once begun, the French Government would declare, in self-defence, for heresy and heretics. I told them that France could not, for its own sake, allow your Majesty to make yourself sovereign of England under colour of religion.

'They saw the reason of this. They acknowledged that, ground down as they had been, they could do nothing for themselves, unless your Majesty sent a fleet and more than fifteen thousand men—unless, in fact, you were yourself prepared to undertake the conquest. I pointed out however that Ireland, although it could do no more than embarrass the Queen and prevent her from sending troops to Flanders, could still distress her for men and money; and if the King of Scots could be converted, the war could then be begun by him—which for a number of reasons would be the most desirable plan. This, in fact, was the foundation for them to build upon. I advised them to lose no time in setting about it, and I recommended such of them as had acquaintances in Scotland, and understood the humours of the people there, to feel their way through their friends upon the Border. They entirely approved of what I said. Six of them—six noblemen of the highest rank

—have now combined for the liberties of their country. They will reveal their plans to no one but myself, but they have sworn to stand by one another with their lives and lands. They will send a priest to Edinburgh, to obtain if possible a private interview with d'Aubigny, and let him know that if the King will return to communion with the Holy See, the English Peers and gentlemen, supported, as they may reasonably expect to be, by the Pope, by your Majesty, and also by France, will demand the release of his mother and his own nomination as next heir to the crown. Otherwise, d'Aubigny must not deceive himself. The King, if he persists in remaining Protestant, will find them more determined enemies to his succession than the heretics themselves.

'Supposing d'Aubigny to listen, and the King to show a disposition to comply, a brother of one of them will then repair to his Holiness, and entreat his good offices with your Majesty.

'I committed myself to nothing beyond observing that their object being the conversion of their country, and therefore purely disinterested, I recommended them to have as little as possible to say to the French. In this view of mine they coincided fully. They have all Catholic and Spanish hearts, and will be guided wholly by your Majesty's wishes. The King of Scots having become a Catholic they will send their sons to Rheims to be out of the way; and when the Scotch army is over the Border, they will rise with the whole North in his favour. If your Majesty will then help them, they

know that their force will be irresistible. The Queen, being now forty-nine years old, can no longer hope for children, and the entire realm will join with them in insisting on the settlement of the succession. If she refuse to allow the restoration of the Catholic religion, she can be deposed. I do not mention the names of these six noblemen.[1] They made me promise that I would neither write nor speak of them to any one till we see how things turn in Scotland. Of course, if they can do nothing, they would then prefer to remain unknown. But I am personally acquainted with all of them. They are zealous in God's service and your Majesty's. Their plans are reasonable and well laid. The first object being the winning of souls, God cannot but desire their success; and besides the service of God, it will be in the interest of your Majesty and your realm to give them all the help that you can.'[2]

The Jesuit leaven was working to some purpose. The six noblemen had all been 'received' in course of the past year, and their dread of disloyalty had been washed away in the waters of their baptism. Proof multiplies on proof that Walsingham was right in his estimate of the character of the mission, and that no injustice whatever was done the seminary priests or the Order of Jesus, in regarding and treating them as traitors. They had served their cause vigorously by their

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[1] It is easy to supply them. They must have been the Earl of Northumberland, the Earl of Arundel, Lord Henry Howard, Arundel's uncle, Lord Paget, Lord Lumley, and either Vaux or Morley.

[2] Mendoza to Philip, September 7, 1581: *MSS. Simancas*, abridged.

teaching, they were to serve it now in their deaths.

Campian had challenged the Protestant divines to a public discussion. He was indulged in his desire. The Tower chapel was fitted up for the engagement, and the Deans of St Paul's and Windsor, Nowell and Day, were selected to enter the lists with him. A stage was raised for the council and the courtiers; seats were placed for the Catholic prisoners that they might benefit by the defeat of their chief, and free access was allowed to the public. Campian was brought in under a guard. He stood for six hours arguing intricate divinity. It was a false issue, and the Government gained nothing by it. He could make a case which to Catholics appeared unanswerable; but the real question was not a theological one; it was rather was he or was he not a loyal English subject, was he or was he not engaged in recruiting soldiers for the Pope, *ad illud tempus*, for the time when the King of Scots should cross the Border? To permit a controversy was to sanction his own defence that his crime was not treason but religion, and his pale face and tottering limbs showed painfully that his case had been removed already beyond the arguments of the learned deans. Thrice the adversaries engaged; thrice they failed to work conviction on each other. The appeal was not to reason any more, but to that dread arbiter to which nations refer their differences when reason fails. England had revolted from the Papacy. The Pope had reclaimed his subjects, and the God of battles was to try the issue between them. The discussion was found impolitic, and the cause was remitted to

the secular judges, from whose hands it ought never to have passed. The Queen was still eager to save Campian. He was promised pardon and liberty if he would consent to appear once in church. When kindness failed torture was again tried, but nothing more could be wrung from him; and the council then determined to bring him and the other priests to trial. Some delay was necessary, for the last racking had dislocated his limbs, and he could not at once be moved.[1] At last on the 14th and 15th of November true bills were found before the grand jury of Middlesex against Campian and fourteen others, for having conspired to deprive the Queen of her style and dignity, with having come to England to seduce her subjects from their allegiance, and with having attempted to induce strangers to invade the realm. On the 20th they were brought to the bar in Westminster Hall and arraigned, Sir Christopher Wray sitting as Chief Justice. Campian was no longer in his secular masquerade dress, but in a priest's cassock, with his beard close shaven, and his face half buried in a black cap. The prisoners pleaded all Not Guilty. Campian being unable to raise his arm, two of his companions raised it for him, first kissing the broken joints.

Nov. 20.

Anderson, the Queen's Serjeant, stated the case for the Crown. Her Majesty, he said, from the day of her

[1] Mendoza writes on the 7th of November to Philip, that the indictment was then complete, but that the trial had been postponed. 'No habiendo sacado á juicio a Campian por estar descoyuntado y no poderse mover.—*MSS. Simancas.*

accession had been a merciful and tolerant princess. She had given her subjects no legitimate cause of complaint, but Pope after Pope had endeavoured to disturb the quiet of the realm. Pope Pius had caused the rebellion of the North, and had declared the Queen deposed. Pope Gregory had invaded Ireland, and now, lastly, English fugitives, who had left the country without permission, and had become the Pope's subjects, had come back to persuade others to follow their example. They had entered the country secretly. They had travelled in disguise, and under false names, pretending to be laymen. The very concealment which they practised proved that they were engaged in something which they dared not acknowledge. They were charged with treason, not under the new statute, but that there might be no pretence of religious persecution, under the usual statute of Edward III.

It was equally the object of Campian to prove that they were to suffer, if condemned, not for treason but for religion. They were allowed no counsel. Campian spoke for the rest.

'We are charged with treason,' he said. 'We are no traitors. We are Catholics, and what is that to the purpose? We persuaded the people—but what then? We seduced no subjects from their allegiance. We had nothing to do with their allegiance. We are men dead to the world, and we travailed for the salvation of souls. We touched neither State nor policy. We had no such commission. We were told that if we would attend church and hear sermons we should be released,

and it is therefore impossible that we could have committed treason. Our religion and our religion only is our crime.'

He was asked why he had gone about disguised if he had meant no harm. He admitted that it was to escape arrest. The Clerk of the Crown produced copies of an oath found in Catholic houses, disclaiming obedience to the Queen. Campian protested that he had administered no such oath; but he declined for himself to swear to the supremacy, nor would he give a direct answer on the effect of the Papal excommunication upon the duties of Catholic subjects. He repeated the answer which he had given to the Queen, and he argued 'that the jury, being laymen and temporal, were unfit to decide so deep a matter.'

In these words he had touched the exact point at issue. It was precisely this which the priests were to learn, that laymen were fit to decide and would decide. The national life and independence of England turned upon it, and though all the learning of the clergy, from the beginning of time, might be on the Pope's side, it was to avail him nothing.

The English Reformation was a lay revolt against clerical domination in all its forms. The clergy, from highest to lowest, were divorced from political authority, and consigned to the sphere of opinion. Evidence was produced of language used by the Jesuits to their penitents, preparing them for the time when tyranny would end and the Church would enjoy her own again. Campian, in his address, put out all his power of moving eloquence, but he was addressing bearded men, not

women and excited students. A verdict of Guilty was returned against the whole party, and Wray pronounced sentence in the usual form.

'Te Deum laudamus,' exclaimed Campian; 'Te Deum confitemur.'

'This is the day which the Lord hath made,' said Sherwin; 'let us rejoice and be glad in it.'

Five days' shrift only was allowed. The execution was ordered for the 25th.

The Duke of Alençon, as will presently be seen, was again in England. The Protestants were once more violently agitated at the prospect of the Queen's marriage with him. It was considered that the punishment of the Jesuits during his stay in London would quiet the apprehensions of the country, that it would show the Protestants that they had nothing to fear from him, and the Romanists that they had nothing to hope.[1]

A French abbé, at Mendoza's instigation, besought Alençon to intercede for Campian's life. The Duke was in a tennis court, on the point of commencing a game, when the abbé came to him. He hesitated, stroked his face for a moment, and then turning abruptly away, exclaimed, '*Play.*'

For some cause, probably Elizabeth's reluctance, the execution was deferred for a week. She could

[1] 'El apresurar la execucion destas cosas es porque se hagan en el tiempo que esta aqui M. de Alençon, y que con esto se aseguren los Protestantes Ingleses y Escoceses, y descaezcan los Catholicos, y que todos entiendan que el no atiende á cosas de religion, sino solo seguir la voluntad de la Reyna.'—Don B. de Mendoza al Rey, 7 Noviembre: *MSS. Simancas.*

order Yorkshire peasants to be hung in batches with undisturbed composure; she could read without distress of the wholesale slaughter of Irish mothers and their babes; but each death-warrant which she signed for a person that she had herself been acquainted with cost her poignant anguish.

December. At length, on the 1st of December, Campian, wearing the gown which he had worn at his trial, was brought with Sherwin and Bryant out of the Tower. They had suffered their last miseries there, and Little-ease, and the scavenger's daughter, and the thumbscrew, and the rack, and the black cells, and the foul water, were parted with for ever. Peace at any rate, and, after one more pang, a painless rest lay now before them. The torture chamber brought one blessing with it—Death had ceased to be terrible.

The morning was cold and wild. They were lashed on hurdles, their hollow faces transparent with the beauty of highly-wrought enthusiasm. As they were dragged along the road they were spattered with showers of mud from the horses' hoofs. Notwithstanding the weather the streets were thronged, and familiar as these dreadful scenes had become, the crowd was unusually excited. At Tyburn, round the gallows, more than three thousand gentlemen were assembled on horseback, and every spot of vantage ground was covered with knots of citizens. Sir Francis Knowles, Lord Charles Howard, and Sir Henry Lee, attended officially with pardons ready if the prisoners would but consent

to hear a Protestant sermon, or would acknowledge in plain words that the Pope could not depose their Sovereign.

Campian, as the eldest, was allowed the privilege of dying first. He ascended the cart and spoke a few words. Criers had proclaimed that the crime was not religion but treason. 'We are come here to die,' he said, 'but we are no traitors. I am a Catholic man and a priest. In that faith I have lived, and in that faith I mean to die. If you consider my religion treason, then I am guilty. Other treason I never committed any, as God is my judge.'

'Once more then,' said Sir Francis Knowles, 'How do you regard the Bull against the Queen?' 'The Bull has been mitigated,' Campian answered, 'so that Catholics may regard her as their Sovereign.' 'Do you renounce the Pope?' said Knowles. He replied, 'I am a Catholic:' and a bystander cried out, it must be admitted, justly, 'In your Catholicism all treason is contained.' That false-meaning mitigation, that suspension of the Bull, *ad illud tempus*, when the invader should have come, was but to arm the rattlesnake with deadlier venom.

He began his prayers. Some one bade him pray in English. He smiled faintly, and said, 'I will pray to God in a language we both understand.' They told him to pray for the Queen. 'He had not offended the Queen,' he said, 'and he would and did pray for her. 'For which Queen?' said Lord Howard; 'for Elizabeth, the Queen?' 'Yes, for Elizabeth,' he answered,

'your Queen and mine, to whom I wish a long quiet reign and all prosperity.'

The cart was then drawn away. The executioner was about to cut him down alive according to the form of the judgment, but some one in authority bade him 'hold till the man was dead.' He was then quartered. A drop of blood spirted on the clothes of a youth named Henry Walpole, to whom it came as a divine command. Walpole, converted on the spot, became a Jesuit, and soon after met the same fate on the same spot.

Sherwin's turn came next, and then young Bryant's, and their innocent faces called out general emotion. Knowles made an earnest effort to save them. 'We know,' he said, 'that you are no contrivers and doers of treason; you are traitors by construction.' Could they but have admitted that Pope or no Pope they were Elizabeth's temporal subjects, they might have preached Catholicism till they were in their dotage, but it could not be. Sherwin explained Campian's prayers for the Queen, by praying for her conversion. Then they too had to die, and a few days later all the rest had to die who had been tried and sentenced with them.

Through the Catholic population of England there rose one long cry of exulting admiration. An arm of Campian was stolen as a relic from the place where it had been hung.[1] Parsons secured the halter, and died with it about his neck thirty years after at Valladolid. The Pope had the passion of the martyrs painted on the

[1] Simpson. Mendoza, December 4, 1581, says a finger only: *MSS. Simancas.*

walls of the English College at Rome, to stir the emulation of the rising students.

'In their sufferings,' said Mendoza, 'they showed the graces which God reserves for his most favoured servants. Their words, before they died, were fragrant of Heaven. They declared their innocence, and they forgave their murderers. After Campian's death it was seen that they had torn away his nails. The admirable lives of these priests, and their constancy in bearing such cruel tortures, give them a place among the great martyrs of the Church of God—and that God permits the Catholics to be thus afflicted, and so much saintly blood to be shed in the realm, is a sign that ere long he will be pleased to restore England into the fold.'[1]

The continent rung with the story as forty-four years before it had shrieked over the deaths of More and Fisher, and the Charterhouse monks. Then too the constancy of the martyrs was a sign that the straying flock would be recovered. The flock had been brought back, but had strayed again, and was still in the wilderness. The modern reader will find it hard to judge fairly the men that ordered these things. Abhorrence of deliberate cruelty provokes abhorrence also of those who were guilty of it, and the long impotence of the Catholic clergy in England renders us incredulous of the dangers that were to be feared from them. For the rack, the thumbscrew, the Tower dungeons, and the savage details of the execution, no detestation can be too

[1] Mendoza to Philip, December 4: *MSS. Simancas.*

strong, no gratitude too vehement that we have left them, with stake and wheel, and red-hot pincers and the ferocious refinements of another age, long and for ever behind us. But there is a common level of humanity among contemporary civilized nations, from which there is seldom any large deviation for good or evil; and Protestant England, notwithstanding the cruelties to the Jesuits, was not below but above the average continental level. The torture chambers of the Inquisition were yet more horrible than the cells of the Tower, and the use of torture in England, though forbidden by the law, was inherited by the council, through a long series of precedents. Protestant prisoners had been racked by Mary, as Catholics were racked by Elizabeth. We condemn Burghley and Walsingham, not because they were worse than Pole and Gardiner, but because they were not better, while the atrocious sentence for treason was repeated for two more centuries from the bench whenever rebel or conspirator was brought up for justice. The guilt of judicial cruelty to criminals must be distributed equally over the whole contemporary world. The mere execution of these Jesuits, if political executions can be defended at all, was as justifiable as that of the meanest villain or wildest enthusiast who ever died upon the scaffold. Treason is a crime for which personal virtue is neither protection nor excuse. To plead in condemnation of severity, either the general innocence or the saintly intentions of the sufferers, is beside the issue; and if it be lawful in defence of national independence to kill open enemies in war, it is more

lawful to execute the secret conspirator who is teaching doctrines, in the name of God, which are certain to be fatal to it. The Catholics throughout Europe had made war upon Protestants. They had taught as part of their creed the duty of putting heretics to death. England had shaken off their yoke, but it had not retaliated, and although the professors of such an accursed doctrine might have been treated without injustice as public enemies, Elizabeth had left her Catholic subjects to think as they pleased so long as they would remain quiet under the law. They refused to accept her forbearance. They availed themselves of her lenity as a shelter. They conspired behind it against her throne and life, and they brought down upon themselves at last with overwhelming force the heavy hand of justice.

They imagined that the persecution would efface the memory of the Marian cruelties. Persecution was to be the beginning of their triumph. The blood of martyrs was the seed of the Church.

'What greater comfort can there be,' wrote one of them, 'than to see God work these strange wonders in our days, to give such rare grace of zeal, austerity of life, and constancy of martyrdom unto young men, learned men brought up in the adversaries' own schools, and to whom if they would have followed the pleasures of the world it had been lawful to have lived in favour and credit? This cannot come of flesh and blood, when the tenderest and frailest flesh passeth valiantly to heaven through rackings, hangings, drawings, quarterings, and through a thousand miseries.

The cross appears, Christ doth approach,
A comfort to us all,
For whom to suffer or to die,
Is grace celestial.
Be therefore of good courage now,
In your sharp probation,
Which shall you bring to glory great,
And mighty consolation.
'If you persevere to the end
Of this sharp storm indeed,
You shall confound both foe and friend,
And Heaven have for meed.' [1]

'We must think,' wrote another, 'more modestly, yet not less hopefully, that we have deserved a great deal more punishment for our faults. Nevertheless, when God suffers us to receive punishment and wrong for his sake, it is a manifest token that he intends to forget our faults; and no doubt one day's sufferance here of so small grief in this behalf doth discharge a whole year of intolerable punishment in the world to come. We have lost the chief pearl of Christendom, yet we are to hope that by the shedding of his innocent blood God will the sooner appease his wrath against us; and all men are of that opinion, that the offence and negligence of our forefathers were so great, and our own sins so many, as they must needs be redeemed by the blood of martyrs.' [2]

When Latimer was about to die, he said that a fire would that day be kindled in England which would never be put out. That fire is burning now, not in

[1] MS. endorsed, 'Letters from a Jesuit to a friend on Campian's condemnation, 1581:' *MSS. Domestic.*

[2] — Eyermann to his brethren, February 6, 1582: *MSS.* Ibid.

England only, but wherever the English tongue is spoken; and the warmth of it is felt in countries where the names of the Reformers are still held in detestation. Romanism may seem to revive, but every year cuts shorter its practical power to hurt. Its hand is disarmed. It forgets and tries to deny the blood that rests upon it. A faith which is alive thrives by persecution. To trample on a decaying superstition wins sympathy for particular sufferers, but will not and cannot make that superstition live again. So far as it could pretend to be an innocent evangelization the mission of the Jesuits was effectively ended. Stripped of disguise, it appeared thenceforward in its true colours, and lent itself avowedly to plots for assassination and rebellion. The courage of the Government brought the question to a decided issue, and every English subject now saw distinctly that he must choose between his country and the Pope. Campian had not failed. Catholic disaffection had obtained shape and consistency, and attainder ceased to have terrors for the knots of determined men who regarded Elizabeth as a usurper, and the Queen of Scots as their legitimate sovereign; but an increasing number of waverers fell off the national side, and even Catholics themselves can now command sufficient temper to understand and half defend the Jesuit prosecution. The latest of Campian's biographers says with a candour infinitely creditable to him:

1582. January.

'The eternal truths of Catholicism were made the vehicle for opinions about the authority of the Holy See

which could not be held by Englishmen loyal to the Government; and true patriotism united to a false religion overcame the true religion wedded to opinions that were unpatriotic in regard to the liberties of Englishmen, and treasonable to the English Government.'[1]

The vitality of a belief is measured by its practical strength. Men will make willing sacrifices for a truth of which they are firmly convinced. They will not make sacrifices for opinions which are either inherited and held without meaning, or are inconsistent with duties which they recognize as of higher obligation. The English Catholics had hitherto supported by subscription the seminaries at Rome and at Rheims. Money was wanted for these, and was wanted also for a Jesuit mission to Scotland in connection with the general conspiracy, and for neither of these purposes was money any more to be obtained. Father Allen boasted of the lords and gentlemen whom Campian had converted. The story had another side. 'The persecution ruins us,' wrote Mendoza. 'The Catholics are crushed by the fines which are levied on them if absent from church. Some have relapsed to escape payment. Their alms have fallen off and scarce suffice for the prisoners. The cost of the seminaries grows with the increasing number of students. The subscriptions used to be large. Two gentlemen only on one occasion gave me 300*l.* to remit to Rheims. Now the supplies have sunk to almost nothing, and while the stream has dried up, new demands

[1] Life of Campian, by R. Simpson, p. 343.

rise for the priests who are to go to Scotland, and if they are to make themselves acceptable must pay their own expenses.'[1]

To the clamorous complaints which the Jesuits poured out over Europe Lord Burghley, for the satisfaction of England, condescended to reply. England first and Ireland after, he said, had rebelled at the instigation of the Papacy. Plots had been formed to assassinate the Queen, and she and her advisers had been made the objects of venomous libels. Priests, commissioned by the Pope, had stolen into the realm to seduce subjects from their allegiance, and some of them had justly suffered death for maintaining and adhering to the Queen's capital enemy. Every one of them had been spared, who, after condemnation, would consent to admit that the Pope had no right to deprive her, 'such was her Majesty's unwillingness to shed blood.' They pretended that they had been sent by their superiors to inform men's consciences on points of religion, but their real object was to win them to allow the Pope's authority, that 'when they should be thereto called,' 'they might hold themselves warranted to take arms.' The priests might colour their proceedings with professions of devotion in religion, but the Queen's duty was to maintain the peace of the realm, to prevent the torrents of blood which were always shed in civil war, and she had a right therefore to impeach their practices by sword and law. Many of her subjects entertained and openly

[1] Mendoza to Philip, November 19, 1581: *MSS. Simancas.*

professed opinions which were not those of the Established Church, but being loyal to her Majesty and ready to resist any foreign force, though sent by the Pope himself, they had not been interfered with. Those only had suffered who had maintained the Bull of Pope Pius, and the libels against the Queen for religious persecution were therefore false and scandalous. If Popes might absolve subjects from their allegiance, no kingdom could stand but with the Pope's pleasure. The Queen intended to maintain her lawful authority, and England, which had survived the excommunication of Henry VIII., would survive the repetition of it against his daughter.[1]

Allen answered Burghley. At the very time when Elizabeth's assassination was advocated publicly in the Rheims pulpits, he ventured to make a distinct denial of the charge of treason. He insisted that his missionaries had been innocent preachers of a religion of peace, and that those who had suffered were martyrs in the holiest sense. The persecution of the Protestants under Mary he defended as agreeable to law, while the punishment of the Jesuits was murder. He declared the Papal supremacy to be a point of conscience, and he was safe in saying therefore that they had confined themselves to teaching religion. He omitted what alone would have given weight to his argument, a frank confession that Catholics were the subjects of the prince under whom they were born, and that neither Pope nor council

[1] Execution of Justice, condensed.

could absolve them from their obligations of obedience.

He overshot his mark. Denunciation could not alter fact, and religion was not permitted to consecrate rebellion. The hostility of the English people, which was originally confined to the temporal pretensions of the Roman Bishop, became extended to his creed; and if one result of the mission of the Jesuits was the formation of a dangerous conspiracy, another was the alienation and wafting over into Protestantism of many a knight and gentleman who had continued Catholic, till to be a Catholic was to cease to be an Englishman.

CHAPTER LXIV.

VOYAGE OF SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.

WHILE the Prince of Parma was recovering the Low Countries town by town; while d'Aubigny was destroying the English party in Scotland; while Ireland was in flames and the Jesuits were undermining Elizabeth's throne at home,—she was herself following a policy exclusively her own, in which she was encouraged only by those who secretly desired her destruction—a policy which in the opinion of every one of her loyal ministers was as perilous as it was discreditable, and had but one merit, that it cost nothing to the treasury.

So long as France could be prevented from allying itself with Spain, she considered that she was safe from invasion; and Burghley and Sussex had desired a close and permanent combination between France and England, cemented by the much-talked-of marriage. Walsingham, on the other hand, who had witnessed the massacre of St Bartholomew, and shared the horror with which the English Protestants regarded the House

of Valois, preferred a frank and honest league with the Princes of the Reformation, with legitimate and open war. He would have sent a hundred corsairs to the sea to sweep up Spanish commerce, lent money to the King of Navarre, landed an army in the Netherlands, and helped Morton to expel d'Aubigny.

Between two honourable courses Elizabeth chose a third, as better suited to her circumstances and her temperament. She left Morton and the Prince of Orange to their fate. She declined to offend the French Government by assisting the Huguenots, and she fell back once more on her old schemes. Once more, she set herself to amuse Catherine de Medici with the hope that she would marry the Duke of Alençon, to play with him, to advance, to draw back, and meanwhile to use the chances of the political game, to tempt France, by the prospect of securing her, into open hostility with Philip. Her ministers, who were the instruments of her diplomacy, told her in unconcealed disgust that they would rather be sent to the Tower;[1] but she went her own way, dragging them with her through honour and dishonour; and her singular fortune saved her after all from consequences which to every one but herself appeared inevitable.

In January, 1580, Lord Burghley believed, as has been seen, that the marriage was to be mentioned no

[1] 'I told her Majesty when she chose to employ me in this way that I should repute it a greater favour to be committed to the Tower, unless her Majesty may grow more certain in her resolutions. Instead of amity I fear her Highness shall receive enmity.'—Walsingham to Burghley, August 21, 1581: *Printed in* DIGGES.

more, and he had addressed to his mistress a sad but earnest letter of advice in the isolation to which he believed that she had reduced herself. Alençon had come and gone. A provisional treaty had been drawn and signed. M. Simier and his brother commissioners had returned to Paris, and it had been arranged that if after two months the treaty remained unratified, the negotiation should be considered at an end. The two months were over and the Queen had given no sign. She herself, it is possible, then regarded the game as played out; but she wished to throw, if possible, the blame of the rupture upon France. She wrote herself to Alençon. She sent Sir Edward Stafford to Paris with fresh conditions, and the French Court, to her extreme embarrassment, accepted everything.[1]

A special cause had arisen, which made an affront to France at that moment peculiarly dangerous. News had arrived of the performances of Francis Drake in the Pacific, which might render nugatory all Elizabeth's efforts to avoid war with Spain. It is time to return to the history of the extraordinary expedition which laid the foundation of the naval empire of England. It had been undertaken as part of a general policy which had been immediately afterwards abandoned. Spanish interference in England was supposed to be imminent, and the Queen, who dreaded the cost of war, yet believed that it was about to be forced upon her, had been

[1] 'I find there shall be no show of breach made of their parts. They think they have the Queen at an advantage, and there they will keep her.'—Stafford to Walsingham, January 28, 1579-80: *MSS. France.*

brought in a moment of resolution to consent to a preliminary act of indirect hostility which promised to be enormously lucrative.

Intellectually vacillating, yet delighting in enterprise and energy, she had found in Drake a man after her own heart, whom she could disown without fear that he would resent her affected displeasure. She herself and the Earl of Leicester provided the larger part of the funds; a company of adventurers found the rest. The first object was to show Philip that he was vulnerable where he held himself most secure, and frighten him into consenting to a general peace;[1] the second to seize some handsome store of plunder, to be useful in itself, or at any rate as a material guarantee. If excuse was wanted for sending ships into the South Seas it could be alleged that America was no patrimony of Spain, that all the world had a right to share in its treasures; and that the mere fact of the Spaniards having compelled Indian slaves to dig the gold out of the earth gave them no exclusive right to the possession of it. There was no clause in the treaties between Spain and England which prohibited English subjects from trading or cruising in those waters. The laws of Europe had no place in the western hemisphere, and Sir Christopher Hatton gave his first recorded legal opinion, that, although privateers might go there at their own

[1] 'Le aseguraba el Drake que pondria en estado las cosas de la carrera de las Indias que V. Md le embiase, como dicen aqui, le blanche signet, para que ella acordase las condiciones que quisiese en el capitular sobre esto y las demas cosas que á ella y su corona le pudiesen estar bien.'—Don Bernardino de Mendoza al Rey, Enero 15, 1581: *MSS. Simancas.*

risk and might be sent to the bottom if the Spaniards could catch them, yet if they returned safe the Spanish Government could make no legal claim on the Queen, either for their punishment or the restitution of their spoils.[1]

To Drake himself, all that he might do appeared more than justified. He was the avenger of the English seamen who had perished in Mexican dungeons, on the Cadiz galleys, or had been tortured or burnt to death at Seville. The Inquisition had too often evaded its promises, and had treated the engagements of Philip and Alva as not more binding on them than things of air. To a Spanish ecclesiastic, to be suspected of heresy was in itself sufficient to deserve death. Poor wretches who had fallen into their hands had been tortured into madness, had hung themselves, or hurled themselves out of their windows and been dashed in pieces.[2] This was sufficient motive for Drake, and was a better excuse for retaliation than ambiguous theories of property in the Indian seas.

The reader will desire a more particular account of the person who was to play so large a part in the approaching struggle for the sovereignty of the ocean.

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[1] 'Han tratado Leicester y Hatton que para no castigar á Drake en su persona ni hacer restitucion del robo, tienen una buena escusa, que V. Mag^d no tiene prohibido por ningun aliganza intercursos que tiene con esta corona que no vayan los Ingleses á las Indias, por lo cual pueden hacer el viage, poniendose el riesgo que corren si los toman alla, pero que volviendo libres por no haber contrato sobre ello, no se puede pedir á la Reyna los castigue.'—Don B. de Mendoza al Rey, Octubre 23, 1580: *MSS. Simancas.*

[2] Relacion del punto que toca á los Ingleses que estan presos en Santorcaz, 1579: *MSS. Simancas.*

Francis Drake was born near Tavistock in the year 1545.[1] His father was a tenant of the House of Bedford, occupying lands which had belonged to the Abbey of Tavistock, and was related by marriage to the Hawkinses of Plymouth. He was a Protestant, and must have been held in favour by the Russells, for the young Francis was godson of the second Earl, after whom he was named. Trouble rising in the neighbourhood under the Six Articles Act, the Drakes were driven out of Devonshire, and went to Chatham, where, on the accession of Edward, the old man, having a gift that way, became a preacher among the sailors of the King's fleet, and afterwards taking orders, was made Vicar of Upnor, on the Medway. Being brought up among seafaring people Francis took early to the water. He served his time as an apprentice in a Channel coaster, and his master, who had been struck with his character, left the vessel to him in his will when he died. He was then twenty-one. His kinsman, John Hawkins, was fitting out his third expedition to the Spanish main, and young Drake, with a party of his Kentish friends, went to Plymouth and joined him. The adventure ended in the disaster at St John de Ulloa; Hawkins, Drake, and a handful of their comrades, barely escaped with their lives, and Drake at least lost all that he possessed.

He was soon upon his feet again. In 1572, as has been already related, 'he made himself whole with the

[1] Drake's early history soon became mythical. Every variety of account is given of his origin. Camden, whom I follow, says that 'he relates no more than was told him by Drake himself.'

Spaniards,' by seizing a convoy of bullion at Panama, and on that occasion having seen the South Pacific from the mountains, 'he fell on his knees and prayed God that he might one day navigate those waters,' which no English keel as yet had furrowed.

The time and the opportunity had come. He was now in the prime of his strength, thirty-two years old, of middle height, with crisp brown hair, a broad high forehead; grey steady eyes, unusually long; small ears, tight to the head; the mouth and chin slightly concealed by the moustache and beard, but hard, inflexible, and fierce. His dress, as he appears in his portrait, is a loose dark seaman's shirt, belted at the waist. About his neck is a plaited cord with a ring attached to it, in which, as if the attitude was familiar, one of his fingers is slung, displaying a small, delicate, but long and sinewy hand. When at sea he wore a scarlet cap with a gold band, and was exacting in the respect with which he required to be treated by his crew.

Such was Francis Drake when he stood on the deck of the Pelican in Plymouth harbour, in November, 1577. The squadron with which he was preparing to sail into a chartless ocean, and invade the dominions of the King of Spain, consisted of his own ship, of a hundred and twenty tons, the size of the smallest class of our modern Channel schooners, two barques of fifty and thirty tons each, a second ship as it was called, the Elizabeth, of eighty tons, not larger than a common revenue cutter, and a pinnace, hardly more than a boat, intended to be burnt if it could not bear the seas,

which had brought from London a Puritan minister who could talk Spanish.[1] These vessels, with a hundred and sixty-four men, composed the force. The object of the expedition was kept as far as possible a secret. Some of the party believed they were going to the Mediterranean. Others supposed that it was to be a voyage of discovery into the southern hemisphere. But the armament betrayed that danger was looked for of some kind. The Pelican carried twenty brass and iron guns. She had others as ballast in her hold, with heavy stores of cartridges, 'wildfire, chainshot, guns, pistols, bows, and other weapons in great abundance.'[2] Curiosity was provoked by preparations so unusually warlike, and it was not long before the traitors at the Court penetrated the mystery. The refugees sent warning to Philip,[3] and Mendoza, having discovered that the squadron was going certainly to the coast of Peru, bade his friends at Madrid set the Viceroy on his guard, and direct him to sink every vessel that he could catch, with every living thing on board. If there was any

[1] Mendoza considered this minister the most pernicious feature in the expedition. 'En los naos,' he wrote, 'que he scripto que partiéron á robar á la carrera de las Indias he venido á descubrir que embió una muy pequena un consejero desta Reyna, grandisimo bellaco y Puritano orrible, por solo embiar en ella un ministro que hablaba la lengua española, con intencion de que se quemase á las armadas, armando el herege para solo este efecto el navio. No he podido entender el nombre del predicante, lo qual procuraré con toda la diligencia, pues es de tanta importancia atajar el passo para que no entre semejante pestilencia en aquella tierra.'—Mendoza á Cayas, 7 Junio, 1579: *MSS. Simancas.*

[2] Deposition taken by a Spanish officer in the Indies touching Mr Drake. Contemporary translation: *MSS. Spain, Rolls House.*

[3] N. Sanders to Philip, July 15, 1578: *MSS. Simancas.*

mercy shown the Indies would never be at peace.[1] Drake well knew the fate which awaited him if he was taken. His small vessels were swift sailers, and he trusted to his skill and speed. It was lucky for him however that Mendoza's counsels were neglected, and that the officers of the New World were allowed to sleep on in security. On the 15th of November,[2] the expedition sailed from Plymouth Sound. It was encountered immediately by a storm, in which the Pelican lost her mainmast. She ran with her consorts into Falmouth, put back to Plymouth to refit, when the weather moderated, and cleared away once more on the 13th of December. The second time all went well. A rapid run of twelve days brought them down to Mogador, and after staying four weeks at the Cape de Verde Islands, trading with the natives, and picking up and rifling a few vessels from Spain and Portugal, they struck across the Atlantic and made the coast of South America on the 5th of April in latitude 33° south. Thence following the shore they entered the Plate River, finding fresh water to their astonishment at the ship's side in 54 fathoms. Not caring to waste time in exploring, they put to sea again, and immediately after one of the barques disappeared.

It has been mentioned that the officer second in command was a Mr Thomas Doughty. Whenever the veil

[1] 'Convendria que mandase V. Md resolutamente que cualquier navio que se tomase se eche á fondo sin escapar cosa viviente; porque si se usa de misericordia con ellos, jamas dexaran de intentarle, y las fuerças que van no son tan grandes que no se puede hacer esto.' — Descifrada de Don Bernardino, Julio 20, 1578: *MSS. Simancas.*

[2] The 25th, as we at present reckon

that overhangs Elizabeth's Court is lifted, treacherous influences are seen invariably at work. Mary Stuart, Philip, and the Jesuits had each their instruments in the council or the privy chamber. The struggle between the two great parties in the State was nowhere hotter than in the immediate neighbourhood of the Queen, and every ambassador sent to a foreign Court, every general in command of an expedition, found some one attached to him whose business was to tie his hands and thwart his enterprises. It is likely, though there is no proof of it, that Doughty was one of this venomous breed. His brother was involved afterwards in Catholic conspiracies. He himself had a grudge against Leicester, whose fortune was largely embarked in Drake's venture. At any rate, from some cause the man had become discontented and mutinous, and on leaving the river slipped away from the rest of the fleet. The example was extremely dangerous. The four remaining vessels dispersed in search of him. He was overtaken, and transferred with his crew to the Pelican. His ship was fired and left behind. The mischief however was not over. The offender gave new cause of suspicion, and success in such an adventure as Drake's being desperate without unity and discipline, he found it necessary to use prompt measures. On the 20th of June he put into Port St Julian, a harbour on the coast of Patagonia. The first object which met the eye on landing was a gibbet, left there by Magellan, and the skeletons of a party of mutineers who had met their fate there. In that wild scene, in the dead of winter, a court-martial was extemporized on the shore. 'The

crews of the ships were called together, and acquainted with the particulars of the cause.' Doughty himself confessed to something, and evidence was produced of more. The desertion was a palpable fact which could not be denied.

1578. July. 'Which when our general saw,' wrote an eyewitness,[1] 'although his private affection to Mr Doughty, as he then in the presence of us all sacredly protested, was great, yet the care he had of the state of the voyage, of the expectation of her Majesty and of the honour of his country, did more touch him, as indeed it ought, than the private respect of one man: so that the cause being throughly heard, and all things done in good order, as near as might be to the course of our laws in England, it was concluded that Mr Doughty should receive punishment according to the quality of the offence. He, seeing no remedy but patience for himself, desired before his death to receive the communion, which he did at the hands of Mr Fletcher, our minister, and our general accompanied him in that holy action. Which being done, and the place of execution being made ready, he, having embraced our general and taken leave of all his company with prayers for the Queen's Majesty and our realm, in quiet sort laid his head to the block where he ended his life. This being done our general made divers speeches to the whole company, persuading us to unity, obedience, love, and regard of our voyage, and for the better confirmation thereof

[1] Hakluyt, vol. iv. p. 232.

willed every man the next Sunday following to prepare himself to receive the communion as Christian brethren and friends ought to do, which was done in very reverend sort; and so with good contentment every man went about his business.'[1]

The perils of the voyage were now about to commence. No Englishman had as yet passed Magellan's Straits. Cape Horn was unknown. Tierra del Fuego was supposed to be part of a solid continent which stretched unbroken to the Antarctic Pole. A single narrow channel was the only access to the Pacific then believed to exist. There were no charts, no records of past experiences. It was known that Magellan had gone through, but that was all. It was the wildest and coldest season of the year, and the vessels in which the attempt was to be made were mere cockleshells. They were taken on

[1] 'There wanted not some,' says Camden, 'who gave out that Drake had a charge from Leicester to make away Doughty by any colour whatsoever, for that he had reported abroad that the Earl of Essex was made away by the cunning practices of Leicester.' The infamous character of Leicester gave occasion and presumptive credibility to many dark suggestions about him. Mendoza however, who inquired minutely into every particular of Drake's voyage, mentions the execution and the causes of it, making no allusion to the favourite, but saying merely that the men were terrified by the storms near Cape Horn; and that there was a mutiny of which Doughty was the leader. He adds, on the authority of Winter, that Drake himself was the executioner:—'Á la entrada del estrecho empeçáron á tener grandes tormentos, que fué ocasion de amotinarse los mas marineros, no queriendo proseguir el viage. El Drake entendió ser la principal causa dello un gentilhombre ingles que iba en su nao, y le prendió y pusó cargo, haciendo jueces á los propios marineros, que le condenáron á muerte, y no queriendo ninguno darselo, fué el propio Drake el executor, cortandole por sus manos la cabeça, y proseguió su viage del estrecho.'—Descifrada de Don Bernardino, 10 Junio, 1579 *MSS Simancas*

shore, overhauled and scoured, the rigging looked to, and the sails new bent. On the 17th of August, answering to the February of the northern hemisphere, all was once more in order. Drake sailed from Port St Julian, and on the 20th entered the Straits, and felt his way between the walls of mountain 'in extreme cold with frost and snow continually.' To relieve the crews who were tried by continual boat work and heaving the lead in front of the ships, they were allowed occasional halts at the islands, where they amused and provisioned themselves with killing infinite seals and penguins. Everything which they saw, birds, beasts, trees, climate, country, were strange, wild, and wonderful. After three weeks' toil and anxiety they had accomplished the passage, and found themselves in the open Pacific.[1] But they found also that it was no peaceful ocean into which they had entered, but the stormiest they had ever encountered. Their vessels were now reduced to three; the pinnace had been left behind at Port St Julian, and there remained only the Pelican, the Elizabeth, and the thirty-ton cutter. Instantly that they emerged out of the Straits they were caught in a gale which swept them six hundred miles to the south-west. For six weeks they were battered to and fro, in bitter cold and winds which seemed as if they blew in those latitudes for ever. The cutter went down in the fearful seas, carrying her crew with her. The Elizabeth and the Pelican were

August.

September.

[1] September 6.

separated. The bravest sailor might well have been daunted at such a commencement, and Winter recovering the opening again and believing Drake to be lost, called a council in his cabin and proposed to return to England. They had agreed to meet, if they were parted, on the coast in the latitude of Valparaiso. The men, with better heart than their commander, desired to keep the appointment. But those terrible weeks had sickened Winter. The way home lay temptingly open, and if lost a second time might never be recovered. He overruled the opinion of the rest, re-entered the Straits, and reached England in the following June. Drake meanwhile had found shelter among the islands of Tierra del Fuego. He waited there till the advancing season brought milder weather, and amused himself meanwhile with studying the habits of the natives, who swarmed about his ship in their canoes stark naked, men and women, notwithstanding the terrible climate.

At length spring brought fair winds and smooth seas, and running up the coast and looking about for her consort, the Pelican or Golden Hind—for she had both names—fell in with an Indian fisherman, who informed Drake that in the harbour of Valparaiso, already a small Spanish settlement, there lay a great galleon which had come from Peru. Galleons were the fruit that he was in search of. He sailed in, and the Spanish seamen, who had never yet seen a stranger in those waters, ran up their flags, beat their drums, and prepared a banquet for their supposed countrymen. The Pelican shot up alongside. The English sailors leapt

on board, and one 'Thomas Moore,' a lad from Plymouth, began the play with knocking down the first man that he met, saluting him in Spanish as he fell, and crying out 'Abajo, perro'—'Down, dog, to ——.' The Spaniards, overwhelmed with surprise, began to cross and bless themselves. One sprung overboard and swam ashore; the rest were bound and stowed away under the hatches while the ship was rifled. The beginning was not a bad one. Wedges of gold were found weighing four hundred pounds, besides miscellaneous plunder. The settlement, which was visited next, was less productive, for the inhabitants had fled, taking their valuables with them. The chapel however yielded something. Mr Fletcher's provision for the sacrament was enriched by a chalice, two cruets, and an altar cloth. A few pipes of wine, some logs of cedar, and a Greek pilot who knew the way to Lima, completed the booty.

Leaving Valparaiso to recover from its astonishment, the corsairs, as the Spaniards termed them, went on and landed next at Tarapaca, where silver bullion was brought down from the mountains to be shipped for Panama. It was as when men set foot for the first time on some shore where the forms of their race have never before been seen, and the animals come fearlessly round them, and the birds perch upon their hands, ignorant as yet of the deadly nature of the beings in whom they trust so rashly. The colonists of the New World, when they saw a sail approaching, knew no misgiving, and never dreamt that it could be other than a friend. The

silver bars lay piled at the Tarapaca pier; by their side the weary labourers who had brought them from the mines were peacefully sleeping, or if they heard the clash of the moving metal supposed that their comrades had arrived for their lading. There was no gratuitous cruelty in Drake; he was come for the treasure of Peru, and beyond seizing his plunder he did not care to injure the people. As the last bars were being stowed away in his boats a train of llamas appeared bringing from the hills a second freight as rich as the first. This too was transferred to the Pelican. Four hundred thousand ducats' worth of silver were taken in one afternoon.

Arica came next—Arica, the port of Potosi, where fifty-seven blocks of the same precious metal were added to the store; and from thence they made haste to Lima, where the largest booty was looked for. They found that they had just missed it. Twelve ships lay at anchor in the port without arms, without crews, and with their sails on shore. In all of these they discovered but a few chests of reals and some bales of silk and linen. A thirteenth, called by the seamen the Cacafuego, but christened in her baptism 'Our Lady of the Conception,' had sailed for the Isthmus a few days before, taking with her all the bullion which the mines had yielded for the season. She had been literally ballasted with silver, and carried also several precious boxes of gold and jewels.

Not a moment was lost. The cables of the ships at Lima were cut, and they were left to drive on shore to prevent pursuit; and then

1579 January.

away sped the Pelican due north, with every stitch of her canvas spread. A gold chain was promised to the first man who caught sight of the Cacafuego. A sail was seen the second day of the chase: it was not the vessel which they were in pursuit of, but the prize was worth the having. They took eighty pounds' weight of gold in wedges, the purest which they yet had seen. They took a great gold crucifix set with emeralds as large as pigeons' eggs. They were carrying off the ship herself, but the delay had given time to two half-armed Spanish cruisers to overtake them, which the Viceroy of Callao, as soon as he had recovered from his amazement, despatched in chase. Not caring therefore to keep their prize, they left it to join its friends. The cruisers, not liking the report which they received, went back to Lima for more guns and men, and then came slowly up the coast again, but too late to overtake the English rover.[1]

For eight hundred miles the Pelican flew on. At length, one degree to the north of the line, off Quito, and close to the shore, a look-out on the mast-head cried out that he saw the chase and claimed the promised chain; she was recognized by peculiarities in her sails, of which they had received exact information at Lima. There lay the Cacafuego; if they could take her their

[1] 'Sabido esto por el dicho Virrey, envió tras él dos navios armados, y habiendose estos vuelto con el navio que el dicho Ingles llevava robado por no ir bien aderescados para poderle seguir, los tornó á aderescar y enviar en su seguimento hasta Panama.'—Relacion de lo que se sabe del Corsario Ingles por cartas del Virrey de Peru, de 18 de Hebrero y 21 de Março, 1579: *MSS. Simancas.*

work would be done, and they might go home in triumph. She was several miles ahead of them; if she guessed their character she would run in under the land, and they might lose her. It was afternoon: several hours remained of daylight, and Drake did not wish to come up with her till dark.

Feb. 22. The Pelican sailed two feet to the Cacafuego's one, and dreading that her speed might rouse suspicion, he filled his empty wine casks with water and trailed them astern.[1] The chase meanwhile unsuspecting, and glad of company on a lonely voyage, slackened sail and waited for her slow pursuer. The sun sunk low, and at last set into the ocean, and then when both ships had become invisible from the land the casks were hoisted in, the Pelican was restored to her speed, and shooting up within a cable's length of the Cacafuego, hailed to her to run into the wind. The Spanish commander, not understanding the meaning of such an order, paid no attention to it. The next moment the corsair opened her ports, fired a broadside, and brought his mainmast about his ears. His decks were cleared by a shower of arrows, with one of which he was himself wounded. In a few minutes more he was a prisoner, and his ship and all that it contained

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1 'Y porque su nao yba algo delantero y no navegarse tanto, echó cables por popa con botiguas llenas de agua.' Relacion del viage de F. Drac, Corsario Ingles, cual dió el Piloto Nuño de Silva: *MSS. Madrid.* Hakluyt obtained a copy of this curious narrative, but the translator was a bad Spanish scholar, and imagined that the water casks were hung overboard 'as a pretty device to make the ship sail more swiftly'—an indifferent compliment to Drake's seamanship.

was in the hands of the English. The wreck was cut away, the ship cleared, and her head turned to the sea; by daybreak even the line of the Andes had become invisible, and at leisure, in the open ocean, the work of rifling began. The full value of the plunder taken in this ship was never accurately confessed. It remained a secret between Drake and the Queen. In a schedule afterwards published, he acknowledged to have found in the Cacafuego alone twenty-six tons of silver bullion, thirteen chests of coined silver, and almost a hundredweight of gold. But as will be seen by-and-by, this was only so much as the Spaniards could prove to have been on board. There was a further mass, the amount of which it is impossible to guess, of which no account was ever rendered, and 'a great store' besides, of pearls, emeralds, and diamonds, supposed to have been of enormous richness. The Spanish Government roughly estimated their loss afterwards at a million and a half of ducats, which Elizabeth did not pretend to be exaggerated.[1] The total treasure appropriated was perhaps therefore considerably greater.

Leaving part of his crew in possession, and removing the master of the Cacafuego on board the Pelican, Drake, being 'greatly satisfied,' did not care to remain longer in the neighbourhood of the scene of his exploit. The two ships sailed leisurely northward side by side. San Juan de Anton, so the master was named, remained with his captor till he had recovered from his wound,

[1] The gold ducat was equal to about nine shillings and sixpence.

and making the best of his misfortune, spent his time in studying the character of the corsairs into whose hands he had so strangely fallen.

One of the Englishmen—the heretic minister, probably, whose presence in the expedition so distressed Mendoza—spoke excellent Spanish. Drake must have known something of the language also. They conducted San Juan over the ship, which, though showing signs of rough service, he reported as being admirably appointed, thoroughly seaworthy, provided with all kinds of arms, and not with arms only, but with mattocks, pickaxes, smiths' tools, everything that would be needed either on land or water. The crew were reduced to eighty-five all told; some had been drowned, some had gone back with Winter, some had died; of those remaining, fifty were 'men of war,' the rest, 'young fellows, ship's boys, and such like.' He observed that Drake 'was greatly feared and reverenced by all on board.' A sentinel stood always at his cabin door. He 'was served with sound of trumpets and other instruments at his meals.'

No mystery was made of the plunder which had been taken elsewhere. The minister showed San Juan the great crucifix with the emeralds, and asked him if he could seriously believe it was God, or if it was God, why it had made no resistance to being taken. 'God,' he said with instructive solemnity, 'was a spirit in heaven, and images and ceremonies were idle mockery.' Drake too spoke freely of his voyage, telling the Spaniard where he had been, and the adventures which he had encountered on the way. San Juan asked how he

intended to return to England. He pointed to a chart of the globe. There was the way he had come, the way by China and the Cape of Good Hope, and there was 'a third way,' but that San Juan said 'the captain would not acquaint him withal.'

The Spaniard inquired whether his master was at war with England. Drake answered evasively, that he had the Queen's commission for what he had done, that the spoil which he had taken was for her, and not for himself. But he said afterwards that the Viceroy of New Spain had robbed him and his kinsman Hawkins, and that he was but making good his losses; and then touching the sore to the quick, he added:

'I know the Viceroy will send for thee to inform himself of my proceedings. Thou mayest tell him he shall do well to put no more Englishmen to death, and to spare those four that he has in his hands, for if he do execute them, they will cost the lives of two thousand Spaniards, whom I will hang and send him their heads.'[1]

After a week's stay in the Pelican, San Juan was restored to the empty Cacafuego and allowed to depart, with an ironical protection against further molestation, should he fall in with Winter. On his way back he met the two Spanish cruisers who had followed up from Lima. They had been ordered if they could not take Drake to convoy San Juan. They had come too late. They were now armed to the teeth, they had two

[1] Depositions taken in the West Indies by the King of Spain's Ministers: *MSS. Spain*, 1580, *Rolls House*.

hundred men, picked Spanish sailors, and a consort had joined them from Panama. They went in chase, and the Pelican being under easy sail they came up with her, but though three to one their courage failed when within gunshot. The indifference with which Drake allowed them to approach frightened them. They turned about and 'returned for more aid.'

The Viceroy, furious at their cowardice, put the officers under arrest and sent the ships in pursuit once more with peremptory orders to fight. A special messenger was despatched across the Atlantic to Philip, and couriers carried the alarm along the coast of the Isthmus. The third route which Drake had hinted at was guessed to be no sea route at all. It was thought that he meant to leave his ship and transport his plunder over the mountains, and either build some vessel in Honduras to carry him to England, or find a consort which had been sent out to meet him.[1]

Drake's own views were more original. He imagined, like most other English seamen, that there was a passage to the north corresponding to Magellan's Straits, of which Frobisher conceived that he had found the eastern entrance. He went on therefore at his leisure towards the coast of Mexico, intending to follow the shore till he found it. Another ship coming from China crossed him on his way loaded with silks and porcelain. He took the best of the freight with a golden falcon and another superb emerald. Then needing fresh water he

[1] Relacion de lo que se sabe del Corsario Ingles: *MSS. Simancas.*

touched at the Spanish settlement of Guatulco. His proceedings were humorously prompt. The Alcaldes were in session trying a batch of negroes. An English boat's crew appeared suddenly in the court, tied the judges hand and foot and swept them off to the Pelican, where they were held as hostages till the water casks were filled, and the houses of the principal citizens had been inspected and rifled. The prisoners were then set on shore with a Portuguese pilot who had been picked up at the Cape de Verde Islands, and for whom there was no further use.

April. The work of plunder was nearly over. Again sailing north, the Pelican fell in with a Spanish nobleman who was going out as governor to the Philippines. He was detained a few hours and relieved of his finery, and then, says one of the party, 'Our general, thinking himself both in respect of his private injuries received from the Spaniards, as also their contempt and indignities offered to our country and prince in general, sufficiently satisfied and revenged, and supposing her Majesty would rest contented with this service, began to consider the best way for his country.'[1]

The first necessity was a complete repair of the Pelican's hull. Before the days of copper sheathing, the ships' bottoms grew foul with weed; the great barnacles formed in clusters, and stopped their speed, and the sea-worms bored holes into the planking. Twenty

[1] *Printed by* Hakluyt

thousand miles of unknown water lay between Drake and Plymouth Sound, and he was not a man to run idle risks. Running on till he had left the furthest Spanish station far to the south, he put into the Bay of Canoa in Lower California. There he laid his ship on shore, set up forge and workshop, and refitted her with a month's labour from stem to stern.[1]

Leaving him thus occupied, we must glance for a moment at the effect produced in England and Spain by the news of his performances. The fastest vessel at Portobello carried the messenger of the Viceroy of New Spain to Cadiz, and before the summer all Europe was ringing with the fame of the English freebooter. The Viceroy's letter found Philip intensely occupied with the annexation of Portugal. The Cardinal King was at the point of death, and the available force of Spain by sea and land was being held in readiness to use the opportunity.

Terribly agitated, yet unwilling to add a war with England to his other responsibilities, Philip enclosed the letter to Mendoza. Beyond the insult to the Spanish nation, the loss of so much treasure was at the moment particularly inconvenient. The corsair who had pillaged the Indies might repeat his insolence on the coast of Spain itself, where wealthy towns lay open and unguarded. 'It is a most extraordinary proceeding,' Philip wrote; 'learn all that you can about it. The spoil it is likely will be brought to England.

August.

[1] March 16 to April 16, 1579.

Advise me instantly when you hear that the pirate has arrived.'[1]

England was as much surprised and almost as much disturbed as Spain. The London merchants trading to Cadiz expected that their ships and goods would be arrested in reprisal, and went in alarm to the council. The council told them that Drake was a private adventurer, and that the King of Spain could not hold them responsible because a single English subject had committed piracy. They were but half satisfied, and the rate of insurance rose heavily.[2] No such incisive measures however were to be feared from Philip. Slow and decorous always, he was especially unwilling to act hastily with Portugal on his hands. He wrote again, saying that he had sent ships to watch Magellan's Straits, and that there was a chance that Drake's career might be ended before he could reach England. If this should be the case, nothing further need be said. Otherwise, and if he came back in safety, Mendoza was instructed to lay a formal complaint before Elizabeth, of whose complicity the King affected to have no suspicion, to dwell upon the enormity of the proceeding, and firmly, but gently,[3] to require the restoration of the stolen property and the punishment of the offender. 'He understood,' the King continued, 'that English adventurers gave securities for good behaviour before sailing on their

[1] Cayas to Mendoza, August, 1579.

[2] Mendoza to Cayas, September 13, 1579: *MSS. Simancas.*

[3] 'Haga con la Reyna muy encarescidos officios.'—Puntos para responder á Don B. de Mendoza, December, 1579: *MSS. Simancas.*

voyages, and he felt assured that the Queen would assist in enforcing their obligations. For himself he had done everything in his power to facilitate commerce between England and Spain. English seamen still complained that their boxes were searched by the Inquisition, but it was merely to prevent the introduction of forbidden books. Their other grievances had been all removed, and they had nothing to fear, notwithstanding the present provocation, but might come and go as usual.'[1]

Nothing could prove more clearly how anxious Philip was to avoid a quarrel. The Inquisition however was less innocent than he pretended. Great naval preparations had notoriously been made at Cadiz. The Cardinal King of Portugal was not yet dead, and by some persons the Portuguese succession was supposed to be a mere pretence to cover an intended invasion of England and Ireland. Until Drake returned Mendoza was ordered to avoid appearance of menace, but his moderation upon a subject so notorious was in itself suspicious. England was arming also. The fleet was being set in order at Chatham. The musters and train-bands were drilling in town and country. Elizabeth was elaborately polite to Mendoza, but her conscience telling her how deeply she was implicated in Drake's performances, she determined to wheedle out of him the secret of his master's intentions. She invited him to a bear-bait.[2] She talked politics to him in the intervals

1580. January.

[1] Puntos para responder á Don B. de Mendoza, December, 1579: *MSS. Simancas.*

[2] Mendoza to Philip, January 13, 1580: *MSS.* Ibid.

of the performance. She spoke of France, Italy, Germany, of all the world. At length after circling about the real subject she came to the great fleet at Cadiz. 'She understood,' she said, 'that six thousand additional seamen were taken up, and that no sovereign in Christendom had ever had so powerful an armament afloat. Ut quid tot sumptus!' she exclaimed, turning suddenly upon him; 'what can such an expense be for?' 'Nemo novit nisi cui Pater revelavit,' replied Mendoza, ironically: 'of that knoweth no man save he to whom the Father has revealed it.' 'Ah,' said the Queen, 'I see you have been something more than a light dragoon;[1] they tell me you have views on these countries, but I don't believe it; if your King come here it will be as my good brother, and I will go myself to welcome him.'

Mendoza's composure was not to be disturbed. 'I have not the gift of inspiration,' he coolly replied. 'I can give your Majesty no information.'

February. He saw that the Queen was afraid, and he did not wish to relieve her anxiety. His blood was hotter than Philip's, and he was provoked at the effects produced in London by the message to the merchants. The men who had lately been so alarmed at Philip's probable displeasure now thought that he was pigeon-livered. In the most insolent language they disclaimed all gratitude for his forbearance.[2] Spain, they said, could not live without the English; and it was true, as Mendoza admitted, that the entire trade of the

[1] 'Me replicó que yo habia sido mas que caballo ligero.' Mendoza was Philip's Master of the Horse.

[2] 'Con una insolencia terrible.'

north with Spain and the Mediterranean was carried on in English vessels. The ignorant Andalusians and Gallicians could not cope with the superior energy of the British islanders. They were becoming the sovereigns of European commerce. Their fleets were growing every day and their wealth increasing. For the general good of the Peninsula, as well as for their present delinquency, Mendoza advised Philip to close his ports against them and ruin them. The securities given by the adventurers, he said, were in all cases a form; the names were either fictitious, or represented persons not worth a ducat; while men like Drake, who were supported by the Court, gave none at all. The single fear in the City was lest letters of marque should be issued to those who had been plundered by the corsairs, permitting them to indemnify themselves, and Mendoza advised Philip at least to threaten that this would be done unless full restitution was made. The merchants would not submit to loss to enrich the Queen's favourites, and would then support his own remonstrances.[2]

Elizabeth herself clearly expected the worst, and the ambassador went beyond his instructions in frightening her. 'I found her,' he said, giving an account of an interview with her in the beginning of February,—'I found her in such alarm of your Majesty's fleet, and

[1] 'Fabrican cada dia muchos mas navios . . . . navegandolos ellos mismos, con que vienen á ser casi señores del comercio en muchas partes, teniendo en sus manos la navegacion, gozando de todos los fletes.'—Don B. de Mendoça á Su Mag^d, 20 Hebrero, 1580: *MSS. Simancas.*

[2] Descifrada de Don Bernardino, 20 Hebrero: *MSS.* Ibid.

so conscience-stricken for her own complicity, that when I entered her cabinet she bounded half a dozen paces from her sofa to receive me. Before I could say a word she inquired if I was come as a king-at-arms to declare war. I said I gathered from her own preparations that she herself meant war, war with all the world. She said she did not mean to be caught sleeping, but there would be no war unless your Majesty began it, and she could not think you would trouble the peace of your own sister, who had ever sought your good, and had saved your Low Countries from the French.

'She was so manifestly uneasy that I thought it as well to alarm her further. I said that we found no fault with her, but I could not say as much for her Ministers, who had sought only to maintain your Highness's rebels in Flanders. Beyond wasting her treasures, and shaking the alliance between Spain and England, their labours had been entirely thrown away. The rebels had shown their gratitude as usual by biting the hand that fed them; yet even now there were English corsairs plundering your Majesty's subjects on the coast of Spain and in the Indies, and say what I would, I had never been able to obtain satisfaction either from herself or her council.

'She asked if I knew of any corsairs having returned from the Indies. I said I did not. Your Majesty's officers I was confident had given them their deserts and sent them to the bottom. If any such person contrary to expectation should return, I hoped it would be unnecessary for me to insist upon his punish-

ment. For her own sake I felt assured that she would make an example of such men, considering how foul and pernicious their example had been, and the grave inconveniences which would arise if they were tolerated. The Queen herself, I said, had received far different treatment from your Majesty. You had given her life and crown, and as yet no Spanish sword had been drawn against her,[1] although I myself had many a time encountered English in the field who were fighting by the side of the Flanders rebels. In Spain her subjects had nothing but kindness from your Majesty, entirely out of consideration for herself.

'She did not dispute the truth of my allegations. She said she valued your friendship much. She trusted that she would never lose it; and then again for three hours she laboured to extract from me the destination of your Majesty's fleet.

'I studiously encouraged her uneasiness. In pregnant and ambiguous language, I told her that she must not be surprised if I could give her no information. Your Majesty had the infidel at your door as a constant enemy. Your provinces were in rebellion, and many others had done you an ill turn. Your resources were so great that you could either concentrate your force or divide it upon more enterprises than one. It was impossible to say therefore what your intentions might be.

'Finding she could extract nothing from me by

[1] Julian, who came with Fitzmaurice to Ireland, was an Italian. There were Spaniards with him, but only in a subordinate capacity. The second detachment had not yet arrived.

direct questions, she tried her gipsy tricks,[1] and said in a wheedling way that it was impossible I should have no guess where the fleet was going. I told her that great princes, as she was well aware, treated their ministers as the stomach treats the other members of the body, giving each no more nutriment than would enable it to fulfil its functions. Your Majesty had been pleased to reserve your secret in your own breast.

'With this I left her more frightened than before, and more conscious of her obligations. Thus my presence here is of some service to your Majesty. She gives me audience freely. By talking to her I discover her own and her Ministers' dispositions, and after she has been conversing with me she speaks very differently to them.'[2]

Drake meanwhile had brought his ship into condition again to encounter the seas. Among the spoils which had fallen into his hands, he had not forgotten sails and cordage, which he had found in abundance and excellent. By the 16th of April, 1579, the Pelican was once more in order, and started on her northern course in search of the expected passage. She held on up the coast for 800 miles into latitude 43° North, but no signs appeared of an opening. Though it was summer the air grew colder, and the crew having been long in the tropics suffered from the change. Not caring to run risks in exploring with so precious a cargo, and finding by observation that the

1579. June.

[1] 'Acariciandome con grandes gitanerias.'

[2] Descifrada de Don Bernardino, 20 Hebrero, 1580: *MSS. Simancas.*

passage, if it existed, must be of enormous length, Drake resolved to go no further, and expecting, as proved to be the case, that the Spaniards would be on the look-out for him at Magellan's Straits, he determined on the alternative route by the Cape of Good Hope. The Portuguese had long traded with China. In the ship going to the Philippines he had found a Portuguese chart of the Indian Archipelago, and with the help of this and his own skill he trusted to find his way.

Running back to San Francisco, he landed and made acquaintance with the Indians there. A native chief came to visit him with a number of his tribe. He distributed medicines and ointments among them, and they in turn mistook him for a god, and offered sacrifice to him. The King, as the chief was called, resigned crown and sceptre, and made over California with its buried treasures to the use of her Majesty of England.

He remained long enough to discover the gold with which the soil was teeming; but time pressed, and setting sail again, and avoiding the dangerous neighbourhood of the Philippines, he made a straight course to the Moluccas, where he again halted at the little island of Ternate, south of Celebes. The ship was again docked and scraped. The crew were allowed another month's rest, when they feasted their eyes on the marvels of tropical life, then first revealed to them in their luxuriance—vampires 'as large as hens,' crayfish a foot round, and fireflies lighting the midnight forest. Starting once more they had now to feel their way among

the rocks and shoals of the most dangerous waters in the world. They crept round Celebes among coral reefs and low islands scarcely visible above the water line. The Malacca Straits formed the only route marked in the Portuguese chart, and between Drake and his apparent passage lay the Java sea and the channel between Borneo and Sumatra. But it was not impossible that there might be some other opening, and the Pelican crawled in search of it along the Java coast. Here, if nowhere else, her small size and manageableness were in her favour. In spite of all the care that was taken, she was almost lost. One evening as the black tropical night was closing, a grating sound was heard under her keel: another moment she was hard and fast upon an invisible reef. The breeze was light and the water calm, or the world would have heard no more of Francis Drake and the Pelican. She lay immovable till morning; 'we were out of all hope,' says the writer already quoted, 'to escape danger,' but with the daylight the position was seen not to be utterly desperate. 'Our general,' he continues, 'then as always showed himself most courageous, and of good confidence in the mercy and protection of God; and as he would not seem to perish wilfully, so he and we did our best endeavour to save ourselves, and in the end cleared ourselves of that danger. We threw overboard three tons of cloves, eight cannon, and certain meal and beans, and then at four o'clock in the afternoon, the wind happily changing, we hoised our sails and were lifted off into the sea again, for which we gave God the thanks.'

1580. January 9.

Almost every one on board, though with death before his eyes, had behaved excellently. There had been but one exception, Mr Fletcher, the chaplain. He, it seems, having uneasy recollections of the scene at Port St Julian, had been found wanting when his services were most needed; and instead of encouraging the rest, had hinted at judicial retribution for the execution of Thomas Doughty. When off the rock they found clearer water, and coasting westward along Java they found Drake's conjectures verified, and passed through the Straits of Sunda into the open sea. Meeting here the great ocean swell they knew that their perils were over. Thenceforward they were on a travelled course, and they breathed freely for the first time for many months. In high spirits and half in jest, they proceeded to do judgment on the offending chaplain. An English captain, representing the person of his Sovereign, was head on his own deck of Church as well as State. Mr Fletcher was brought to the forecastle, where Drake, 'sitting on a sea chest with a pair of pantoufles in his hand,' pronounced him excommunicated, 'cut off from the Church of God, and given over to the devil,' and left him chained by the ankle to a ring bolt in the deck till he had repented of his cowardice. In the general good humour no punishment could be of long duration. After a day or two the chaplain was absolved and returned to his duty. The Pelican had no more adventures; and sweeping in clear fine weather close to the Cape of Good Hope, and touching for water at Sierra Leone, she sailed in triumph into Plymouth harbour in

October. the beginning of October, having marked a furrow with her keel round the globe.

Eighteen months had passed since Drake had last been heard of. His return had ceased to be looked for, and politicians had congratulated themselves on having escaped from an awkward complication; yet here he was once more, with a monarch's ransom in his hold. The national sympathy of England with an extraordinary exploit successfully performed is always irresistible. A shout of admiration rose over the whole country. The Protestants exulted in the blow which had been dealt to their enemy, careless whether it was fair or foul. Elizabeth could not conceal her delight at the greatness of the prize, and she had a genuine enjoyment of daring actions. She sent for Drake to the Court, and received him with the most distinguished honour, while London rung with his praises.

A few statesmen however, and especially Burghley, could not share in the general satisfaction. If there was to be war with Spain he would have preferred war in a better cause than the defence of what the law of nations could only call buccaneering, and he knew Elizabeth too well to hope that she could be brought to part with money on which she had once closed her hands. The moment was particularly critical. The second detachment of Italians and Spaniards had landed three weeks before at Smerwick, and assuming that they could not have sailed from a Spanish port without Philip's cognisance, if not with his direct sanction, the Queen had declined to see Mendoza or listen to his excuses and ex-

planations. She was standing so far on honourable ground, and Burghley was extremely reluctant that she should forego her advantage.

The ambassador on the other hand determined either to make Elizabeth restore the spoil, or force her to appear before the world as the avowed protectress of piracy. He sent word into the city that unless reparation was made they must look for immediate war. Leicester, whose interests were deeply involved, told him that if he forced a quarrel the Queen would marry Alençon immediately, and make an offensive alliance with France. Mendoza insisted on seeing and speaking with her himself. He was a soldier, he said, more accustomed to use his hands than his tongue. She must do as she pleased about her marriages and alliances, but he recommended her not to provoke his master too far. Spain was not afraid of England and France combined, and he insisted peremptorily on being admitted to her presence.

One resolution only had been definitely formed by Elizabeth. She disliked 'paying back' as heartily as Falstaff, and would not hear of it. For the rest she decided to face out the matter first with a general denial, and if driven from her ground to go off upon the Irish rebellion. She sent a secretary to Mendoza to say that she understood he resented the reception which had been given to Drake. She had called him to her presence, as she was bound to do, to learn the particulars of his voyage, and she had ascertained that he had done no injury to any subject of the King of Spain in any part

of his dominions.[1] If she was misinformed she promised to see justice done, but she must be guided by the behaviour of the King to the Irish insurgents. Until the Irish question was settled she could give Mendoza no audience as a public ambassador, 'but his behaviour in England,' she said, 'had generally pleased her, and if he would visit her as Don Bernardino, she would be happy to receive him.'

Mendoza replied to her messenger with quiet sarcasm, that he regretted she should have thought it necessary to tell him what he could prove so distinctly to be untrue. Besides burning and destroying ships, and robbing towns, Captain Drake was believed to have brought home a million and a half of money belonging to his master or his master's subjects; he could say no more till he had received instructions from home. With respect to the rest of her message, he was highly honoured, and would have been delighted to kiss her Majesty's hands, but as long as he was in England he could not divest himself of his office, and was obliged to decline.

'I have thought it my duty,' he continued in relating what he had done to Philip, 'to answer their large talk with some choler. I have given out that unless complete restitution be made of all that has been taken, there will be perpetual war with Spain: and I have tried to make men feel here that if they break with us they are lost.'

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[1] 'Hallaba que no habia sido haciendo daño á vassallo de V. Mag^d ni en tierras de su dominio.'—Descifrada de Don Bernardino, Oct. 23: *MSS. Simancas.*

For once the Spanish ambassador found powerful support in many loyal members of the Queen's council. In the opinion of Burghley, Clinton, Sussex, and several others, who had no interest in the plunder, to force on a quarrel upon such a ground was to play into the hands of the Jesuits. If Philip ceased to interfere with Ireland they strongly advised restitution, insisting meanwhile that the treasure should be brought to the Tower, and an exact account be taken of it. Elizabeth's genius did not fail her. When remonstrance came from such a quarter as this it was evidently possible that she might have to yield. She could not refuse to allow the booty to be registered. The examination must be made in form before some public officer or officers, and she would be bound afterwards by her own return, and could not pretend that the amount was overstated. Yet she meant for all this to indemnify herself for her own outlay, to keep something handsome besides for her favourites, and to reserve ten thousand pounds for Drake himself and his company. As yet everything remained as it had been brought home in the hold of the Pelican. She sent Drake back to Plymouth to superintend the landing of it. The registration was intrusted to Edmund Tremayne, who was a magistrate living in the neighbourhood, on whose discretion she knew that she could rely; and she directed him in taking charge of the cargo not to be too inquisitive, and to give Drake an opportunity of removing an unknown portion of the treasure before an inventory was made.

A letter from Tremayne to Walsingham explains

the instructions which he must have received, and the steps which he took in consequence.

November. 'To give you some understanding,' he said, 'how I in particular proceeded with Mr Drake, I have at no time entered into the account, to know more of the very value of the treasure than he made me acquainted with. And to say truth I persuaded him to impart to me no more than need, for so I saw him commanded in her Majesty's behalf, that he should reveal the certainty to no man living. I have only taken notice of so much as he has revealed, and the same I have seen to be weighed, registered, and packed, to be carried according as the counterpass thereof be or shall come to your hands. And to observe her Majesty's command for the secret delivery on leaving of the ten thousand pounds to remain in his hands, we agreed that he should take it to himself out of the portion that was landed secretly, and to remove the same out of the place before my son Henry and I should come to the weighing and registering of that which was left; and so it was done, and no creature living by me made privy to it but himself, and myself no privier to it than as you may perceive by this.'[1]

[1] Tremayne to Walsingham, November, 1580: *MSS. Domestic.* Tremayne adds one or two more interesting particulars about Drake.

'And as,' he continues, 'by offering to do more than this I might show myself a busy officer to go beyond my commission to lead me, so in the matter general I see nothing to charge Mr Drake further than he is inclined to charge himself; and withal I must say, as I find by apparent demonstration, he is so inclined to advance the value to be delivered to her Majesty and seeking in general to recompense all men that have been in this case dealers with him, as I dare take an oath with him he will

The secret and unconjecturable deductions being thus accomplished, a return was given to the ambassador of twenty tons of silver bullion, five blocks of gold, each eighteen inches long,[1] and a quantity of pearls and other precious stones. The chests were first stored in Saltash Castle, from whence they were removed to London, and were formally deposited in the Tower.[2]

The seizure of the Spanish treasure in Plymouth and Southampton Water twelve years before, an act in many respects similar to that which had been accomplished by Drake, had been sanctioned and perhaps advised by Burghley for reasons of State. It was going to Alva to pay his army at a moment when if that army had been able to move it might have crushed the Prince of Orange for ever; the English Catholics, instigated by Don Guerau de Espes, were at the same time on the eve of insurrection, and Elizabeth was unable to resolve to condemn Mary Stuart. The money itself was formally the property of Genoese bankers, to whom the Crown of England was ready to answer. Even then perhaps, ending as that matter had ended in lies and equivoca-

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rather diminish his own portion than leave any of them unsatisfied. And for his mariners and followers, I have been an eyewitness, and have heard with mine ears upon the shutting up of these matters such certain show of goodwill as I cannot yet see that many of them will leave his company wheresoever. His whole course of his voyage hath showed him to be of great valour, but my hap has been to see some particularities, and namely in this discharge of his company, as doth assure me that he is a man of great government, and that by the rules of God and his Book. So as proceeding upon such a foundation, his doings cannot but prosper.'

[1] Depth and breadth not mentioned.

[2] Descifrada de Don Bernardino, Octubre 30: *MSS. Simancas.*

tion, Cecil would have hardly counselled a repetition of the experiment; while Drake had been plundering private individuals, compromising, as Cecil thought, the honour of the country, and dishonouring the cause of which he wished to see his mistress the open and acknowledged champion.

Far different was the opinion of Sir Francis Walsingham. Walsingham, like Burghley, would have preferred open courses could Elizabeth have been brought to consent to them, but he knew that it could not be. She had baffled his policy, disappointed his hopes, and with her broken engagements had made herself 'hateful to the world.' In Scotland, in France, in the Low Countries, she had allowed him to pledge her good faith, to tempt the friends of the good cause to risk their lives and fortunes in reliance on her word; and one by one she had left them to be defeated in the field, to die on the scaffold, or to hold on in despairing self-defence, with no genuine intention of interposing between them and destruction. Walsingham was persuaded that her own turn would come at last, and he thought it better for her that the issue should be tried out while she had friends still strong in the field. If he could force her into a bolder position he was not scrupulous about the means, and as he could not influence her by persuasion he was content to play upon her weakness. She shrunk from war, because war was costly, but he taught her to see by Drake's exploit that war might give her the wealth of the Indies.

Drake therefore, when he returned to London a se-

cond time, was received with undiminished favour. He was continually closeted with 1581. the Queen, or was seen walking with her in her garden or in public. She gave him a second present of ten thousand pounds. The Pelican was brought round to the Thames, and drawn up on shore at Deptford to be preserved as a remembrance of the voyage. A banquet was held on board, at which Elizabeth was present, and the occasion was used to give Drake the honour of knighthood. Philip sent orders to Mendoza to make a positive demand for restitution. Twice he requested an audience, and twice he was refused. He made no third application, and waited for his letters of recall. Elizabeth between her opposing counsellors drew her own profit from their differences. Burghley and Sussex recommended that the treasure should remain untouched in the Tower; Walsingham, that it should be given to the Prince of Orange and the Huguenots; while Leicester and the other adventurers thought that in justice it ought to be divided among themselves, and made proposals to Mendoza to share the spoil with him if he would consent to some private arrangement. Mendoza haughtily answered that neither that nor any such overture would tempt him a hair's breadth from his duty to his Prince; he would himself give twice the sum they offered him to chastise such a bandit as Drake.[1] With opinions thus divided January.

[1] 'Se resolviéron en este medio de tentarme por algunas vias, diciendome que si yo templaba parte del rigor que mostraba en el viage del Drake, podria tener de la mia ó á quien quisiese darse la mas de 50,000

the Queen concluded on keeping the bulk of the prize to herself. She gave the adventurers a hundred per cent. on their shares. The rest she reserved.

The crew of the Pelican, besides Elizabeth's bounty to them, were allowed perquisites out of the secondary spoil, and London was astonished at the splendour in which these heroes of the hour lounged at St Paul's and Westminster. Drake, feeling keenly the censures which were flung on him by men whose good opinion he valued, attempted to propitiate opposition by lavish presents. To the Queen he gave a diamond cross, with a crown set with enormous emeralds. To Lord Chancellor Bromley he gave eight hundred dollars' worth of wrought plate, and almost as much to other members of the council. To Burghley he offered ten bars of curiously chased gold, and to Sussex vases and fountains of gold and silver intertwined. The Queen wore her crown on New Year's day. Sir Thomas Bromley and most of the rest were contented to decorate their sideboards at the expense of the Catholic King. But Burghley and Sussex put aside the splendid temptation. Burghley said he could not see how in conscience he could receive presents from a man who had nothing but what he had made by piracy, and Drake had to content himself with wealth, fame, and the favour of his sove-

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ducados de provecho. Esperaba en Dios que él me daria gracia para que esta ni otra ninguna offerta me hiciese faltar un cabello en cosa del servicio de V. Mag^{d}, respondiendoles que cuando yo tuviera mucho mas que los 50,000 ducados les diera por hacer castigar tan gran maldad y ladron como Drake.'—Don Bernardino al Rey, 9 de Enero, 1581: *MSS. Simancas.*

reign, and the approbation of at least one good man in Walsingham.[1]

With a cause of probable quarrel with Spain, which Philip's real desire to keep clear of interference in Ireland rendered none the less serious, Elizabeth had good reason to avoid adding France to the number of her enemies. Her diplomacy had been baffled by the completeness of the French acceptance of every condition on which she had insisted. Mauvissière told her that if she again threw Alençon over, the Duke, for his own character's sake, would have to publish the letters which she had written to him.[2]

'What shall I do?' she said one day to the Archbishop of York. 'I am between Scylla and Charybdis. Alençon grants all that I ask. If I do not marry him

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[1] 'Ha dado á Milord Burghley diez barras de oro labradas que valia cada uno 300 Δ^os^; pero él no las quisó tomar, diciendo que no sabia con que consciencia podia acceptar cosa que se le diese Drake, habiendo sido robado todo quanto traya; y al Conde de Sussex 800 Δ^os^ de jarros y fuentes labrados, que no quisó, respondiendo lo mismo que el Thesorero.'—Don Bernardino al Rey, 9 Enero: *MSS. Simancas.* Camden says that 'Drake being now returned, nothing troubled him more than that some principal men at the Court rejected the gold which he offered them as being gotten by piracy.' It is noticeable that Walsingham's name does not appear among the recipients of Drake's bounty; Walsingham being absolutely without reproach in such matters, receiving nothing from Crown or subject, and lavishing his own fortune on the business of the State.

[2] 'Concluyendo el Embajador con decille que quando no se casase no podria dexar Alençon de publicar las cartas que ella le habia escripto sobre este negocio, que servirán de disculparle de haber venido en este reyno, y que la gente entendiese que no habia sido ligereza suya.'—Don B. de Mendoza al Rey, 28 Hebrero, 1580. The reader must remember that Sir James Crofts, the Controller of the Household, was in Philip's pay, and that Mendoza's information came therefore from a credible authority.

he will be my enemy, and if I do, I am no longer mistress in my own realm.'

The Archbishop said that her subjects only wished her to consult her own pleasure.

'And what say you, my lord?' she said to Cecil, 'you have not been at council these three days.'

'If you mean to marry, Madam,' said Burghley, 'do it; no ill can happen to the realm. If you do not mean it, undeceive Alençon at once.'

'Other of my advisers do not agree with you, my lord,' she answered; 'they would have me entertain him with half promises.'

'Madam,' Cecil replied, 'I have heard men say that those who would make fools of princes are the fools themselves.'[1]

The trifling policy prevailed however, and the death of the King of Portugal and the immediate steps taken by Philip to make himself master of the country rendered the English alliance of more importance than ever to France, and enabled Elizabeth to have it on her own terms. It was not Portugal, not the sovereignty of the entire Peninsula only, which would fall to Philip, but the Portuguese East Indies, the Azores, and an enormous trade; and all the world had cause to fear the addition of such vast resources to the already overpowering strength of the Spanish monarchy. The ease with which the annexation was effected increased the alarm. Don Antonio, Prior of Crato, attempted an opposing claim.

[1] 'A que le replicó Cecil que siempre el habia oydo decir que quien burlaba á los Príncipes se burlaba á si mismo.'—Ibid.

The Duke of Alva marched on Oporto, and in a single battle annihilated all resistance. Don Antonio fled, with a price upon his head, carrying nothing with him but the Braganza jewels; and Philip, by the summer of 1580, found himself with his immense preparations unexhausted, the resources of Portugal added to his own, and his fleet and army free to move in any and all directions.

It was impossible either for France or England to look with calmness on so large an increase to their rival's power. It was no time to stand on nice punctilios, and the Alençon negotiation was renewed with no certain idea how it was to end. Letters and presents were interchanged. The Duke was told that if he continued faithful he should have his reward at last, and he on his side fed himself with the hope that if not King of England he might, with Elizabeth's help, become King of the Netherlands, or even wrest from the House of Hapsburg the Imperial crown itself.[1]

So passed the spring, amidst interchanges of diplomatic coquetries; Alençon looking wistfully at the Low Countries, and the French and English Governments each trying to persuade the other to take an open part in the war. Mauvissière advised the Queen to send Leicester with an army against Parma; Elizabeth hinted to Alençon that she objected no longer to the entry of

[1] 'Que el blanco al que mira Alençon es ser elegido por Rey de Romanos, y por este desea el casamiento y procura tener á sud devocion á los Protestantes de Alemania con ayudar á los rebeldes de Flandes.'—Don B. de Mendoza al Rey, 27 Hebrero, 1581: *MSS. Simancas.* Opposite to this passage Philip wrote 'Ojo.'

the French into Flanders; while the marriage treaty grew and dissolved and was put together and ravelled out again, like the web of Penelope.[1] Indecision however could not last for ever. The Catholics and the patriotic party were so nearly balanced in France, that slight causes were continually turning the scale. The annexation of Portugal had discredited the Duke of Guise; religious disturbances threatened to restore him to ascendancy; and so critical was the condition of things at the Court that a revulsion of policy was always on the cards with a Spanish marriage for Alençon.

July. The Queen-mother, who hated Philip with Italian malignity, was more than willing to hold on to Elizabeth. She was ready, and the King with her, to make a league with England in favour of Don Antonio, to invade Flanders, to declare war against Spain, to do anything and everything that Elizabeth might wish, could they but have a guarantee that Elizabeth would stand by them; but they knew their good sister of England too well to run the risk of committing themselves alone; they feared, and with good reason, that when France was entangled in war, Elizabeth would snatch the opportunity to arrange her difficulties with Spain.

How much in her conduct was deliberately insincere, how much arose from legitimate uncertainty, the surviving historical materials make it difficult to decide. The inquirer is beset on all sides with contradictions, with demonstrations of one kind made in public, and

[1] 'Quieren que sea la tela de Penelope.' — Mendoza al Rey, 21 Maio, 1580: *MSS. Simancas.*

explanations and retractations in private. Elizabeth's pleasure was to swim in the backwater of the main stream, and to shift her front in the continual eddies.

A paper, dated the 10th of July, in the handwriting of Lord Burghley, places us for a moment on firm ground. July 10.

Elizabeth had led Alençon to believe that she would not object to his interference in Flanders. The Prince of Orange, finding that she had entirely deserted him, finding that she would not even redeem the bonds which had been issued on her credit,[1] had invited Alençon to become sovereign of the Low Countries. It was understood that the offer would be accepted, that the King would support his brother, and that those countries would be annexed to the Crown of France. The day when France became possessed of Holland and Zealand, Lord Burghley considered, would be the last of English independence. Yet how was the difficulty to be met? The Queen would not say whether she would marry Alençon or not. The Prince of Orange could not be forbidden to seek help from France, and France would not give it except on one or other of those conditions.

Even now, Lord Burghley said, it was not too late for the Queen to take up the cause of the Prince of Orange. The Prince still infinitely preferred her protection to

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[1] 'Her Majesty has not made payment to the Italian merchants, Pallavicino and Spinola, for money which they lent to the States at her Majesty's request and on her bonds.' —Note in Burghley's hand, July 10: *MSS. Holland.*

that of France; 'and it was likely that the realm of England in Parliament would consent to the charge rather than for want of aiding those countries with men and money see them fall to the Crown of France.' If she could bring herself to consent it would be her duty at once to communicate with Philip, and to tell him that her interference was intended only to preserve the Provinces for Spain. 'She would offend Monsieur, whom she might now have for a husband to her great advantage,' but 'she would be considering less her private gain than the public interest.' In return Philip must be pressed to concede 'liberty of conscience, on which point the whole difficulty stood,' and without which no peace was possible.[1]

It was an open and honourable course, and Burghley's recommendation so far prevailed that Mendoza was sent for. The Queen said in the presence of the council that she had learnt that his master had entered into a confederation to dispossess her of her crown. A party from Spain had already landed in Ireland, and a second expedition was in preparation at Ferrol. Her own support of the insurgents in Flanders was neither a precedent nor an excuse. She had refused the offer of the States to attach themselves to England, and had interfered only to prevent their occupation by France. She had no wish to quarrel, and if attacked would know how to defend herself. But the state of Flanders admitted of no delay. She knew for certain that the

[1] Questions to be considered, July 10, 1580. In Burghley's hand: *MSS. Holland*

French meant to possess themselves of those countries, and unless Philip would conciliate them by making concessions, which he had hitherto refused, 'she would be forced, contrary to her liking, to set in foot and make herself a party.'[1]

The emphasis with which she spoke provoked a doubt of her sincerity. When Elizabeth meant what she was saying her voice was always low, thin, clear, and unimpassioned. She had already sent privately to France, to tell the King that if he would go to war with Spain she would furnish him underhand with the means.[2] Alone afterwards with Mendoza she told him that she had spoken so strongly only to please the council, that at bottom she desired nothing so much as to preserve her friendship with the House of Burgundy, or draw closer to it by a renewal of the league;[3] while again a few weeks after, on the news of the landing at Smerwick, she directed Cobham, her ambassador at Paris, to propose a joint expedition of French and English into Portugal, to establish Don Antonio.[4]

As to sending a force to the Netherlands she never

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[1] Heads of speeches delivered to the ambassador of Spain, July 10: *MSS. Spain.* A Spanish translation is at Simancas.

[2] Instructions to Mr Middlemore, June, 1580; Sir H. Cobham to Burghley, August 1: *MSS. France.* Mendoza to Philip, July 4: *MSS. Simancas.*

[3] 'Despues se apartó sola conmigo, y me dixó que ella habia hecho este officio para cumplir con sus consejeros; y que no dixesen que faltaba en lo que tanto le iba: que no deseaba sino conservar la antigua amistad que habia tenido siempre con la casa de Borgoña, y si necesario fuese estrecharla, ratificando las ligas de nuevo.'—Mendoza al Rey, 16 Julio.

[4] Walsingham to Sir H. Cobham, September 18, 1580: MURDIN.

seriously thought of it. Instead of men and money she sent only reiterated demands for the payment of her old debts, with a schedule of the interest which had accumulated since they first became due.[1] The States in consequence persisted in their application to Henry and Catherine. On the 29th of September St Aldegonde presented Alençon with an offer of the crown of the Low Countries, and Alençon paused over his answer till he could see whether the fear of his acceptance would overcome Elizabeth's objection to matrimony.

When on the back of the already existing uncertainties Drake returned with his prize, war with Spain seemed all but inevitable. The Queen was in sore trouble, for marriage appeared now the only alternative left. The brown, blotched face of the Frog Prince had not become more agreeable to her in his absence; it was pleasanter far to listen to the innocent homage of the faithful Hatton.[2]

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[1] Holland Correspondence, August, 1580—April, 1581: *MS.*

[2] Hatton's letters to Elizabeth are like the caresses of an affectionate spaniel. One of these came to soothe her in the middle of her perplexity. It is addressed to the Queen's Most Excellent Majesty, and prefaced with four triangles of unknown cabalistic meaning.

'I most humbly,' it runs, 'with all dutiful reverence, beseech your sacred Majesty to pardon my presumption in writing to your Highness. Your kingly benefits, together with your most rare regard of your simple and poor slave, hath put this passion into me to imagine that for so exceeding and infinite parts of unspeakable goodness I can use no other means of thankfulness than by bowing the knees of my own heart with all humility to look upon your singular grace with love and faith perdurable. I should sin, most gracious Sovereign, against the Holy Ghost most damnably if towards your Highness I should be found unthankful. Afford me the favour therefore, most dear Lady, that your clear and most fair eyes may order and register these my duties which I beseech our God

Time pressed however; Mendoza's menaces continued; and on the 20th of October she told Mauvissière that if Alençon still wished it, and the King approved, she was ready to let the marriage take effect without further delay.[1] Perhaps she was never so near to serious consent as at this moment. Between the Low Countries, the relapse of Scotland, the Irish rebellion, the English Jesuits, and the fear of Spain, her difficulties were so many and so complicated that it seemed as if no other escape lay open to her. She bade Cobham, as if she were struggling with her destiny, try once more to persuade the French to accept instead a

October.

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to requite you for.

'The poor wretch, my sick servant, receiveth again his life, being as in the physician's opinion more than half dead, through your most princely love of his poor master, and holy charitable care (without respect of your own danger) of the poor wretch. We have right Christian devotion to pray for your Highness, which God for his mercy's sake kindle in us for ever, to the end of our lives.

'I should not dissemble, my dear Sovereign, if I wrote how unpleasant and froward a countenance is grown in me through my absence from your most amiable and royal presence; but I dare not presume to trouble your Highness with my not estimable griefs, but in my country I dare avow this fashion will full evil become me. I hope your Highness will pardon my unsatisfied humour that knoweth not how to end such complaints as are in my thoughts ever new to begin, but duty shall do me leave to cumber your heavenlike eyes with my vain brabblings. And as most nobly your Highness preserveth and royally conserveth your poor creature and vassal, so shall he live and die in pure unspotted faith towards you for ever. God bless your Highness with long life, and prosper you to the end in all your kingly affairs. At Bedford, this Wednesday morning. Would God I were worthy to write,

'Your bounden slave,

'CH. HATTON.

—*MSS. Domestic.*

[1] 'Laquelle m'a asseurée vouloir et s'accorder au marriage sans aulcun longueur ny remise, si voz Majestés et Monseigneur vostre frère n'en faictes de vostre part.'—Castelnau de Mauvissière au Roy. October 20, 1580: TEULET, vol. iii.

political alliance, but they told him it must be the marriage or nothing. 'We will not break with Spain alone,' said the Marshal de Cosse significantly to Cobham; 'there would be many that would be contented to see two others in a quarrel whereby they being the third might live more safely.'[1] Nor would Alençon consent to suspend any longer his reply to the offer of the States.

1581. January. In the convention of Bordeaux, on the 23rd of January, he accepted the sovereignty of the Netherlands. Elizabeth recognized the necessity, and seemingly submitted to it. She appeared willing to take part in what she could not prevent. She had already promised Mauvissière that she would supply Alençon with means to equip his army;[2] and as the marriage treaty which had been drawn with Simier a year and a half before required revision, she professed herself willing to receive a second set of commissioners whenever it might please the King of France to send them. She wrote to Henry with some dignity, excusing her past irresolution as a weakness for which he

[1] Cobham to Walsingham, January 6, 1581: *MSS. France.*

[2] 'Ha dado la Reyna esperanças al Embajador de Francia que como vengan los ciudadanos dará 200 mil ducados á Alençon de los que ha traydo Draques para hacer en compañia del de Berne y Conde, la jornada de Flandes, y juntamente que hará que Casimiro entre al mismo tiempo con ejercito por la parte de Gueldres, asegurando aquel Estado y divirtiendo las fuerças de V. Mag^d; y aunque para semejante empresa no les faltan difficultades, la Reyna alimenta á Alençon con estas esperanças, de las cuales se imagina, y assimismo los Françeses, que les han de ser aseguradamente de gran fruto, lo cual creen con facilidad por lor mucho que lo desean.'—Don. B. de Mendoza al Rey, 9 Enero, 1581: *MSS. Simancas.*

ought to pardon her, since she had herself been the chief sufferer by it; and she said she would pray to God so to crown the long negotiation as neither the King should have cause to regret her decision, nor his brother the choice which he had made. She confessed that she still looked on marriage as too much happiness for an old woman like herself, for whom paternosters were more fitting than a bridal. If the Duke was dissatisfied with her, the King, who had so long pressed the marriage, would alone be to blame.[1]

This letter really looked like business. But, as M. Simier had said long before, nothing but the candle being out and the happy pair established together behind the bed-curtains, would be really conclusive. The royal family of France had already been made sufficiently ridiculous, and before the appointment of another commission Alençon's secretary, M. Marchmont, was ordered over to ascertain if the Queen was serious at last. His task was not likely to be an easy one. 'Our disposition here,' wrote Walsingham to Sir Robert Bowes, 'is to prosecute nothing either throughly or seasonably;' and on the same day to Sir John Wallop, 'We shall continue our lingering and irresolute manner of

[1] 'Pour donner fin à ceste cy longue demeure, je impetreray de Dieu ceste seule grace, qu'il pourra couronner toute l'œuvre, de sorte que Vous mesmes n'ayez jamais pensée de regretter ceste sentence, ny Monsieur tienne oncques cause de repentir son election de ma part. Je suys en ferme foy que ma felicité sera que trop bonne pour une vieille à qui les Paternosters suffiront au lieu des nopces; et non obstant je seray tousjours preste à recevoir les commissaires quand il vous plaira à les m'envoyer.'—Elizabeth to the King of France, January, 1581: *MSS. France.*

proceeding, and blame others though the fault be in ourselves.'[1]

February. Marchmont came. She received him with the most ardent demonstrations of friendship. There was nothing, she said, which she now so keenly desired as the arrival of the commissioners; every hour which they tarried was a thousand years. Courtesy would not permit Marchmont to doubt her sincerity. He hurried back with the happy news to Paris, and she charged him with a letter to her lover and the significant present of a ring. Sussex, Crofts, even Burghley believed now that her mind was made up, and that the marriage was to be after all.[2] Only Walsingham remained contemptuously incredulous—Walsingham and the Spanish ambassador.

March. France, eager to be convinced, at once appointed an embassy to England, and an embassy splendidly composed. France evidently was now prepared, with England at its back, to strike effectively for the overthrow in Europe of the Spanish supremacy; and once committed to the war, a liberal internal policy would have followed by inevitable necessity, and the influence of the Guises and the Jesuits would have been at an end. The first commissioner was a Prince of the blood royal, Francis, son of the Duke of Montpensier. He was accompanied by the Marshal de Cosse, La Mothe Fénelon, Chastcauneuf, Brisson President of the Parlia-

[1] Walsingham to Bowes and to Wallop, March 17, 1581: MURDIN.

[2] Mendoza to Philip, February 27: *MSS. Simancas.*

ment of Paris, Pinart Chief Secretary of State, and many others of the noblest French houses. Two points, at least, were made clear by so marked a selection: the first, that the Court of Paris at once desired the marriage, and was satisfied that it was about to take effect; the second, that if Elizabeth had been in earnest, a cordial alliance was possible between two of the leading powers in Europe which, before the ardour of the Reformation had cooled down, would have broken the remaining power of the Roman Church, and shut up Spain in her own peninsula.

No fears of this kind disturbed the repose of Bernardino de Mendoza. He knew Elizabeth too well to believe for one moment that she meant to place Alençon beside her on her throne. He did not credit either her or her brother of France with sufficient sagacity to inaugurate a powerful policy. He had watched her alienating the Hollanders, trifling away her hard-won advantages in Scotland, and leaving her truest friends to be murdered, while she was toying with a phantom at which in private she jested among her women. With a chuckle of satisfaction, he described to Philip the splendid ceremonies with which she was preparing to receive the embassy.

'What will come of it,' he wrote, 'I cannot pretend to tell your Majesty, but the Queen is chiefly occupied in providing the pageantry. There are serious questions at stake, such as Alençon's relations with the Low Countries. But she is thinking less of these than of tournaments and dancing-rooms, pretty

April.

women to make a show at Court, and things of that kind. The Peers have been required to bring their families to London. A magnificent gallery is being erected in the palace at Westminster. Fourteen carriages have been built for the ladies, and ten thousand pounds' worth of Drake's plunder have been laid out. . . . . She has desired the merchants to sell their silks and velvets and cloth of gold at a quarter less by the yard than the usual price, that the Court may appear to better advantage.[1] Obviously she means nothing but vanity and idle trifling.'

Elizabeth was as innocent as Mendoza believed her to be of greatness of purpose, but he gave her insufficient credit for cunning and small sagacity.

The ambassadors came; they were received by Lord Cobham at Dover, on the 17th of April, and conducted to Gravesend, where the Earls of Hertford and Northumberland and thirty other lords and gentlemen, were waiting with the royal barges. They were carried up the river amidst acclamations from shore and ship, and two hundred guns were fired from the Tower as they passed under London Bridge. Somerset House had been fitted up in splendour for their reception. Dinners, balls, bear-baits, bull-fights, and music parties were lavished upon them day after day, as Mendoza had foretold. When they spoke of business they were put off

[1] 'Ha mandado que todos los mercaderes vendan al cuarto menos cada vara de lo que solian, assi de tela de oro como terciopelo y otras sedas, diciendoles que quiere que le hagan este servicio para que con mas commodidad se puedan adereçar y vestir las damas y gentiles hombres del Reyno.'—Don B. de Mendoza al Rey, 6 y 16 Avril: *MSS. Simancas.*

with flattering excuses. 'No one,' the Queen said, 'was more grieved at the delay than she was; an hour lost to her was of more consequence than a year to Monsieur; but she had written to him on a private matter, and could not enter on the treaty without his answer.' They forced her at last into a serious conversation. She mentioned objections. They admitted them, but they said that so intelligent a person must have weighed them before, and it was to be assumed that she had made up her mind. They were not sent, they said, to discuss the general question, but to conclude the arrangements for the ceremony. She fell back on Monsieur and her correspondence. After all, she said, the object of the marriage was political. Why would not a league answer the purpose equally well? Why could not the defensive treaty which already existed be made comprehensive for a common course of action in Europe?

It was the old language over again. When France was willing to make a league, she preferred the marriage. When the marriage came close to her, she fell back on the league. The French were not to be caught. The marriage, said Pinart, is the surest league; the political alliance shall be made the first article of the treaty. They held her close to the point. She answered that she could determine nothing till she had heard from Monsieur, and when one letter came it was not sufficient, and she wanted another.[1]

[1] Dispatches of the French ambassadors sent to England in April, 1581: Printed in the Egerton Papers.

May. The council gave them as little satisfaction as the Queen. Walsingham said that when Parliament was sitting in the winter, the temper of the House of Commons had been felt about the marriage. There was still found to be a fear that it might further the designs of the Jesuits, and a fear also that Monsieur having embarked in the cause of the Low Countries without open support from his brother, the realm might be brought into a war of which it would have to bear the exclusive cost.[1] The English Government expected that the Commissioners would have brought power to treat for a league, and they required a distinct explanation about it before they could proceed with the marriage treaty. Would the King pledge himself to help his brother in the Low Countries or not?[2]

The question had been already answered by Pinart, but it was referred to Paris, and a reply instantly came, that if the marriage proceeded, 'the King would not only assist in the enterprise of the Low Countries, but would also make a league with England, offensive and defensive, on any reasonable conditions the Queen would propound.'[3] This objection being disposed of, the Queen consented to name a commission on her part, and to allow a marriage treaty to be drawn; insisting however still that the execution of it was to remain contingent on a private understanding between Monsieur and her-

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[1] Speech to be delivered to the Commissioners, April 30. Walsingham's hand: *MSS. France.*

[2] Causes of delay, May 16. Burghley's hand: *MSS.* Ibid.

[3] Instructions to Mr Somers, June 20: *MSS. France.*

self. The ambassadors might have refused to proceed on a reservation, the effects of which had been experienced already; but they too perhaps on their side desired to entangle Elizabeth. No one now, not Burghley, not Walsingham, not even Hatton and Leicester, knew exactly what she meant—possibly she did not know herself. Grave councillors submitted to be the playthings of her uncertainty, and once more the conditions on which she was to be the wife of the Duke of Alençon were elaborately argued and agreed upon, down to the form of the ceremony. The articles were formally subscribed; the treaty was to become binding when Elizabeth and Monsieur respectively pronounced themselves satisfied, and the ambassadors took their leave.

She was playing evidently for time. She believed that she could wait longer than France, and that, league or no league, France would be compelled to commit itself. Alençon had accepted the charge of the Low Countries. The Duke of Parma was besieging Cambray on the frontier of Picardy, and this place from its situation it was Alençon's especial duty to relieve. The French Court had kept him inactive while they were waiting for the result of the English negotiation. Elizabeth, who knew the weak stuff of which her lover was composed, had in the private correspondence that she spoke of, continued to play upon him. She sent him money and promised him more. She persuaded him to act independently of his brother; and she made him believe that if his brother

June.

resented it he might still rely upon her support.[1] France swarmed with disbanded soldiers, and an army for short service was easily brought together. Alençon collected a few thousand men with Elizabeth's help, and moved on Cambray. Parma, unwilling to fight an action which might force France into the field, raised the siege; and Alençon, having strengthened the garrison, thrown in supplies, saved his credit with the Low Countries, and at all events, compromised himself, fell back into his expecting attitude, waiting for Elizabeth to reward him.

She, on her part, had no sooner seen the ambassadors turn their backs, than she commissioned a political agent, a Mr Somers, to go to Paris to undo their work, and by exacting more and more concessions make the marriage impossible. The King had said that he would make a league with her on reasonable conditions. She wished to know what those reasonable conditions were. Would France follow up the war in the Low Countries effectually without putting her to expense? Otherwise 'she could not without offence to her realm consent to the marriage.' The King would probably say that he could not go to war unless he was assured that she would join

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1 'Assimismo para cualquiera de los designos que él tenga de la invasion de los Payses Bajos ó alterarse contra su hermano, no se puede hacer sin dinero; y que la Reyna lo daria con mayor facilidad, pidiendose lo el por su persona, á titulo de que hacia la empresa por complacerla, principalmente que el Marchmont le habia advertido que cuando el Rey de Francia respondió que de ninguna manera queria declarar guerra á V. Magd, le dixó la Reyna que si él lo hiciera, ella le ayudaria con 500 mil libras esterlinas; que aunque son palabras que dice con artificio, moverian á Alençon para esperar sacar fruto dellas.'—Don B. de Mendoza al Rey, 6 Junio: *MSS. Simancas.*

with him; that without the marriage there could be no assurance; and that, as his brother must marry somewhere, he might look to Spain if she refused him. Or again, he might say that the treaty had gone so far that it could not be broken off without discredit, and that if the marriage was dropped the enterprise in the Low Countries must be abandoned. Somers was directed to combat these arguments. Mutual interest, he could argue, was as good a foundation as marriage, and great causes were subject to great impediments. The Queen would not hear of the abandonment of the Low Countries. It would be so dangerous every way, that sooner than Monsieur should desert them, she would help him *underhand*, and if the King was forced into a war with Spain, she would contribute also *underhand* 'in reasonable sort.'[1]

Somers, before speaking to the King, communicated his errand to the friends of England in the French Council of State. '*They were appalled at it*, looking for a far other answer.'[2] 'The matter of the Low Countries,' they said, 'was yet a body without a soul, and would turn to dust unless some one breathed into it.' 'Nothing would be hearkened to from her Majesty till they might know her Yea or No. If Yea, she should have what she desired, to break with Spain, or otherwise as should please her.' A league, if she wished, might be made at once offensive and defensive, with a proviso 'that the marriage not happening it July.

[1] Instructions to Mr Somers, June 20: *MSS. France.*

[2] Somers to Burghley, July 3. The words in italics were underlined by Burghley himself. *MSS. France.*

should be void.' If No, the present alliance might continue, but it would be nerveless and barren. Alençon being heir to the crown must immediately marry elsewhere, and 'the King would have to respect those with whom his brother should match.'[1]

The private opinion was confirmed officially a few days later. 'Mr Somers,' Henry said, 'had brought a message that unless the war in the Low Countries might be prosecuted without cost to her Majesty, she could not without offence to her realm assent to the marriage. That was as much as to say, that the King being involved in war, her Majesty could be content to be a looker-on.' It was absurd, out of the question, and not to be thought of. Somers, tied to his orders, hinted at help *underhand*. The King said 'he would do nothing *underhand*. Hitherto he said he had prohibited his brother's proceedings altogether. Since the marriage was agreed upon he had altered his mind, and as soon as it was completed, or when Monsieur had gone to England for the purpose, he would put his army in the field.' But England must stand at his side; 'her Majesty must declare herself openly along with him.'

Her Highness,' Somers said, 'could not marry a husband and a war together after so long and happy peace.' There need be no declaration on either side; 'the King might let his brother alone, and himself not seem to meddle, but by aid underhand, as her Majesty might also do.'

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[1] Somers to Burghley, July 3: *MSS. France.*

The French council repeated that this was not possible. If France was to take a part it should be an open and avowed part. 'The marriage was the base of the rest.' The Queen had promised, the Duke had promised, the contract was drawn and signed. If after all that had been done and said in England the treaty was now turned to air, France would be profoundly astonished, and as profoundly hurt. Time pressed: they required a distinct answer in ten days.[1]

Sickened with the insincerity, and frightened at the danger, of the course which Elizabeth was pursuing, her ministers were looking eagerly for anything which would force her into an honourable position. Marriage or no marriage, if she would go to war with Spain, she would now have France for an ally. Her sharp practice, if she persisted with it, was but too likely to recoil upon herself, and to leave her without a friend to the united vengeance of Catholic Christendom. A characteristic incident of the period came to her help. The Dutch governor at Flushing had laid a trap for Parma by offering to betray the town to him for a sum of money. Notice was given to the Prince of Orange, and the Spanish force which came to take possession was to be set upon and destroyed. The governor, to do his work completely, required and obtained beforehand his promised bribe. He had given his son in return as a hostage, but with a condition that the boy should be sent to England to be kept by Don Bernardino. The plot was

[1] Somers and Cobham to Walsingham, July 12: *MSS. France.* | Somers to Walsingham, July 12: *MSS.* Ibid

discovered by Parma. The governor, uneasy for the fate of his child, sent word to the English council, and one evening when Don Bernardino was at supper with the French ambassador, a party of men in the employ of Walsingham entered Mendoza's house and carried him off.

Mendoza was furious; the law of nations had been broken, he said. An ambassador's house was a sanctuary, and the boy was a Spanish subject; he demanded the instant restitution of his prisoner, and the execution of the instruments of the outrage. Except for Philip's strict injunctions to him to avoid a rupture, he declared that he would have applied for his passports.[1]

A worse offence threatened to follow. The Azores had been less submissive to the Spanish conquest than the mother country. Terceira declared for Don Antonio, and Terceira, if there was to be war with Spain, was the best imaginable position from which to intercept the gold fleets on their way from Panama to Cadiz. Don Antonio's agents had been busy in London and Paris, and Catherine de Medici wished the island to be immediately occupied by a united expedition from England and France. Elizabeth, refusing to commit herself openly, half consented to allow Drake and Hawkins to go with the French as privateers under the flag of Don Antonio. Sir James Crofts at the beginning of June gave information to Mendoza that a squadron was in preparation, among others a very fine vessel of 500 tons, which the ambassador innocently said that the governor of Cadiz

[1] Castelnau au Roy, Juin 20: TEULET, vol. iii. Mendoza á su Mag^{d}, 24 Junio, 1581: *MSS. Simancas.*

had coveted for her beauty when she was lately in harbour there, and had fired upon and endeavoured to take.[1]

Mendoza arrived with his double complaint, presented himself at the palace, and required admission to the Queen. She sent him word that she was about to see the French ambassador, and begged that he would have the goodness to call at another time. He refused to be put off. The council, he said, wished to drive him from the realm. It was the third time that he had been sent away, and he would not bear it. She yielded. He was allowed to enter; and knowing, he said, how 'timid and pusillanimous'[2] she was when alone, he told her that he was surprised she should treat him with so little ceremony. The French could wait as well as he, and if he was to be put off for any trivial excuse, he might as well return to his master. Elizabeth mildly answered, that princes seldom demanded favours as she had done of Don Bernardino. She too was surprised that he, a

[1] Sir James Crofts was the same person who did his best to betray his mistress at the siege of Leith, 'going,' it was said, 'as near to treason as any man ever did without falling over the edge.' He was now in Philip's pay, yet Elizabeth clung to him with an odd perversity. A few years later she permitted him to lead her and the realm to the very brink of ruin, and at this moment he was secretly advising Mendoza.

'He tells me,' continues the ambassador, 'that if your Majesty wishes to prevent these ships from sailing, and to hinder the Queen from interfering further in Flanders, you cannot do better than send two thousand men to Ireland, colouring them under the name of the Pope. This will be the best of bridles to her. She will then be afraid to allow man or vessel to leave her ports. I should be wanting in my duty to your Majesty if I did not tell you what zeal Sir James displays, how instantaneously he advises me of all that passes, and how sound a Catholic he is at heart.'—Mendoza to Philip, June 6: *MSS. Simancas.*

[2] 'Quan pavorosa y pusillanima.'

Spaniard and a Mendoza, should have refused the request of a lady. But he was in no humour for soft speeches. He said that since it was her pleasure he would wait four days, and for the time consented to withdraw. But he was sick of the work on which he was employed, and as eager to break the diplomatic meshes as Walsingham could be. He told Philip, that surrounded as he was by malice and falsehood, he could do little more good by remaining at his post. He wanted skill to steer his way among such quicksands. He had tried to place himself in the hands of God, the matters with which he was occupied being chiefly such as concerned Him. But he was so great a sinner that he feared God would not use his service.[1]

The squadron was still in active preparation, when the Portuguese pretender appeared in person. He had been in Paris and had seen the Queen-mother, and Catherine and Henry had sent him on to London. Greatly disturbed at his coming, Elizabeth at first affected to be indignant that a rebel to his sovereign should dare to approach her presence. She was afraid of provoking Philip further, and Walsingham expected that he would be shuffled in haste out of the realm. He lay concealed at Stepney, the Queen refusing to see him till he had let her know that he was not come to ask for money.

But Don Antonio had brought with him the Braganza jewels which he wished to dispose of, and was ready to pay with the proceeds for the equipment

[1] Mendoza to Philip, June 15: *MSS. Simancas.*

of the ships. Elizabeth was fond of jewels. The diamonds of the House of Burgundy were already in the Tower. She had wrung them from the States as security in triple value for the sums which she had advanced. The diamonds of Portugal, the property virtually, like the others, of the King of Spain, would look well in companionship with them. And it would be well also if the cost of the privateer fleet, which otherwise she was to have furnished herself, could be thrown on the exiled Prince. On the other hand, to entertain Don Antonio publicly, to give him leave to make use of England and English seamen to fit out an armament against the Crown of Spain, was an act of which she could not evade the responsibility, and which might be taken as a declaration of war. At the end of the month he was allowed to come to London. On the 1st of July he applied for permission to buy ships, and was put off with an evasive answer.[1] In a few days, by some curious manœuvre, the jewels were in the treasury. A sum of money had been paid over by which Don Antonio had purchased what he wanted. He had gone down the Thames with the Portuguese flag flying, and had made for Plymouth to join Drake. He had sent secret word to Paris, and orders had been issued by Catherine to Bourdeaux for the French contingent to proceed at once to Terceira. She had assumed from Don Antonio's report that the joint enterprise was to go forward, and that she was to depend on Elizabeth's co-

[1] Walsingham to Cecil, July 1: *MSS. Domestic.* Walsingham to Cobham, July 2: *MSS. France.*

operation. It was the first step towards war, and had made the message brought by Somers doubly irritating. Walsingham, though imperfectly in his mistress's secrets, was convinced that, notwithstanding the preparations at Plymouth, she had no intention of countenancing Don Antonio.[1] It was with a feeling therefore approaching disgust, that he found himself suddenly selected to take Somers's place at Paris, entangle France in the war with Spain, and extricate Elizabeth both from a share in it and from her promise of marriage also. He told the Queen he would rather she sent him to the Tower. His task was an impossible one. He would fail and would be held responsible for failing.[2]

His instructions, as they were drawn up by Burghley, were 'so to deal as to acquit her Majesty of the marriage,' drag her any way out of the mess into which she had plunged, and to bring France to agree to a league against Spain, in which England should not be committed to go to war. Monsieur, being of softer materials than Secretary Pinart, was to be the first object of his arts. He was to tell Monsieur that the Queen loved him dearly, but was embarrassed by self-willed subjects. Being, as he was, at open war with Spain, the English people would not allow her to marry him; yet, as it was of great consequence that he should

[1] 'However France shall incline to assist Don Antonio, I see some cause to judge that there will be nothing done in his favour or assistance, or rather in the assisting of her Majesty's self by the abating of the pride and force of that Prince who desires nothing more than her ruin.'—Walsingham to Cecil, July 7: *MSS. Domestic.*

[2] Walsingham to Somers, July 19: *MSS. France.*

go forward with his enterprise in the Low Countries, she would help him privately with money. He would perhaps say that he would prefer to abandon the enterprise and marry instead; but this could not be heard of. He might say that secret help would be valueless, that his brother would either go to war openly or not at all, and that she must follow his example. In this case, if it was clear that the mind of France was made up and there was no remedy, Walsingham was by his first instructions empowered to consent. He was directed to speak to the King as he had spoken to Monsieur; to put off the marriage without committing her otherwise if he could, but at any rate to put it off; if secret assistance was refused, he was then 'to yield to the open sort of aiding, and declare frankly that England would stand by France in a war with Spain.'

So Elizabeth thought on the 21st of July. On the 22nd she had advanced on one side and receded on the other. The first instructions were cancelled. In the second she dwelt long and pathetically on her affection for Monsieur's person. Cruel circumstances had hitherto interfered with their union, but her love, she said, was not subject to change, and in time might still be brought to perfection. In time, but not at present. She could not ask him to sacrifice his prospects in the Low Countries; she could not marry her realm to a war; and she loved her Prince too ardently to expose him to the dislike of her subjects. For the present therefore she must postpone the accomplishment of her dearest wishes, and must beg him meanwhile to rely on the certainty of her

attachment. The sentimental portion of the message was thus mixed more strongly; the practical portion was equally weakened. She now said that under no circumstances would she agree to go to war, or 'give aid against Spain except underhand and indirectly.' In the first message she was to be extricated from the marriage at all hazards; in the second she preferred marriage to war, and if 'it appeared that she was to be left alone without aid, subject to the malice of Spain, not free from the evil neighbourhood of Scotland, and uncertain of the good-will of the French King or his brother, or both,' then she allowed Walsingham 'to renew some speech of the matter of marriage.' 'If it could be obtained that the Duke should prosecute his enterprise without open appearance that England should give him aid, so as English subjects should not think themselves burdened in consequence of the marriage,' he was to say that 'then her Majesty would not think but the marriage should content both her and her realm.' 'She could be content to promise to marry, and that without unnecessary delay, according to the treaty already made, if the French King and his brother would devise how she should not be brought into a war.'[1]

Orders so contradictory, following so close one upon the other, would in themselves have been sufficient to madden the minister that was to act upon them; but twice more, before Walsingham could depart, the pendulum of Elizabeth's resolution swung from extreme to

[1] Instructions to Sir Francis Walsingham, July 21; Second instructions, July 22: *MSS. France.*

extreme. A third set of instructions was a repetition of the first. She was to be delivered from the marriage at all hazards, even by a promise of going to war; and finally when Walsingham waited on her personally to take leave, she told him that she was not prepared to go to war, and that he was not to commit her to it.[1]

Well might Walsingham consider a lodging in the Tower preferable to going to Paris on such an errand. His own expectation was that unless something definite was done, the King and the Duke, feeling themselves trifled with, would revolt to the Catholic faction, and revenge themselves for the imbecile caprices which were making them ridiculous before the world.[2] But it was not a time when a loyal minister could afford to throw up his office. Walsingham had taken his place beside Elizabeth to do his best for her and the realm, and her own humours were among the unhappy conditions of the service. He went. He saw Monsieur first as he was directed, and Monsieur received his message precisely as he expected. 'After his long pursuit publicly known to the world,' the Duke said, 'his repulse would be greatly to his dishonour.' The war in the Low Countries was no new matter. He had con-

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[1] 'My instructions, in case the King insist on assistance, and without it will not move, give me authority to yield thereto. But her Majesty's own speech since the signing of those instructions has restrained me in that behalf. Let me therefore know her Majesty's pleasure: lest if, upon my denial of yielding to open assistance, there ensue a breach of the treaty, the blame hereafter might be laid on me.' — Walsingham to Burghley, July 28, 1581: DIGGES.

[2] Ibid.

sulted the Queen in every step which he had taken, and she had never hinted that his engaging in it would be a hindrance to the marriage. The King would not move a step till the marriage was completed, being persuaded that otherwise 'her Majesty would withdraw her neck out of the collar when once he had broken with Spain.' His connection with Flanders would be terminated to his own and her Majesty's dishonour, 'and the King of Spain, having none to oppose him, would become absolute conqueror.'

August. Turenne, to whom Walsingham spoke afterwards, used the same language, hinting however that a large sum of money paid down might perhaps make a difference.[1]

The King was the most irritated of all, having been betrayed into sanctioning the expedition to Terceira,[2] and it became certain that, if unsupported by Elizabeth, he would disentangle himself from all connection with Don Antonio.

Walsingham, at a distance from the Court, could write what it was difficult to say. He told his mistress that she had only to throw away her reservations and declare freely and frankly that she was willing to make a political alliance with France against Spain, and the marriage would not be pressed upon her. The French Court insisted upon it at present, only from a legitimate distrust which she had provoked by her changes. If, on the other hand, she was determined not to go to war,

[1] Walsingham to Burghley, August 6. *MSS. France.*

[2] Cobham to Burghley, August 9: MURDIN.

she must interfere no further. 'To give them occasion to think,' he said, 'that your Majesty dallies with them both in marriage and league, cannot but greatly exasperate them against you; and how your Majesty shall be able to bear alone the malice of Spain, France, and Scotland—for such a concurrence against you is to be looked for—I do not see. You have to consider whether you had not better join with France against Spain, than have them both with Scotland to assail you, and whether it were not better to convey the wars out of your own realm by associating with this Crown, than have this Crown with the rest of your ill-affected neighbours to assail you in your own realm. The solution is very easy. The only difficulty rests upon charges. It were hard your treasure should be preferred before safety. For the love of God, Madam, look to your own estate, and think there can grow no peril so great to you as to have a war break out in your own realm, considering what a number of evil subjects you have. Your Majesty cannot redeem the peril at too dear a price. Bear with my boldness, and interpret the same to the care I have of your Majesty's preservation.'[1]

By the same post he wrote to Burghley, to say that the King was deeply hurt, but would not take the Queen's message as final. If she would contribute a hundred thousand crowns, France was ready to make a league on her own terms, and he could but hope that

[1] Walsingham to Elizabeth, August 10: *MSS. France.*

so good a purpose would not fail for so small a sum. He had ventured to put them in hope that it would be conceded, and if it fell out otherwise he would have done ill service.

'For my own part,' he said, 'though my estate be very poor and my debts great, yet rather than the yielding of the support should not take place, I would myself sell anything I have to contribute a thousand pounds towards the same, so greatly do I see it import her Majesty's safety.'[1]

The general success of Elizabeth passes for a sufficient answer to doubts cast upon her ability. Effects must have had causes equal to them, and that she left England at her death the first of European powers is accepted as proof that she was herself the first of princes. It was not however the ability of Elizabeth, it was the temper of the English nation which raised her in her own despite to the high place which she ultimately filled. The genius and daring of her Protestant subjects, of whom Walsingham was no more than a brilliant representative, formed the splendid pedestal on which her own small figure was lifted into dignity.

When Walsingham's letter came she was alternately hysterical and furious. She cried like a child, sobbing out that she knew not what to do. She had sacrificed herself for Leicester, she said; Leicester had persuaded her to her ruin. Then she raged at Walsingham. Wal-

[1] Walsingham to Burghley, August 10, 11: *MSS. France.*

singham had done his message ill, and had betrayed her. Monsieur wanted her for her money. The King of France wanted her for her money. She would keep her money, and they should have none of it.[1] Burghley, reasoning vainly with her passion, told her 'that great matters could not be managed without charge.' 'If she had no need of help to withstand her perils, there was no occasion to send to Paris at all.' 'Walsingham had done no more than he would have done himself.' Her last injunctions to him were 'to acquit her of the marriage,' and 'if she would not marry she must spend.'[2]

She answered in her old tone that if she gave money it should and must be underhand. Burghley objected the determination of France not to accept assistance underhand. Then she shifted her ground, and said that if she was to have open war, 'she would rather marry with the war than have the war without the marriage:' but Burghley saw that she was persuading herself that the King had gone too far both in the Low Countries and in Portugal to recede. A squadron, with the French flag flying, was already at Terceira, and she herself was so far uncommitted. Don Antonio's fleet was ready to sail from Plymouth. Twelve thousand pounds, raised upon his jewels, had been spent upon it. The Queen had first promised an additional 2000*l.* and then had refused. It had been subscribed by Drake and Hawkins, and only her permission to depart was waited for. She now said that the ships should not sail at all. She

[1] Mendoza to Philip, August 12: *MSS. Simancas.*

[2] Burghley to Walsingham, August 10, 11: DIGGES.

professed to fear that she would be left alone with a war with Spain upon her hands,—her real hope being that France was implicated already, and that now she could escape altogether.

And France was so far really implicated that the King declared himself ready to accept one of the alternatives first offered by Elizabeth. If she would marry his brother he was willing to take his chance for the future, to declare war and send an army into Flanders, and bind himself to ask for nothing either in ships, men, or money from England.[1] Elizabeth, just then in anguish for her money, once more considered Monsieur preferable, and sketched a letter which she was on the point of sending to Mauvissière, intimating that if the King would confirm this promise under the Great Seal of France she would hesitate no longer, and the marriage should forthwith be completed.[2] But again the mood changed. She flattered herself that by stopping Don Antonio's ships she had diverted Philip's anger from herself upon France. Once more she said she could not marry into a war; nor could she permit Monsieur to throw up the Netherlands. She therefore promised to give him money, but privately only, and she refused to specify the sum. And meanwhile d'Au-

[1] Walsingham to Elizabeth, August 16: DIGGES.

[2] 'La quelle promesse et asseurance nous estant faicte par ledict Sr Roy en forme que dessus, et le traicté de marriage naguères conclu pareillement ratifié, vous luy pourrez donner la parole de nostre part qu'il peult tenir ledict marriage pour parfaict et conclu.'—Copy of her Majesty's letter intended to have been written to the French ambassador, August, 1581: *MSS. France.*

bigny had brought the Jesuits into Scotland, and Morton being gone the English party was broken to pieces, to every one but the Queen herself it appeared more than likely that France would be irrecoverably affronted; and that, using Scotland as a base to operate from, the united Catholic powers would invade England before another year had passed over their heads. 'A doom predestined' could alone explain to Walsingham the infatuation of his mistress. 'There September. is no one thing,' he sadly wrote to Burghley, 'that does so assuredly prognosticate that some unavoidable mischief is to grow out of Scotland against her Majesty, as that her Highness of late has no power to put anything in execution that tends to the prevention thereof. Such as do love her Majesty can but lament it, and pray to God to open her eyes to see and do what may be most for her salvation. . . I see her Majesty not disposed to redeem her peril otherwise than necessity shall lead her; who is one of the most dangerous pilots that can take helm in hand, for where necessity rules, election and consent can take no place.'[1]

'What may move her hereafter,' replied Burghley, no less mournfully, 'I know not; but I see it common to great and small not to think of adversity in time of prosperity, and so adversity comes with double peril.'[2]

Once more the faithful Walsingham, 'beknaved' as he was whenever her pleasure was crossed, attempted to

[1] Walsingham to Burghley, August 20: *MSS. France.* September 13: DIGGES

[2] Burghley to Walsingham, September: DIGGES.

rouse her to a more just perception of her situation.

'I will not deny,' he said, 'but that I have been grieved to see my desire to do your Majesty service so greatly crossed. For your marriage, if your Majesty mean it, remember that by the delay your Highness uses therein, you lose the benefit of time, which, if years be considered, is not the least to be weighed. If you mean it not, assure yourself it is one of the worst remedies you can use, however your Majesty conceives it may serve your turn. If a king of Scots, pretending a title to the crown of England, was like by matching with Spain to have wrought that peril towards your Majesty's father as the present King is towards you, he would not then have stood upon generalities, as your Majesty now doth. Sometimes when your Majesty beholds in what doubtful terms you stand with foreign princes, you wish with great affection that opportunities offered had not been slipped; but when they are offered to you, if they are accompanied with charges, they are altogether neglected. The respect of charges has lost you Scotland. I would to God I had no cause to think it might put your Highness in peril of the loss of England. The cause that moves them here at Paris not to weigh your Majesty's friendship, is that they see you fly charges otherwise than by doing something underhand. We are now specially instructed by you to yield to nothing that may be accompanied with charges. The General League must be without certain charges; the Particular League with a voluntary and no certain charge. Your Majesty's predecessors in matters of peril

did never look to charges, when their treasure was not so great as your Majesty's, nor subjects so wealthy or so willing to contribute. I pray God the abatement of the charges towards the nobleman that hath the custody of the bosom serpent, hath not lessened his care of keeping her.[1] Morton is taken away, the King alienated, a general revolt threatened in religion. Nothing being done to help this is a manifest argument that the peril is so fatal as can no way be prevented if this sparing and improvident course be held still. I conclude therefore in the heat of duty that there is no one that serves in the place of a councillor, that either weighs his own credit or carries that sound affection to your Majesty that he ought to do, that would not wish himself in the farthest part of Ethiopia rather than enjoy the fairest palace in England. The Lord God direct your Majesty's heart to take that way of counsel that may be most for your honour and safety.'[2]

The diplomacy at Paris came at last to a feeble end. Ungraciously, because without it, France would have broken from her altogether, the Queen sent Monsieur privately two hundred thousand crowns; and Henry in return renewed, with slight amplifications, the defensive league which Charles IX. had made with her at Blois. Monsieur's connection with the Low Countries was continued on his own responsibility; and war with Spain was left conditional on the marriage, or on the consent

[1] The allowance made by the Queen to the Earl of Shrewsbury had been largely reduced.

[2] Walsingham to Elizabeth, September 2: DIGGES.

of Elizabeth to share its cost. It fared the worse with Don Antonio. The King disclaimed the ships which had gone to Terceira, and left them to be dealt with as pirates by the Marquis of Santa Cruz, who had gone in search of them. Elizabeth came to a final resolution to detain the squadron at Plymouth. Don Antonio applied again for leave to sail. She said she could not offend her good brother the King of Spain. He asked for 30,000*l.*, which it appears she had promised to lend him upon his jewels. She replied that she could not furnish him with means to make war upon her ally. He requested that his jewels should be restored to him. She said he must repay first the instalment which had been advanced on their security. He flung away in desperation. He cursed the day when he came to England. He offered his unlucky ships for sale again, and demanded his passports to begone. Leicester's intercession at last prevailed so far, that four out of the ten which had been equipped were allowed to go, the jewels being left as a pledge that Don Antonio should do no injury to any sovereign with whom Elizabeth was at peace. Twelve thousand pounds were advanced to him by the London merchants, from which his debt to the Queen was deducted; and a vague hope was held out to him that the rest of his fleet might eventually follow. An order, some months later, went to Plymouth for their release. A council warrant followed to detain them. At length in the usual fashion the responsibility was cast on Don Antonio's friends. The order for the detention was outwardly sustained, while Walsingham, in

a private letter, told Edmund Tremayne to let the ships slip out; and Tremayne, with no little fear that he might be called to account, contrived their escape. They sailed half manned. Neither Drake nor Hawkins was allowed to accompany them. They came too late to strengthen Terceira, or prevent the catastrophe which presently followed there, while Don Antonio, one more victim of Elizabeth's shifting politics, remained in England to starve.[1]

The current of her own humour was setting again towards marriage. She imagined, or pretended, that she now wished definitively to purchase economical safety by the sacrifice of her person. Alençon volunteered to come again to England, and, after some hesitation, his offered visit was accepted. He came down to Calais, to correspond with her before he crossed, while Sion House was put in order for his reception.[2] The substance of the letter which the Queen had written for Mauvissière and withdrawn, was revived in a despatch to Sir Henry Cobham. She bade her ambassador tell Henry that if he would send her a formal promise that Monsieur's expenses in the Low Countries should be borne by France, and that if Spain attacked England she might count on his assistance, 'he might be assured that she meant to proceed to

November.

[1] Burghley to Walsingham, August and September, 1581: DIGGES. Mendoza to Philip, September 7 and September 17, 1581: *MSS. Simancas.* Edmund Tremayne to Walsingham, February 19, 1582: *MSS. Domestic, Rolls House.*

[2] Mendoza to Philip, October 9: *MSS. Simancas.* Opposite the name of Sion House Philip wrote, 'solia ser un muy hermoso monasterio.'

a full and absolute conclusion of the said marriage.'[1]

Mendoza was incredulous as ever; but he could not conceal from himself that France and England were for the present closely united, and that together they might declare war against Spain was at least a possibility. He desired to submit Elizabeth's disposition to some deciding test. Hearing that Don Antonio was fitting out a fleet at Plymouth with the crown jewels of what was now his own realm, Philip had directed Don Bernardino to present a remonstrance. Uncertain of the tone which it would be desirable to assume, the King of Spain wrote three letters to his sister-in-law of graduated severity, leaving his ambassador to choose between them. Don Bernardino selected the sharpest, which contained a demand for the arrest and extradition of Don Antonio's person, requested an audience, and, with some difficulty, obtained it. The Queen was at Richmond, and received him in the chamber of presence, sitting under the cloth of state in a satin chair. Usually, when Don Bernardino came to see her, she rose from her seat; on this occasion she sat still, with a cold excuse that she had rheumatism. The ambassador apologized for troubling her when she was unwell, but she said nothing, and, after allowing him to stand for some time uncovered, she asked for his master's letter.

Don Bernardino gave it. She ran her eye over the contents, and then said that Don Antonio had left England, and that if she had cared to help him, the Indian

[1] The Queen to Sir H. Cobham, November, 1581: *MSS. France.*

treasure fleet would not at that moment have been safe in Cadiz harbour.

Mendoza knew that Don Antonio had not left England, and was otherwise irritated at her tone.

'It is easier to talk of taking fleets than to take them,' he answered; 'we Spaniards can hold our own, and those who seek us may have the worst of it; and as for Don Antonio, Madame, you have certainly given him assistance: you have supplied him with men, arms, and money; the ships which he bought in the river sailed past your Majesty's windows at Greenwich, with the flag of Portugal at the mast-head; he received stores out of the Tower, and money upon his jewels out of the City.'

Having broken ground thus, he went on with his catalogue of grievances:—the meddling in the Low Countries, the plunder of Spanish merchant-ships, the piracies of Drake, for which he could have no satisfaction. Retribution, he said, must come at last, and the King of Spain's forbearance be worn out.

Elizabeth was brave while she had her Court behind her. She answered, that had she chosen, she and her subjects could have helped Don Antonio to some purpose, and she probably would help him. As to the rest of his speech, she knew not what he was talking of.

'She spoke so insolently,' Mendoza said, 'that I replied that I had now been in England three years and a half, and for the whole of that time I had been able to obtain no redress, either from her council or from herself, for any wrong that had been done. Your

Majesty, I said, will not hear words, so we must come to the cannon, and see if you will hear them.'

'Quietly, in her most natural voice, as if she was telling a common story, she said, that if I used threats of that kind she would fling me into a dungeon.'

'I replied, that I was not threatening, but was giving her my master's message. She must do as she pleased, but if she made me prisoner, God had given me a sovereign who, if I were merely his subject instead of an ambassador, would come and fetch me out.'

But Mendoza had ascertained what he wanted to know. The Queen was no longer afraid, and then and always he had strict orders not to provoke her too far. She called the Earl of Sussex and Lord Clinton to her. 'My Lords,' she said, 'Don Bernardino affirms that since I will not listen to his words, we must come to the cannon. I told him he need not think to frighten me.'

'I replied,' wrote Don Bernardino, 'that I was not so foolish; princes did not endure to be menaced by private persons; and the Queen, being a lady also, and so beautiful a lady, might well throw me to the lions.'

'Her countenance cleared at the compliment, so absurd a person is she. She began to boast of the kind things that she had done for your Majesty. She had saved the Netherlands from France for you, she said, and you in return had invaded Ireland, and pensioned her rebels; Don Guerau de Espes had stirred disaffection in England; and I had tried to bribe a man to kill Don Antonio.'

'I answered that subsidizing Alençon was a singular way of keeping the French out of the Netherlands; that I had many times told her that your Majesty had not meddled with Ireland, and that for Don Antonio, I was only sorry that, after so long an acquaintance, she had not known me better.'

'Sussex said that a serious wrong had been done in Ireland. The Queen grew loud again, and added that your Majesty had not made a sufficient acknowledgment of your fault; and to conclude, and as my final answer about the affairs of Drake, she said she would make no restitution till your Majesty had given her full satisfaction about Ireland. She had first received offence; she must first receive reparation. Afterwards she would see what could be done.'

'I replied that I would report her words to the Board of Trade at Seville; that more than a million and a half of ducats had been stolen, and that if your Majesty was content to forget your own share of the loss, you could not neglect the claims of your subjects. She herself, I said, issued letters of marque when her people had been wronged, and redress could not be had for them; and I did not doubt that, when her answer was known in Spain, your Majesty would empower the merchants of Seville to indemnify themselves out of English property in our harbours.'

'She repeated that she had been the first offended, and would have the first satisfaction; and so, with much composure, told me that I might retire.'

'I said I must speak further with her council.'

'She turned away, and I heard her say, with a deep sigh, 'Would to God we could each have our own, and be at peace!'' [1]

Mendoza had assumed a bold front, but he was painfully aware that he would not be supported by his master. The last direction of Charles V. to his son had been to cherish always, and especially if threatened by France, the alliance with England; and Philip, unless he could overthrow Elizabeth by internal revolution, believed himself compelled to be her friend. Nor were political interests the only links which religious antagonism found it hard to dissolve. The English trade was as important to Spain as to England itself. For several years there had been short harvests in Gallicia, Portugal, and Andalusia, and the maritime provinces of the Peninsula had been fed by English wheat. France, distracted by civil war, could hardly supply her own necessities; the soil of America was cultivated as yet only for its gold and silver; and but for the surplus produce from Norfolk and Hampshire, there would have been famine. So long at least as Henry and Elizabeth were in alliance, it was certain that Philip would not venture upon violent measures; and Elizabeth's language had satisfied Mendoza that for the present she felt sure of her ground. The London merchants, learning that reprisals had been threatened, had applied to Walsingham for an explanation. Walsingham had told them that the Queen meant to make use of Drake's treasure to

[1] 'Volese a Idio che ognuno habese il suo e fosse in pace.'—Mendoza to Philip, October 20, 1581; *MSS. Simancas.*

pay the expenses which Philip had caused her in Ireland. If their ships were seized at Cadiz, there were goods enough in London belonging to Spain to reimburse their losses.

The honour of Spain was at stake. To have demanded reparation—to have been unable to obtain it—yet not to venture to resent the refusal, was a confession of weakness or cowardice. 'Many of their ships,' wrote Mendoza, 'I understand to be on their way home, and beyond the reach of arrest. Had they remained in our harbours the seizure might have still been impolitic in the present attitude of affairs at Terceira. I have therefore tried to frighten the merchants in another way. This treasure of Drake's is the bait which keeps the French at the Queen's devotion. We must recover it if we can. I therefore have forged a letter from the Board of Trade at Seville to the Anglo-Spanish Company in London, in which the Board intimate that they are waiting earnestly for the Queen's resolution. If the plunder be not restored, they will be obliged, to their extreme regret, to close the intercourse between the two countries, and lay an embargo on English property. They recommend the company therefore to press on the Government the necessity of doing justice. I gave this composition to the masters, by whom it was translated and presented to the council. The council, I understand, said that it was moderate and reasonable, and they would give it their best consideration.'[1]

[1] Mendoza to Philip, November 7: *MSS. Simancas.*

The consequences were extremely curious. The council might consider, but their thoughts were not likely to take form in action, till Spain used sterner weapons than forged letters. Mendoza, like most other Spanish statesmen and soldiers, was weary of intrigue and subterfuge, and recognizing the indisputable fact that England was the representative power of Protestantism, wished most heartily to cross swords with it, and try out the question in fair and open fight. To men like Mendoza and the Duke of Feria and Juan de Vargas, the dilatoriness of Philip was no less irritating than the artifices of Elizabeth to Walsingham and Burghley. Yet Philip could not forget his father's injunctions or the political traditions which he had inherited, and since he could not be forced into war, and his existing relations with England were productive only of ignominy, Mendoza, as a second alternative, not in irony, but in deliberate seriousness, recommended his master to make up his quarrel with Elizabeth *bonâ fide* and with no reservations. The attempt to recover England by revolution had failed hitherto, but there was again hope of success. The Jesuits were busy; the conversions had been large; the state of Scotland was promising; the leading English nobles had promised to rebel. To make a league with the excommunicated Queen was to defy the Pope, to fling over the eager instruments of insurrection with as much indifference as Elizabeth had flung off Morton. It was the very moment when Campian and his comrades were winning their martyrs' crowns at Tyburn. Yet Mendoza considered notwithstanding that if Spain was

not to assume an open and honourable attitude it would be better to risk these minor inconveniences and renew the league which Charles V. had made with Henry VIII. It could not now be re-established without the introduction of a clause against the Queen of Scots.[1] Yet notwithstanding, so weak, so ineffectual, so discreditable, had been Philip's diplomacy, that Mendoza advised him to submit to necessity—to offer his hand cordially and frankly to his sister-in-law, and to leave the Queen of Scots to her fate.[2] He promised to observe the utmost caution—to feel his way with the lead-line in his hand; but, after all, he said that the Queen had done but little for Don Antonio, and he expressed a serious hope that Philip would empower him to make the offer, should an opportunity arise.[3]

Philip's answer is not among the Spanish archives,

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[1] 'Agora cuando se le tratase á la Reyna lo de renovar las confederaciones, en demas, en las primeras platicas, indubitadamente creo que lo primero que se propornia seria se haga liga contra la de Escocia por ser de quien ella mas se reçela, teniendo que con el titulo de Catolica y augmento de la verdadera religion, ha de ser ayudada y favorescida para su demanda de V. Mag^d con mas calor que de otro ningun Principe Christiano; por ser esta maxima que tienen concebida ella y sus consejeros y hereges, y sobre la cual se afirman en inquietar por todas vias á V. M^d, para impedir que no pueda volver los ojos á la reduccion deste Reyno; de manera que no siendo servido V Mag^d condescender en semejante punto, el presentarles no sirviria sino hacerles cierta su sospecha.'—Don Bernardino al Rey, 20 Nov^bre: *MSS. Simancas.*

[2] 'Por cuyo respecto supplicando á V. Mag^d perdone tan gran atrevimiento, seria de parecer que ya qu. algunas otras consideraciones que yo no puede alcançar pidan se trate desto, se le se aclarase con la Reyna quando quisiese mayor seguridad que el decirle V. Mag^d le hará amistad, correspondiendo ella con la misma llaneza y verdad, ofrecelle el ratificar las ligas pasadas.'—Ibid.

[3] Ibid.

but in his well-known hand he has scrawled his approbation on the margin of the decipher of his ambassador's letter.[1] Mendoza himself was writing evidently in perfect good faith, and in the tone of his letter there is as evident an acknowledgment that substantial justice had hitherto been on Elizabeth's side. It came to nothing, but the course of history turns upon slight accidents. A little more and Spain and England would have been friends again on free and fair conditions, with immeasurable consequences to Europe for good and evil.

Alençon meanwhile was again in England without the knowledge and against the wishes of his brother, who did not wish to be made increasingly ridiculous. He slipped across in disguise from Dieppe. An escort waited for him at Rye, and at the beginning of November he appeared in London. The enchanted frog of the fairy tale was present in all its hideousness, and the lovely lady was to decide if she would consent to be his bride. Walsingham, who detested the whole business, concluded now, like Burghley, that having gone so far she must carry it to the end. He praised Monsieur to the Queen. He said that he had an excellent understanding; his ugly face was the worst part of him. 'Then thou knave,' she said, 'why hast thou so many times said ill of him? Thou art as changeable as a weathercock.'[2] The analogy suited better with herself. On

[1] 'Dice bien en mucho desto.'

[2] 'Walsingham decia estos dias atras muchos bienes á la Reyna de las partes y entendimiento de Alençon, sin tener falta sino la fealtad del rostro. Respondióle pues

his first arrival little seems to have been said about the marriage, the Queen trying to lay him under obligations to her in other ways, which could not be spoken of in treaties. He was heir to the French crown. The Guises and the enemies of religion interfered with his legitimate influence and threatened to obstruct his succession. If he would maintain the edicts, 'her Highness promised all her power to support him and impugn his contraries.' He had 'taken on him the protection of the Low Countries.' 'Her Majesty would aid and succour him as far as she might with the contributions of her realm and people.'[1] But if this would satisfy Alençon it would not satisfy France. Since the Duke had chosen to come to England, the French Government desired to be informed of the probable results of his visit, and three weeks after his arrival Mauvissière waited on the Queen to learn what he might write to his master.

It was the 22nd of November. She had settled for the winter at Greenwich. She was taking her morning walk in the gallery with Alençon at her side, and Leicester and Walsingham behind, when Mauvissière was introduced. He put his question with a Frenchman's politeness. 'Write this to your master,' she answered: 'the Duke will be my husband.' With a sudden impulse she turned upon Monsieur, kissed his

'Knave,' que es una palabra muy injuriosa en Ingles, porque me has dicho tantas veces lo contrario y males del, que te vuelves como beleta.'—Mendoza al Rey, 7 Noviembre: *MSS. Simancas.*

[1] Note in Burghley's hand, November 14: *MSS. France, Rolls House.*

brown lips, took a ring from her finger and placed it herself on his hand.[1] She sent for the ladies and gentlemen of the household and presented Monsieur to them as their future master. She despatched a messenger to tell Burghley, who was confined to his bed with the gout. He drew a long breath of satisfied relief. 'Blessed be God,' he exclaimed; 'her Majesty has done her part; the realm must complete the rest.' Letters were sent out to summon Parliament immediately. Couriers flew to Paris with the news, and for a few days every one believed that the subject of such weary negotiations was settled at last.

But Burghley and all others were once more deceived. Not only was nothing settled, but Elizabeth neither meant anything to be settled nor even believed at the time that she meant it. Hatton, her 'sheep,' as Mendoza ascertained, came to her afterwards with tears running down his cheeks: well as he knew her, the gift of the ring had frightened him, and he bleated about the grief of her people. Leicester asked her sarcastically whether they were to consider her as betrothed. She assured them both tenderly that they had nothing to fear.[2] She meant to demand concessions to which

[1] 'Ella le respondió podreis escribir esto al Rey que el Duque de Alençon será mi marido, dandole al momento al Alençon un beso en la boca y un anillo que sacó de su mano en señal de ser cierto.'—Don B. de Mendoza al Rey, 24 Noviembre, 1581; *MSS. Simancas.*

[2] 'Hatton la habló con muchas lagrimas, diciendole que cuando quisiere casarse, tuviese cuenta quanto lo sintia su Reyno, etc. Ella le respondió con gran ternura.'—Don Bernardino al Rey, 4 Deciembre, 1581. 'Hatton dixó á un confidente suyo que êl no habia temido jamas el casamiento sino cuando la Reyna dió el anillo á Alençon, pero

the French King would not consent. Leicester thought she had gone dangerously far. Hatton asked how she would extricate herself if the King did consent. 'With words,' she answered, 'the coin most current with the French: when the field is large and the soldiers cowards there are always means of creeping out.' [1]

She had need of her skill. Henry instantly sent over Secretary Pinart to congratulate and to conclude the settlements. Walsingham, who had too well-founded misgivings, asked him how much money the King would look for as damages if no marriage came off after all. Pinart inquired with wide eyes if there were still doubts about it. He soon learnt that he had come across on a fool's errand. Elizabeth first demanded the dissolution of the Seminary at Rheims. Pinart intimated that this would be conceded. The abolition of the Scotch league was next asked for, and after that the restitution of Calais. Leicester, frightened for what might follow, proposed to raise 200,000*l.* by privy seals, give them to Alençon to buy off his displeasure, and set him up on his own account in the Netherlands. Elizabeth, ridiculing the very thought of throwing away such a sum, announced that if Alençon would truck her affection for money he should have neither the one nor the other, and might go where he pleased.[2] She had to lower her

en hablandola le habia asegurado.'—Al Rey, 1 Noviembre, 1582.

[1] 'Preguntando Hatton en que manera pensaba eximirse si el Rey de Francia embiaba el scripto, dixóle, con palabras, que es la mejor moneda que corria entre Franceses; y cuando la campaña era larga, y medrosos los soldados, nunca faltaba lugar para descabullirse.'—Ibid.

[2] Mendoza to Philip, December 11: *MSS. Simancas.*

tone before many weeks were over. The humour at Paris had become really dangerous. The Duke of Guise was recalled to Court, received with studied favour, and was present at the audiences of Sir H. Cobham, hanging like a threatening portent over the King's shoulder. Though his brother might submit to be trifled with, Henry said, the honour of France was touched and the nation would not bear the reproach. The request for Calais he treated as an insult. To entertain the proposal, he said, might cost him his crown.

December. At this moment came the unwelcome news that the Prince of Parma had taken Tournay. The States had trusted to Alençon, and Alençon was idling in England, and France was rendered motionless by Elizabeth's uncertainties. An impression spread among the Netherlanders that they were betrayed, and a cry rose at Bruges that it would be better to make terms with the enemy while they had still something to lose.[1] Events would not wait while Elizabeth was amusing herself. After a week of confusion and quarrel the council met, and Cecil, desperate of any good resolution in the Queen, supposing now that she would only exasperate France, and in Walsingham's words, 'for amity find enmity,' said that there was but one course open. They must make peace with Spain, securing the best terms they could obtain for the Netherlands and restoring Drake's plunder. No one could any more believe that the Queen would marry. It was equally cer-

[1] Th. Stokes to Walsingham, December 24: *MSS. Holland.*

tain that Alençon would resent the idle impertinence to which he had been subjected.

Leicester and Hatton clamoured against the restitution. Walsingham, bitterly as his worst fears were confirmed, still advised that the treasure should be used to subsidize Casimir and the King of Navarre, and to help the struggling States. But Burghley adhered to his opinion, and Sussex, Bromley, and Clinton stood by him. They had disapproved from the first of Drake's expedition. They considered that if not at once yet by instalments everything ought to be given back; and Mendoza saw with delight that the most powerful English statesman was moving on the course which he had himself recommended to Philip, while he was spared the mortification of making the first advances. Burghley went so far as to feel his way with him, and hint his wishes; and Mendoza, with a slight suspicion that perhaps he might be played off against the French, and made use of to frighten Henry, yet admitted temperately the pleasure with which he would regard a restored alliance between Spain and England.[1]

But how to shake off Alençon? The Queen had brought him over, and now both with herself and the council the first object was to rid the realm of him. It was represented to him that his honour was suffering through Parma's conquests, that the marriage at all events could not take place immediately, and that his presence was required at Antwerp. The Queen pro-

[1] Mendoza to Philip, December 25, 1581: *MSS. Simancas.*

mised him unlimited supplies of money, a promise however which, if Simier was to be believed, she hoped to escape from keeping.[1] In public she affected the deepest sorrow at the Duke's compelled departure. In private she danced for joy at the thought that she would see him no more. Struggling and complaining, the victim of her caprices submitted to be pushed along. He said it was but too clear that she did not love him, and that his own devotion deserved a better return. She swore that her desire that he should go rose only from her anxiety for his welfare. He said he could not go. He had her word, her letter, and her ring, and he would not leave her till she was his wife. She set Cecil upon him, who for very shame was as earnest for his departure as herself. She availed herself of the Spanish leanings of the council. She thought, according to Simier, of declaring publicly that she was going over to the Spanish side in the hope that Alençon would be recalled at once by the French Court. He was told that he had better go before the 1st of January or he would have to make a New Year's present to the Queen.[2] Anything to be

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[1] Simier was in England, in as high favour as ever with the Queen, but no longer as devoted as he had been to the interests of his master. Elizabeth, Mendoza says, told Simier that Alençon pretended that he had gone into the war to please her and that she must give him money to carry it on. 'Not having other means to shake him off, she had offered him a large monthly allowance.' 'But as soon as he was across the sea,' she said, 'I mean to represent to him that the council will not consent; that the realm cannot afford him so large a contribution, without too much weakening the home defences, and that this cannot be suffered.'—Mendoza to Philip, December 25: *MSS. Simancas.*

[2] Mendoza to Philip, December 25: *MSS. Simancas.*

quit of him. That was the necessity of the present hour; the next might care for itself.

Her changes had been so many and so violent that Burghley once more asked her if she was really and finally decided. She said she would not be Alençon's wife to be empress of the universe.[1] If this was true, the longer he remained the greater the danger; and Burghley again urged him to begone. He said he had only meddled with the Provinces in the hope of marrying the Queen; if she would not have him, he would concern himself no further with them; he would complain to every prince in Christendom of the wrong which he had suffered, and his brother would see him avenged. Burghley could prevail nothing. The Queen took him in hand herself. She said she could not marry a Catholic. He swore he loved her so that he would turn Protestant for her sake.[2] She told him she could not conquer her disinclination; she was sorry, but such was the fact. Might she not be a friend and sister to him? In a tumult of agitation he declared that he had suffered anguish from his passion for her. He had dared the ill opinion of all the Catholics in Europe. He had run a thousand risks for her, and sooner than leave England without her, he would rather they both perished.

[1] 'Al 25, en la noche, estando hablando con el Tesorero sobre esto, le dijó que aunque pensaba ser Emperatriz de todo el mundo, no se casaria con Alençon.'—Don Bernardino á su Mag^d, 29 Deciembre, 1581: *MSS. Simancas.*

[2] 'Poniendole delante cuan gran inconveniente era para poder vivir con contento ser él de diferente religion, Alençon le aseguró con juramento que él dexaria la suya por su amor.'—Mendoza al Rey, 29 Deciembre. Opposite these words Philip writes 'Ojo.'

The Queen, agitated or professing to be agitated in turn, exclaimed 'that he must not threaten a poor old woman in her own kingdom; passion not reason spoke in him,' she said, 'or she would think him mad. She begged him not to use such dreadful words.'

'No, no, Madame,' croaked the poor Prince, 'you mistake; I meant no hurt to your blessed person. I meant only that I would sooner be cut in pieces than not marry you and so be laughed at by the world.'

With these words he burst into tears. The Queen gave him her handkerchief to wipe his eyes with, and in this charming situation the curtain drops over the scene.[1] He would perhaps have been driven out of the country with some discourtesy but for the arrival a second time of Secretary Pinart. Pinart had gone back to Paris to report his disappointment, and had been again despatched upon the spot to tell the Queen that unless she showed more consideration for the honour and interests of France, a league would be immediately formed between France and Spain, and demands would be made upon herself, which she would probably find unpleasant. Pinart spoke so sternly, so seriously, that it cost her a night's rest and a fever in the morning. She sent for Sussex to her bed-side. She said she had reconsidered her situation. The danger was too great. She would accept her fate and marry after all. Again the wretched council was forced to assemble and travel once more over the dreary road of

1582. January.

[1] 'La Reyna le dió un lienço para enjugarse, consolandole con algunas palabras de mas ternura que las que antes habian pasado.'—Ibid.

argument. The two favourites as before were vehemently hostile. Sussex repeated his opinion that the marriage would give peace to Europe, and that nothing else would save England from calamity.

The comedy would perhaps have been played over once more; but Cecil, after the meeting, was closeted for an hour with the Queen, and convinced her that to trifle further at that moment would probably cost her her crown. An order was issued to prepare a squadron to take Alençon to the Low Countries. Pinart, in the Queen's presence, forbade him to go—forbade him in his brother's name to prosecute the enterprise further—unless in the capacity of her husband. Every point which had been originally raised, every rational condition which had been added, the King was ready to concede. So anxious was he to leave her without excuse, that although he said he could not restore Calais to her, which she might use against him in some future combination, he was willing to give her hostages for the performance of his own part of the treaty; but he could not consent that his brother and the heir of his crown should place himself defenceless as a mere adventurer in the hands of the Hollanders.

What was to be done? 'The tricks which the Queen is playing to get rid of Monsieur,' wrote Mendoza, 'are more than I can describe.' Messengers came one after another from the Prince of Orange entreating Alençon's presence. They had been sent at Elizabeth's instigation. She bribed his companions to tell him that if he let the Low Countries escape him, he could not

show his face in France again. She told him herself that she had been reflecting on her relations with Spain, that she regretted the wrongs which she had done to an old ally; that she must repair them and recover his friendship. She ridiculed to Pinart the pretence that France could be reconciled to Philip. She told him, with a slight exaggeration, that Mendoza was at her feet, entreating an alliance with England.[1]

Alternately worried and cajoled, the unfortunate Prince at last consented to go, on condition that the Queen would so far compromise herself as to give him money to pay an army of Germans; that Leicester and Howard should accompany him to Holland, and that he might look forward to returning in a few months to claim her hand. Words cost her nothing. She promised faithfully to marry him as soon as circumstances allowed. To part with money was a hard trial, but she dared not refuse. She gave him thirty thousand pounds, with bills for twenty thousand more; the bills however were not to be immediately cashed, and she left herself time to cancel them if she altered her mind.[2]

February. She accompanied him to Canterbury, lavishing freely, as he was really going, her oaths and protestations that she would be his wife, Lord Sussex listening with disgust to what he knew to be

[1] Mendoza to Philip, January 27, 1582: *MSS. Simancas.*

[2] 'Entiendo que le han dado 20,000 ducados en letras de mercaderes para la leva de la caballeria Alemana, y otras de la misma suma para la de los Esquyzaros; las cuales van con restriccion por si la Reyna mudare de proposito, ser á tiempo para que no se cumplan las letras.' —Don Bernardino al Rey, 2 de Hebrero, 1582: *MSS. Simancas.*

falsehood and absurdity.[1] She bade him write to her, and address his letters as to his wife the Queen of England;[2] while to France she sung the same tune, swearing that she would do anything that Henry wished when immediate fulfilment could be no longer demanded of her. The English lords conveyed their charge to Flushing, where they left him, as Leicester scornfully said, stranded like a hulk upon a sandbank.[3] He was installed as Duke of Brabant, and the States took an oath of allegiance to him, Leicester jesting at the ceremony as a pageant and idle illusion. The Prince of Orange intimated that he was accepted by the States only as a pledge that England would support them; if England failed them, they would not trust their fortunes to so vain an idiot; while in affected agony at his loss, she declared that she could not bear to think of her poor Frog suffering in those stagnant marshes, and that she would give a million to have him swimming in the Thames again.[4]

March. Having disposed of her lover, and naturally ill pleased with her own performances, the Queen fell into one of her violent fits of ill temper,

[1] 'Dixó que por mas que hiciese, eran todas fictiones y disparate.'—Don B. de Mendoza al Rey, 19 Hebrero.

[2] 'Esta Reyna dixó á Alençon á la partida que le scribiese de Flandes á mi muger la Reyna de Inglaterra.'—Ibid. 1 Marzo.

[3] 'Él de Leicester ha dicho que dexaba á Alençon, plantado como nao vieja que habia tocado, que sin gran marea y viento no podria salir del banco donde se habia sentado.'—Ibid. 6 Marzo.

[4] 'Dixó en publico que diera un millon porque su Rana, que asi llama al Alençon, nadara en el Temise y no en las aguas estantias de los Payses Bajos.'—Ibid. March 1.

quarrelling with every one about her, and angry, above all, with the Earl of Leicester. She had herself sent him to the Low Countries; but rehearsing, as it were, her subsequent resentment with him for the same cause, she suspected that he was using her name to obtain the Low Countries for himself. She blamed him for having been present when Alençon was installed, as implicating her with the Spanish King. She charged him with conspiring with the Prince of Orange. She called Leicester traitor. She beknaved Walsingham for having carried off her Prince to a place where he could gain nothing but dishonour.[1] She sent for Burghley. He was again confined with gout, but she would admit no excuses. Her relations with France were grown precarious, she said. The Spaniards were ready to make up their quarrel with her, and she had resolved to return to her old friends. Burghley raised no objection: he reminded her however that there was such a thing as honour: she must not desert the Low Countries, which had struggled so long and so bravely, after using them for her own convenience. She must make conditions for them as well as for herself, and must secure

[1] Some scandalous secret connected with the Alençon business had a narrow escape of falling into wrong hands, as appears from a curious note. I do not find what the secret was, but on the 11th of February Burghley wrote to Walsingham:—

'Of late M. Marchmont's lodging in Cannon Row was robbed, and in a trunk his writings also were embezzled, and the trunk conveyed into a garden, where the persons that found it, perceiving French writings, brought to me the very papers between D. and you, written in your name, the discovery whereof made me ready to blush to see by that accident such secrets made common.' —*MSS. Domestic.*

them liberty of conscience at least. Mendoza, to whom the Queen's words were immediately reported, was ready to encourage her; he ascertained however that Leicester, notwithstanding her violence, was the only person that had influence with her. Leicester told her that if she allied herself with Spain, every town in the Netherlands would at once be garrisoned by the French; and his own ambition, which it was to be feared that she might be tempted to indulge, was to obtain the Netherlands for himself.

The humour of France meanwhile was becoming really dangerous. The fanatical faction was at no time easy to control. If the politicians and the Huguenots were ready for a war with Spain, the Guisians and the Catholics had an equal detestation for England; and had any other sovereign been on the throne than the weak and vicious Henry of Valois, the English treaty would have been torn in shreds and flung in Elizabeth's face. But Henry, like Philip, inherited the traditions of his race. Elizabeth had out-manœuvred him, and he had a Spanish quarrel on his hands. Experience had shown that an alliance between Catholic Spain and schismatic England was not impossible. Francis I. had forced Henry VIII. into a combination with Charles; and the result had been an invasion of France, and a war which ended in the loss of Piedmont and Milan, in the defeat of St Quentin's and the destruction of French influence in Scotland. Henry hated the House of Guise too cordially to risk at their side a repetition of the same misfortunes.

Yet he did not care to conceal his resentment. Sir Henry Cobham, when he waited on the King for the first time after his brother had been shouldered out of England, found him sullen and cold. He said that the Queen, by her humours and changes, had brought dishonour on his family. She had plunged Alençon into a war from which misfortunes only could be looked for. For himself he washed his hands of the affair, and would have nothing more to do with it. The ambassador reported his words to Elizabeth. Instantly she sung over again her old strain. If France would bear the cost of a war with Spain, she was ready to marry at any time. She bade Sussex send for Marchmont, Alençon's secretary, and tell him so. Sussex answered coldly that her aversion to marriage was evidently too strong for her to overcome. She had better say no more about it; and give France no fresh offence. From Sussex she went to Cecil, who was now unable to leave his bed, and she found Cecil equally unwilling to meddle further. He reminded her that every difficulty in the way of the marriage had been removed; her own people had been reconciled to it; France had yielded to the most extravagant conditions; Alençon had twice risked his credit to visit her; and the result had been that at the last moment she had altered her mind, with infinite peril to herself and the realm. The council could say no more. The decision must rest with herself.

Yielding to her immediate impulse, she summoned Marchmont to her presence. If Monsieur would leave the Low Countries and come back to her, she said she

was now ready to become his wife.[1] She did not even leave it to Marchmont to communicate with his master. She commissioned a gentleman of her household to carry the flattering message to him from her own lips. Walsingham, hearing what she was doing, cautioned her that if Monsieur took her at her word, and she again disappointed him, every Catholic prince in Europe would set upon her.[2] She hesitated for a moment, but she imagined or she pretended that she was resigned to the sacrifice. She sent for Mauvissière, and gave him her solemn word of honour, that if he would bring Monsieur back she would marry him. Mauvissière, like her own ministers, had heard the same song too often to be deluded further. To herself he answered that she had made him write what she did not mean so often, that he must decline to take a further part. To others he said, that if she intended to continue her tricks she must use paper and ink of her own.[3]

Even Leicester and Hatton were now frightened. One more affront to France might be the last which would be borne. Sussex wished to see something done, as well as talked of, towards the reconciliation with Spain. Cecil, touching yet more April.

[1] Mendoza to the King, March 19, 1582: *MSS. Simancas.*

[2] 'La Reyna despachó un gentilhombre de su camera, pidiendo á Alençon se partiese al momento de los Estados. Pero Walsingham, entendida esta resolucion, le dixó mirase lo que hacia, porque cuando Alençon viniese era forçoso casarse con él, y cuando no, venir las armas de todos los Principes Christianos sobre ella.'—Don Bernardino al Rey, 1 Avril: *MSS. Simancas.*

[3] 'Diciendo en publico que pues la Reyna queria continuarse en engañar al mundo, que aun tenia pape. y tinta para hacello.'—Ibid.

dangerous ground, told the Queen that the time was come when she must settle the succession; her subjects could not permit a matter which concerned them so nearly to remain longer in uncertainty. The hint of a successor was uniformly maddening. Again, openly in Court, she swore she would marry. Again, she bade Sussex write to Monsieur, and not only gave him her word as a Queen that she was sincere, but her oath as a Christian woman. But neither her word nor her oath would convince Sussex. He refused to let her use him again as an instrument to wound her reputation.[1]

Alençon, in his letters to her, had ceased to allude to the marriage. She began now to fear that Henry and Alençon, being finally alienated from England, might take the Netherlands for themselves, and annex them to the French Crown. She flew out at Walsingham and told him that he deserved to lose his head, for having advised that Alençon should be sent thither.

But the impassioned lover was still faithful to his vows. No sooner had he received her message, than he poured out his eloquent delight: he loved her better than his life, he said; he would fly to her side; he would go back to England like a swallow with the summer, and make his nest for ever in her realm.

May. At once she sent for Marchmont and Mauvissière; she told them that Alençon was coming; but before the ceremony could take place, she

[1] Don Bernardino al Rey, 25 Avril: *MSS. Simancas.*

must receive an instrument from the French King binding him to go to war with Spain at his own cost. They answered that she had used the same words to them before; they had believed her, and had been blamed for their credulity. She replied that these were not words but oaths, which she had sworn as a Queen and a Christian. She called God to witness that she was speaking truth. Then, as if the blame for past miscarriages had rested not with her but with France, she pretended that if, after so long a negotiation, the instrument was not sent, she must suppose she was trifled with. Unless Alençon was her husband, neither the King nor he should have a foot in the Low Countries while she had a man left to fight, or a shilling to spend. 'You think I want friends,' she said; 'you fancy that if your King abandon me, I am lost. At this moment the King of Spain is courting my friendship at my feet, swearing that he will stand by me against every prince in Christendom, if I will leave France and renew my league with the House of Burgundy. Say to your master that if there is more delay and the marriage is again postponed, I will not be cheated with words; I will accord with the King of Spain.' [1]

The King of Spain being at Elizabeth's feet was a somewhat bold figure of speech. It was true that he was anxious for the English alliance. It was true that he was willing to forget the Queen's excommunication and the persecution of the Jesuits; but he intended

[1] Mendoza to Philip, May 4, 1582.

at the same time to exact complete reparation for his own secular wrongs, and had sent fresh instructions to Mendoza to make another demand for the stolen treasure. The Queen, instead of being continually closeted with Philip's ambassador, as she pretended, listening to his entreaties for a reconciliation, had refused to see him. He had written without effect to Sussex and to Walsingham; and now, hearing what she had said to Marchmont and the ambassador, Mendoza used the opportunity to write to herself. That she might be under no mistake about Philip's real position towards her, he told her that peace between the two countries was hanging on a thread; and that if she again declined to give him an audience, he would take her answer as final, and immediately leave the realm.[1]

Reduced to their true dimensions, Elizabeth's Spanish prospects were extremely moderate. She could have Philip for an ally, but she must repay first a million and a half of ducats; and to part with a large sum of money was worse than death. She continued therefore to play upon her solitary string. Mauvissière told her that his master had gone far already, that it was impossible for him to give her the instrument which she desired without better security than her word. In affected indignation she invoked the most fearful maledictions on herself, if she did not marry immediately that it was granted. She called Cecil, who was present, to bear witness to her promise, swearing so fearfully that even

[1] Mendoza to the Queen of England, May 18: *MSS. Spain, Rolls House.*

Mauvissière shuddered to hear her. The Lord Treasurer, on leaving the presence chamber, whispered to Lady Stafford, that if the King consented and she did not marry after all, God would surely send her to hell for such awful perjury.[1]

[1] 'Se enojó mucho la Reyna, protestando con terribles juramentos y maldiciones que le viniesen, sí luego que el Rey acordase lo que ella le pedia no se casase, llamando el Tesorero que se halló ally, para que fuese como testigo de su intencion, y de la promesa que hacia; y esto con juramentos tan temerosos que el mismo Embajador afirma que le ponia grima el oyrles, y en conformidad desto dixó al Cecil á la salida á Milady Stafford, Camarera Mayor, que cuando él de Francia viniese en lo que se le pedia y no se casase la Reyna, la castigaria Dios, embiandola al Infierno, por las juras hechas.'—Don Bernardino de Mendoza al Rey, 15 Noviembre, 1582: *MSS. Simancas.*

CHAPTER LXV.

THE JESUITS IN SCOTLAND.

1581. 'SUCH is the course of all our proceedings,' wrote Walsingham of the policy of his mistress, 'that when we want the friendship and amity of the princes our neighbours, we do then lament that we have not sought it. When it is offered unto us, we make little account of it.'[1] With a temperament so constituted that she could feel neither sustained interest in the questions which divided Europe, nor sustained anxiety for herself, Elizabeth floated with the stream of the revolution, trusting to the goodness of her intentions and to the fortune which had borne her so long unharmed, supposing that she was secured by the jealousies of the rival powers, and only roused to energy when threatened by the combinations which she had provoked, or when Burghley forced her to see that causes which might protect the independence of England need be no protection to herself.[2] While she was jesting in private

[1] Walsingham to Sir H. Cobham, June 20, 1582: *MSS. France.*

[2] 'It is most likely that Monsieur will now marry in some place where

with Hatton at the pretensions of Alençon, and in public calling down the vengeance of God upon herself if she did not mean to marry him, danger was approaching her—the most serious to which she had yet been exposed—from the quarter in which her wisest ministers had anticipated its appearance.

With the death of Morton, her influence in Scotland had gone. D'Aubigny[1] was rewarded with a dukedom and with Dalkeith Castle. The second instrument in Morton's destruction, Colonel Stewart, had ascended through infamy to almost equal greatness. The Earl of Arran, who still survived in a state of idiotcy, had been for some years in charge of Lord March. The House of Hamilton had been crushed by Morton. Lord John and Lord Claude were in exile, and the Hamilton estates were a tempting prey. Colonel Stewart was appointed Arran's tutor. He first used his opportunities to seduce Lady March, who, when she found herself with child with him, obtained a divorce from her husband on the ground of impotence, and married her lover. He then raised a plea of illegitimacy against his ward, preferred a claim to his estates and title in the right of his mother, Lady Margaret, sister of the Duke of Chatelherault; and according to the easy methods of Scotch

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the Queen's Majesty shall not have cause to like, and if it be with Spain then her Majesty must look to receive unkindness both from Spain and France, a matter hardly for her Majesty to bear, *and yet so to be used by either of them as the Crown of England shall take no hurt but only the person of her Majesty and her Government.*'—Notes in Burghley's hand, 1582: *MSS. France.*

[1] Henceforth he will be called Duke of Lennox.

justice courts when the Marian faction was in power, he obtained his suit without difficulty. The largest private estates in Scotland were made over to him, and he figured thenceforward with the Arran coronet, while the true owner was left to languish in a prison. Careless and fearless of God and man, Stewart had perilous stuff in him, which was not long in coming out after his advancement. For the present he continued a useful dependant of Lennox, and was employed to prepare James's mind for conversion to Rome, by debauching his mind, surrounding him with loose women, 'provoking him to the pleasures of the flesh, and fostering him in foolish talk.'[1]

Lennox himself meanwhile proceeded in the development of the great conspiracy, which he had commenced so successfully. In religion he was still obliged to wear his mask. The King, boy as he was, had opinions of his own which were not easily shaken. In other respects, everything combined to throw him into the groove in which it was Lennox's object that he should move. He hated Elizabeth as cordially as he knew that Elizabeth hated him.[2] She had refused to help him with money. She had robbed him of his grandmother's inheritance. She would not acknowledge his claims on the succession. His mother's imprisonment was a con-

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[1] CALDERWOOD.

[2] 'Voyant que le Prince ne se soucioit pas beaucoup de la Royne d'Angleterre, la quelle d'aultre part le hait plus qu'elle ne feist jamais la Royne d'Escosse sa mère, et estime ung jour sa ruyne de ce côté là, si ellemesme ne ruyne le dict Prince d'Escosse: ils sont les ungs et les aultres pour en venir en extremités.' —Mauvissière au Roy, 20 Juillet, 1582: TEULET, vol. iii.

tinual challenge to his resentment; and though he could have borne it philosophically had Elizabeth adopted him in her place, it was a ground of quarrel which he could not but recognize, so long as he was treated as an alien and enemy. England was associated in his mind with Morton's despotism, with his dreary childhood at Stirling, with the austere discipline which had denied him all amusement. Lennox and Lennox's friends had broken his fetters, changed his schoolbooks for the hunting-field, and emancipated him from the lectures with which the ministers had dosed him from their pulpits. It was but natural that he should look to Lennox and his kinsmen in France, both for the enjoyment of his present freedom and the realization of his expectations for the future.

The English alliance being gone, the next step was to renew the traditionary league with France. The conspirators would have preferred Spain, had circumstances permitted; but an alliance between Scotland and Spain would have driven the French Court more absolutely upon England. The Duke of Guise being a knight of the order of St Esprit, which Henry III. had founded, affected to shrink from acting against his sovereign, and considered that Scotland judiciously handled might be the cement of the union between the Catholic powers, which the Pope so passionately desired, and which Guise, for the sake of France as well as of the general cause, was so eager to promote. France, it was perfectly certain, could not and would not permit Spain to act alone either in Scotland or in England.

Spain might possibly permit the Duke of Guise to act on the part of Catholic France if he could obtain the sanction of his own Crown; and the Scotch alliance, which the French King wished to recover as a bridle to Elizabeth, was the natural road towards the resolution of the problem.

Since the deposition of Mary Stuart, France had received no public Minister from Scotland, nor had any Frenchman been permanently in residence at Edinburgh. The Archbishop of Glasgow, Mary Stuart's ambassador, was the only accredited Scot acknowledged by the Court of Paris. France had never yet recognized James as King; and Scotland would enter into no formal relations with any power which persisted in giving him a lower title. A punctilio of this kind could no longer be allowed to stand in the way of the interests of Catholic Europe. George Douglas, who had contrived the escape of Mary Stuart from Lochleven, and was now about the person of James,[1] had been employed to feel the disposition of the French King towards a renewal of the league. Henry was as eager for it as Lennox; but not to offend the Queen of Scots, both he and the Queen-mother thought proper first to consult her pleasure and to ask her permission to entitle James King of Scotland in connection with herself.[2]

It was a subject on which Mary Stuart was particu-

[1] George Douglas was called by James 'his little ape,' 'Mon petit singe,' as M. Simier had been Elizabeth's.

[2] The King of France to Mauvissière. The King and the Queen-mother to the Queen of Scots, September 1, 1581: TEULET, vol. iii.

larly tenacious. To call James King, was to admit the validity of her own deposition at Lochleven. It was to reduce her into the position of a subject, and to deprive her of those sovereign rights on which she most relied for the safety of her person. The proposal, it was true, went no further than to acknowledge him as ruling jointly with herself;[1] but the reservation would be inadequate so long as the title of her son to share the throne with her originated with any authority but her own. She professed herself willing to associate James with her by her own act, leaving her rights unimpaired, and holding herself free, should James continue a Protestant, or otherwise oppose her wishes, to interfere in the government of Scotland, and to resume her throne when she could obtain her liberty. But if the Scotch sovereignty was once recognized abroad as existing in her son independently of herself, she knew well that she would cease to be an object of interest to the European powers; that her virtual deposition would be construed to extend to her expectations also; and that from the heir-presumptive of the throne of England, she would sink into a cipher. In reply therefore to the King's and Queen's letters, she begged them earnestly September. to do nothing directly or indirectly, until a deed of association, proceeding from herself, had been accepted by the Scotch Parliament. The acknowledgment that James was a lawful King under other conditions, she said would be utter ruin to her; and instead of accredit-

[1] 'Conjoinctment avec vous,' 'ensemble avec vous.'

ing a minister to Edinburgh, she desired the French Court to return George Douglas with the answer that they would make no treaty with her son except with her consent, and that no foreign prince would show him countenance or friendship except as he was her representative.[1]

The difficulty was an awkward one. Mary Stuart understood too well the sandy nature of the ground she stood on to part with any solid legal right to which she could pretend; while on the other hand such an association as she desired, even if it could be accepted by the Scots, might provoke the premature interference of England. Reluctant as Elizabeth had shown herself to meddle in arms with Scotland, yet she had done it twice and might do it a third time. Lennox had felt the temper of the leading nobles, and except from a few fanatical Catholics like Seton and Fernyhurst, he had found extreme objections to Mary Stuart's plan. 'It was thought very dangerous, both for the mother and son; by reason there was a despair entered into the hearts of the people if the King should grant himself unlawfully crowned.'[2] Every Act of Parliament, every grant of land, which had passed under the Great Seal of Scotland for thirteen years, would be made invalid if he was reduced but for a single hour to the rank of Prince.[3]

October. But the reasons which made the Scots unwilling determined Mary Stuart to insist. If

[1] Mary Stuart to the Archbishop of Glasgow, September 18: LABANOFF, vol. v.

[2] Lennox to George Douglas, September, 1581: *MSS.* MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS

[3] Ibid

an ambassador's credentials contained her name as well as her son's, France would be committed to a positive act in her favour, and Scotland, in accepting such an ambassador, would acknowledge the illegality of her deposition. She clung to her formula, excited by Lennox's victory over Morton, and by the vacillation and timidity of the English Queen. She sent a message to James that the time was come for him to declare himself her champion, and to appeal in her behalf to the princes of Europe. She forwarded a draft of the proposed association to Paris, with a request to the King to support her in persisting with it; and she wrote to Elizabeth, telling her that the question of her son's title having been publicly raised must now be publicly decided. With her usual adroitness, she turned the position to her own advantage; and with fierce complaints of her captivity, she threatened, if she was detained longer, to resign to her son every right which she possessed or to which she pretended. Her enemies, she said, when she had thus denuded herself, would have but a feeble woman to work their cruelty upon; and she would relieve her party of the embarrassment which her captivity had caused. They might continue to hold her prisoner if they pleased, or they might kill her if they dared; but a competitor for the crown of England, claiming by unquestionable descent, would still be at large, and with the world before him.[1]

This was dangerously true. One chief cause of the

[1] Mary Stuart to Elizabeth, October 10: LABANOFF, vol. v.

forbearance of the Catholics, both in England and abroad, had been the fear that on the first sign of disturbance, the person in whose interest they would move might at once be put to death. George Douglas's papers and the correspondence in connection with his mission was seen by a spy of Walsingham's in Paris. It was pervaded by a tone of deep hostility to England;[1] but in the course of it there appeared symptoms of rising differences between Lennox and the Earl of Arran, and Elizabeth tried to avail herself of the clue to divide the Queen of Scots' party. She commissioned Captain Errington, a skilled practitioner in Northern diplomacy, to go down to Edinburgh to bribe Arran, to work on the Protestant fears of Argyle and Gowrie, to advise and, if desirable, to threaten the King, to protest especially against any act which might discredit the legality of his coronation—a legality which she herself, when it suited her purpose, had been the first to deny.[2]

November. But Elizabeth had sent too many such messages to Scotland, and they could serve her turn no longer. Errington arrived at Berwick, but he met an intimation there that he would cross the Border at his peril, and he was obliged to return to London. The ladies of the Court watched the effect of the failure

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[1] —— to Walsingham, September, 1581, misdated 1580 in the arrangement of the *MSS.* MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS, *Rolls House.*

[2] Secret instructions to Captain Errington, October 26, 1581: *MSS. Scotland.* Notwithstanding the extreme care which was observed with these instructions, the Spanish ambassador was exactly informed of their purport. See his letter to Philip, November 7, 1581: *MSS. Simancas.*

upon the baffled Queen. She stood alone in a window of her room muttering between her teeth, 'That false villain of Scotland! That villain for whom I have done so much! The night before Morton was taken he could call him father! He could say that he had no friend like Morton who had brought him up, and that he would protect him! and the next day he had him seized and cut off his head. What must I look for from such a double-tongued scoundrel as this?'[1]

Her answer to the letter of the Queen of Scots had been drawn up before Errington came back; and Beale, Walsingham's brother-in-law, the Clerk of the council, had his foot in the stirrup to start with it for Sheffield. Confident of succeeding in Scotland, she had meant to tell her prisoner that the association was full of difficulties, that her letter was menacing and strange, and that 'if she thought to terrify her she would find herself abused.' 'If other princes had been as ready to execute the Queen of Scots' intentions as she was to provoke them, she well knew that she would ere this have tasted of her malice; but if those princes meddled with her she would know how to make head against them'—the Queen of Scots trusted to a disaffected party in England, but she could tell her that

[1] 'Han me advertido que la Reyna estuvó sola en una ventana, diciendo entre si con enojo (lo cual oyéron unas damas), Que aquel Rapaz de Escocia tan falso—aquel por quien yo he hecho tanto—que dixese á Morton la noche antes que le hiciese prender, Padre, yo no tengo otro que me aya criado sino vos, y como á tal os he de defender de vuestros enemigos, y que debaxo desto otro dia le mandase prender para cortarle la cabeza. Que se puede esperar del doblez de semejante rapaz?'—Don Bernardino al Rey, 7 Noviembre: *MSS. Simancas.*

the people were loyal to their Sovereign; she had deserved their love by governing wisely and justly; and 'if the Queen of Scots had held the same course, neither England nor Scotland would have been troubled by her.' It pleased her to say that she would resign her title to the crown of Scotland to her son; but it was a question if she had any title to resign; and for the crown of England, unless her son altered his conduct, she said 'she would take order to cut off all hope by ordinary course of justice, that he might have hereafter to attain to the crown.' The imprisonment of which the Queen of Scots complained had risen from her own misbehaviour; by assuming the arms and title of England 'she had given just cause to the Queen to make profit of her repair thither;' she had received more honourable treatment than many princes would have yielded to pretenders to their crown, and in return she had been ungrateful and treacherous; she had been used better than she deserved, and if she continued her past practices, the Queen would take some other course, such as her own safety and the Queen of Scots' ingratitude might require.[1]

Among the least agreeable features in Elizabeth's character was the rapidity with which she could alter her language to the same person with a slight alteration of circumstances. Mary Stuart's conduct was not changed by the repulse of Captain Errington, but the

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[1] Instructions to Mr Beale, November, 1581: *MSS.* MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

dignified severity of the intended message was altered at once into a cringing affectation of friendliness. Her diplomacy having failed in Scotland, Elizabeth's next idea was to play off the mother against the son, and terrify James's adherents by a threat of replacing her by force on the Scotch throne.[1] Mr Beale was despatched, not to defy or reprove, but to endeavour to convince the Queen of Scots of Elizabeth's tender affection for her, to complain of the imprudence of Lennox in breaking off the English alliance, on which her own and her son's future depended, and to invite the Queen of Scots to co-operate privately with her in restoring the Hamiltons, in overthrowing the favourites in whose favour they had been dispossessed, and in drawing up some scheme of reconciliation by which Scotland could be quieted, she herself restored to liberty, and her expectations in England directly or indirectly recognized. Every sentence breathed confidence and concession. So far Elizabeth went in her seeming frankness as even to consult the Queen of Scots on the European policy of England; and to treat her as if personally interested in the prosperity of the country. She pointed out to her how she might hereafter have cause to regret the over-greatness of Spain—how imprudent she might hereafter find it, to have encouraged the designs of the Spanish King, either in England, Ireland, or Scotland. She invited her

[1] 'Offrece ella á la de Escocia que la quiere sostituyr con su braço y fuerças en la corona de aquel Reyno, viniendo por este medio á enquedejarla con su hijo. —Don Bernardino al Rey, 7 Noviembre: *MSS. Simancas.*

rather to become her own friend, that they two united might defy the world.[1]

The Queen of Scots received these advances with as much sincerity as Elizabeth felt in making them. She was so confident in the turn in her favour which events appeared to be taking, that she had waited rather with curiosity than anxiety for the answer to her letter; and when Beale arrived at Sheffield she sent for him to come at once to her room. He found her in bed, with the room darkened. She said she was ill and unable to bear light, but he ascertained afterwards that the candles had been extinguished immediately before he was admitted. She revived rapidly when she learnt the character of his message. He remained a fortnight with her, and she talked to him repeatedly with apparent frankness and the blandest cordiality. She discussed the politics of the world. She told him that she had felt from the first it would never be well with Scotland or England, while she and her dear sister were at variance. The welfare of the island, she said, depended on the union of the realms, which she, for her own part, was warmly desirous to further. She swore almost as vehemently as Elizabeth herself to the honesty of her intentions. She declared that she had no correspondence with the Catholic powers, none especially with the Catholic King, and that she was not seeking to trouble her sister with foreign practices. She was herself a Catholic, and she confessed she would be glad to see her son a Catholic; but she

[1] The Queen of Scots to Mendoza, January 14, 1582: *MSS. Simancas.*

disclaimed all wish to see the forms established in either realm violently overthrown. 'God,' she said, 'must frame men's hearts to religion, and not violence or the force of man;' she had always opposed and always would oppose a religious revolution.

She had acquainted Mendoza with her plan of association, and she had desired him to communicate it to Philip. It has been seen that she had herself written to the Court of France about it. Yet she declared with an oath to Beale that no prince or potentate, except her Majesty, was acquainted with her purpose; and that her desire was to be guided in all her actions by the advice of the Queen of England. Again and most particularly she denied that she had dealings with Spain.

Accomplished as the Queen of England often showed herself in the art of lying, her genius paled before the cynical proficiency of her rival. When Mary Stuart had done with Beale, she sent an exact account of her conversation with him to Mendoza. She described scornfully the advances which had been made to her, how she had met them, and how Elizabeth was counting without her host.[1] While she had sworn to Beale she had no views for herself or James in connection with Spain, and no wish to revolutionize the Church, she told Mendoza in the same letter that all her hopes lay with Philip; that she looked to

1582. January.

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[1] 'Voilà le compte qu'elle me faisoit, comme on dict, sans son hoste.'—Queen of Scots to Mendoza, January 14, 1582; *MSS. Simancas.* Cf. Beale to Walsingham, November 14 and November 28, 1581: *MSS.* MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

Philip to put down heresy in Scotland, and that her warmest hopes for her son were to see him married to a Spanish princess. She had herself long felt—the Pope had told her, and her Catholic friends in England had told her—that Spain was the power on which she must rely; but James's conversion was the first step, without which all else would fail. He had promised her, she said, to give a hearing to any one whom she would send to teach him. Her desire was therefore that the Archbishop of Glasgow should return to Scotland, taking with him some learned French divines. They would encounter, and of course triumphantly defeat, the ministers of the Kirk, and all would be done.[1]

Six English noblemen, it will be remembered, had resolved to represent to James that his prospects in England depended on his reconciliation with Rome. Arran had been sapping his morals with loose women at Dalkeith; while Lennox, with cautious dissimulation, had destroyed the political combination which had supported the Kirk, and had brought him into violent hostility with Elizabeth. His mother and his Guise cousins were now going to work upon his soul. All these separate influences were set playing like converging batteries on the unfortunate boy. They had been hitherto acting independently. The Jesuit mission was now to be the instrument to bring them into harmonious co-operation.

Among the Scotch Catholics who had been educated

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[1] The Queen of Scots to Mendoza, January 14: *MSS. Simancas.*

at the seminary at Rome, there was a youth of unusual promise, named Crichton. The Pope, to whom he was introduced, had talked often to him of the prospects of his country; and confounding, as many others did, the Scotch nobility with the Scotch nation, Crichton had assured his Holiness that the heretics were but a miserable handful of base people, who, but for the help of the Queen of England, would have been long since trampled out. The Pope sent him to London to remain there under Father Parsons' orders, but with an understanding that if an opportunity offered itself, he was to go to Scotland, and tell the Catholic leaders that if they could recover the King, and re-establish the faith, he would undertake that, either by himself or by Spain, they should be protected from the interference of the Queen of England. The Queen of Scots, the English Catholic Lords, and the Jesuits were now acting cordially together. Mendoza was in all their secrets—ready to use them if the present aspect of affairs remained unchanged; ready to fling them over, if Philip and Elizabeth were inclined to make up their quarrels—and meanwhile feeding their enthusiasm with vague expectations of help. Crichton was selected to carry the message of the six noblemen to Scotland. The Jesuits hunted always in couples, and Parsons assigned him one of the Oxford converts, named Holt, who had been a Fellow of Oriel. Crichton travelled as an itinerant dentist,[1] with Holt as his servant. Holt fell ill on the

[1] 'Sacamuelas.'

Border, and was left behind, and Crichton went on alone. He saw Lennox, he saw Eglinton, Huntly, Seton, Caithness, Fernyhurst, and others of the anti-English faction. Not knowing at first whom he could trust, he felt his way with extreme caution. He inquired whether, under the new Government, the Jesuits would be allowed to preach and administer the sacraments, and whether Scotland would now be an asylum to persecuted English Catholics. On both these points the answer was satisfactory. The Jesuits might come freely, and the King would hear what they had to say, and English refugees would find welcome and protection. With Lennox, he dared not go further. Lennox still pretended to be a Protestant; and it was not for Crichton to disregard his disguise. To Lord Seton however, whose orthodoxy was unimpeached, he spoke out the message with which the Lords had charged him.[1] The first motive for the King's conversion was, of course, the salvation of his soul; but his worldly and his spiritual interests closely coincided; and if he aspired to be King of England and Ireland, he could obtain his object only by the support of the English Catholics and the King of Spain.

[1] 'Alargandose mas con el Seton á causa de hallarle con mucha voluntad, diciendole que para aficionar al Rey que se reduxese á la santa Religion Catolica Romana, ningun medio habria mejor, fuera de ser el verdadero camino de su salvacion, como representarle assimismo que era solo por el que podria aspirar á ser un gran Rey con juntar á su corona las de Inglaterra y Irlanda, lo cual no podria conseguir sino fuese grangeando á un tan poderosissimo monarca como V. Mag^d, ligandose con el, que seria desta manera, con renovar entonces las ligas que la casa de Borgoña tenia con Inglaterra,' &c.—Don Bernardino al Rey, 19 Noviembre: *MSS. Simancas.*

He must not quarrel with France, but he must not be too intimate with it. He must keep before his eye the old league with the House of Burgundy, and rely first on Spain.[1]

Seton, after twelve years' unsuccessful diplomatizing at Paris, was perfectly ready to exchange France for the Catholic King. He entered heartily into Crichton's suggestions. He promised to speak to his master, and explain to him the benefit to his prospects which he might expect from his conversion. He undertook that the Jesuit preachers, when they came, should find the soil prepared for them.

With this answer, Crichton went back to London, to find Campian and many more of his friends executed, and the Jesuits generally in hysterical exhilaration at the testimony which had been given to the faith. He communicated with Parsons and Mendoza, and then crossed the Channel with Parsons, to arrange the details of the Scotch mission. It was thought at first that Parsons should go: but Parsons could not be spared from England, nor would Englishmen be otherwise the best qualified to convert Scots—especially as, in the words of Mary Stuart, who was consulted, they could not speak the language. So it was decided that Crichton should go again.

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[1] The reader will observe the single eye with which Mendoza regarded the interests of Spain. He was at this very moment advising Philip to renew the league with Elizabeth. He had been taken into counsel in drawing the message of the Jesuit, so that whether Elizabeth held her ground or was overthrown by a revolution Spain could still secure the English alliance.

Meanwhile Holt had recovered his health, and had proceeded by himself. He was received as favourably as his companion had been. Seton entertained him at his house, and introduced him to Lennox, who for some cause was more open with him than he had been with Crichton, confessed that he was a Catholic, and discussed the entire situation with him. Lennox said that he knew James thoroughly, and that he doubted whether either interest or argument would effect his conversion. The Jesuits might try what they could do with sermons and admonitions. If they failed however, as they were likely to fail, Lennox said that he was prepared to seize the Government in the Queen of Scots' name, and either force James to act with him; or send him out of the realm to some place where the truth could be impressed upon him; or, finally, declare him deposed as long as his mother lived, and make his future re-accession contingent on his becoming a Catholic. He was unwilling to move however without the Queen of Scots' permission. He therefore desired Holt to consult her wishes through Mendoza, and inform him of her pleasure. Should she consent, he said that he must have assistance from abroad, and he seemed to have no doubt that, for her sake, and in her interests, either France or Spain would spare him a few thousand men.[1]

February.

Mendoza had more responsibility thrown upon him by this communication than he liked. He was delighted that the English and Scots should conspire among

[1] Mendoza to Philip, February 9, 1582: *MSS. Simancas.*

themselves, but he had been strictly ordered to keep clear of complicity, and to avoid committing his master by indiscreet promises. The leading Catholics were under arrest, or under severe surveillance; the management of the party was therefore inconveniently thrown upon himself; and his embarrassments were increased by the time which was lost in writing to, and hearing from, Madrid. He sent Lennox's message to the Queen of Scots, and received in return her hearty approbation. She was in high spirits, and more confident than she had been at any time since her coming into England. Her interview with Beale had answered well. Elizabeth having, as was supposed, given mortal offence to France by her treatment of Alençon, and having failed to recover a party in Scotland, even Walsingham considered that nothing was now left but a compromise with the lady at Sheffield. Her detention hitherto, he said, had been made possible only by the state of parties on the Continent; the division between France and Spain was not likely to endure longer; something would probably be attempted in the Queen of Scots' favour; and 'it was therefore convenient that her Majesty should proceed with the treaty not long since begun with the said Queen.'[1] April.

Mary Stuart understood her advantages. A treaty being allowed to be possible, the terms of it presented no difficulty. According to the threadbare formula,

[1] Reasons to move her Majesty to proceed in the treaty with the Scotch Queen, April, 1582. Walsingham's hand: *MSS.* Mary Queen of Scots.

the treaty of Leith must be confirmed. She must abandon for herself and her son their pretensions to the English crown during Elizabeth's life; Elizabeth binding herself on her side not to interfere with the Queen of Scots' prospective rights. She thus, as before the discovery of the Norfolk conspiracy, held the strings in her hands of two separate negotiations. There was a promising plan for a revolution. There was the treaty on which she could fall back if the revolution came to nothing. With one hand therefore she was writing letters to London, to Paris, and to Edinburgh; she was corresponding with Mendoza; she was directing Lennox; she was communicating with the Archbishop of Glasgow, with the Pope, the Duke of Guise, and the Jesuits; she was the soul of the conspiracy, ordering and guiding everything.[1] With the other she was playing with Elizabeth; manœuvring to escape committing herself by writing, while she obtained, as a result of her more amicable relations with the English Government, the removal of restrictions which had embarrassed the movements of her messengers.[2]

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[1] 'La Reyna virtualmente gobierna estas materias . . . . es virtualmente ella la que mueve la guerra, sin cuyo parecer y consentimiento el de Lennox y los demas no quieren tratar de nada.'—Mendoza al Rey, 1 Avril, 1582: *MSS. Simancas.*

[2] Elizabeth required a promise from her, either in writing or by word of mouth to Lord Shrewsbury, that while the treaty was in progress she would meddle no further in Scotland. She preferred the verbal promise as more easy to escape from. 'Sur ce d'aultant que par escript de main ou signé d'icelle je demeurerois plus obligée à l'observation des dictes promesses qui se pourroient estendre bien loing, n'estant que generales, j'ai advisé pour ne me laisser surprendre de les confirmer seulement de bouche au Conte de Shrewsbury.'—Mary Stuart

Holt meanwhile had carried back to Scotland her consent to any measures which Lennox might consider necessary. Crichton, after an interview with the Duke of Guise, joined him in Edinburgh, and brought word that Philip had yielded to the entreaties of the Pope, and had promised, as soon as Lennox had secured the person of the young King, to send an army of liberation to Scotland. The Rheims priests in the vehemence of their eagerness had turned their wishes into facts, and arranged everything. Lennox was to take the command, and after restoring the Church at home, was to cross into Northumberland, where the entire Catholic population would rise to join him. The rest of England would follow, the usurper would be deposed, and the Queen of Scots be carried in triumph from Sheffield to the throne. Whence this brilliant vision of the Spanish invasion rose, Mendoza, when he heard of it, was at a loss to conceive. He supposed that either Crichton had invented the story out of his own head, or had construed into a certainty some vague promise of the Pope.[1] 'These holy fathers,' he said, 'though most saintly persons, are unfit to deal in affairs of State. They can be trusted in nothing unless they have their message by heart.'[2] He had, in fact, to tell them that they must

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to the Archbishop of Glasgow, April 7, 1582; LABANOFF, vol. v.

[1] 'Yo no dubdo sino que el buen hombre le habia de suyo, pareciendole que con el haberle asegurado Su Sd por el mes de Mayo del año pasado que estuvó en Roma que assistiria con la gente que fuese necessaria el offreceria á bulto aquel numero.'—Don Bernardino al Rey, 26 Avril, 1582 : *MSS. Simancas.*

[2] 'Los cuales aunque tienen honoroso zelo en lo de la religion, on hay entender materia d'estado, sino

attend for the future to their own business of saving souls, and leave wars and conspiracies to men of another profession.[1] So it was however that Crichton definitely promised that 15,000 Spaniards and Italians should be landed in Scotland. A letter of credit which Mendoza had given to Holt was construed into a confirmation from head-quarters. The Jesuits, with febrile and feminine impatience, believed, like Pompey, that armies would spring out of the earth at a stamp of the foot. Lennox, who knew better, could not suppose that they would have spoken so positively without authority, and wrote to tell the Queen of Scots that he accepted the charge, and would deliver her or die.[2] The two priests, after leaving Lennox, instead of going to England, crossed directly to France, and heaping indiscretion on indiscretion, wrote to Mendoza to ask him to

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es haciendolos capaces *ad verbum* de lo que han de decir.'—Don Bernardino al Rey, 26 Avril: *MSS. Simancas.*

[1] Ibid.

[2] 'Madame, depuis mes dernières est venu vers moi un Jésuite nommé Guillaume Crichton, le quel avec letres de creance de vostre ambassadeur m'a faict entendre que le Pape et le Roy Catholique avoyent deliberé de vous secourir d'une armée pour le restablissement de la Religion Catholique en ceste Isle, vostre deliverance hors de captivité et la conservation en vostre endroict à la couronne d'Angleterre ; et qu'il a esté mis en avant que je sois chef de la dicte armée. Depuis ay reçeu une lettre del Ambassadeur d'Espaigne qui reside à Londres pour ce mesme effect par un aultre Jésuite Anglois. Quant à moy, Madame, si c'est vostre volunté que la chose se face, et que je la entreprenne, le ferai, et ay esperance que si ils tiennent promesse et que les Catholiques d'Angleterre facent aussy ce qu'ilz prometent, que l'entreprise viendra à bonne et heureuse fin, et perderais la vie ou je vous delivrerois hors de vostre captivité.'—The Duke of Lennox to the Queen of Scots, March 7, 1582: *MSS. Simancas.* The Duke sent the letter through Mendoza, who forwarded a copy of it to Philip.

cross the Channel, and meet them and the Duke of Guise at Rouen; 'as if,' Mendoza said with provoked contempt, 'it was to be supposed that I could leave my post without orders, or could disappear suddenly without exciting suspicion.' He was extremely embarrassed. He was afraid of encouraging expectations which he knew to be vain. He was afraid equally of revealing the disagreeable truth that his master was thinking of nothing less than sending his troops on any such service.

Had Philip had it in him to use the opportunity, he might have done much—perhaps everything; but he lost not a moment in correcting the mistake, and so correcting it as to show not only his inability to assist, but his disapprobation of the project in itself. It was his most ardent desire, he said, to see Scotland brought back to the truth, but the only sound and safe way of accomplishing it was by preaching. Other means were dangerous, and could not be tried without consideration. Lennox and his friends might find it less easy than they expected to get possession of the government. To depose the King during his mother's life might be hard also, and was moreover contrary to the oath which they had sworn to him;[1] while to send him out of the realm to be converted would be equally to take the crown from him, and leave his conversion uncertain after all. The Catholics, he said, must not be so impatient. They must wait and hope. As soon as Flanders was con-

[1] 'Deponerle de la corona mientras viviere su madre, caso que no fuere Catolico, es de muy gran dificultád y contra lo que le han jurado.'—El Rey al Bernardino de Mendoza, 23 Avril: TEULET, vol. v.

quered he would take up their cause, and perhaps sooner, if he saw a convenient opening.[1]

The 'leaden foot' of the King of Spain was as fatal to his friends as the irresolution of Elizabeth to hers —and those who wait for convenient seasons do not use them when they present themselves. Mendoza explained matters as well as he could. He laid before the Queen of Scots the certainty that if a Castilian force was landed in Scotland, France would declare war against Spain. He promised her that not 15,000 men only, but a far larger force should be sent when circumstances were favourable; but the re-opening of a general war at that moment, he said, was not to be contemplated. He sent back Holt to his place in Scotland, with a charge to confine himself to his preaching. He wrote to Lennox, not telling him that Crichton's promises were things of air, but with vague encouragement to look forward to ultimate success, and urging him meanwhile to forward the association of the King with his mother, and to organize his party into a more harmonious and manageable shape.[2] With Allen he was more severe. He lectured him on his imprudence in meddling with the business of statesmen. He charged him to confine himself for the future to his spiritual duties, and it was a lesson which Allen was particularly unwilling to receive.

The Jesuits and the Pope had taken in hand the recovery of England, because, as they thought, the states-

[1] El Rey al Bernardino de Mendoza, 23 Avril; TEULET, vol. v.

[2] Mendoza al Rey, 26 Avril: *MSS. Simancas.*

men were neglecting their duties. It was not to be sneered down in this way that they had sent Sanders to perish in an Irish bog, and Campian to be quartered at Tyburn. Holt declared that the English Catholics were prepared for rebellion. The Jesuits, he insisted, had confessed too many of them to be unaware of their condition and resolution.[1] Mendoza being so cold, Holt, and Allen, and Crichton referred themselves to Baptista de Tassis, the Spanish ambassador in Paris, who from the first had taken a warmer interest in them. Lennox had written to de Tassis when he wrote to the Queen of Scots, telling him that he was ready to risk life and fortune in the invasion of England.[2] Crichton testified in return to Lennox being a genuine Catholic.[3] Holt undertook for the insurrection of the northern English counties; and afterwards, in secret council, the Duke of Guise and the Archbishop of Glasgow laid their views in detail before de Tassis. Crichton's random promises were explained away as a mistake—neither did they think that the hand of Spain need be visible in the matter at all. If Philip would secretly supply money, the Pope would undertake the open responsibility, as he had done already in Ireland. Five or six thousand Italians and Germans could be raised in Italy, as if for

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[1] 'Preguntandole yo qué seguro tienen de todo esto, y si algunos principales se han confederado para este efecto y dado entre si algunas seguridades de firmas como se suele. Respondióme que todo esto se sabia por lo que muchos dellos se habian declarado, tratando de sus conscien-cias con ellos.'—J. B. de Tassis al Rey, 18 Mayo, 1582: TEULET, vol. v.

[2] Lennox to de Tassis, March 7: TEULET, vol. v.

[3] 'El qual sabia ser Catolico.'—Tassis to Philip, May 18: Ibid.

a campaign against the African Corsairs. They could be run through the Straits of Gibraltar, and taken direct to Scotland. A proclamation would be issued on their landing that they had been sent by his Holiness for the delivery of the Queen of Scots. Lennox could take the command, and march immediately for England; while the Duke of Guise would make a diversion by throwing himself, with a few thousand French, into Sussex. In the most earnest manner they deprecated delay. Delay meant feebleness of purpose, and feebleness of purpose, discovery. It was now May. The expedition ought to be undertaken by the end of the summer at latest. The interval could be employed in carrying money and stores into Dumbarton and Blackness.[1]

May.

De Tassis, like Mendoza, was tied by his instructions; but he was more sanguine of success, and more generally encouraging. The decision however, he said, must rest with his master; and while Crichton went to Rome to report progress to the Pope, Holt, with another companion from Rheims, prepared to go into Spain, and exert their eloquence upon Philip.

Mendoza, who had sufficient difficulty in controlling the Jesuits in England, found his task made all but impossible when they were made acquainted with the conference in Paris. In their impetuous imaginations, the Pope's legions were already in the field, and the armies of the Philistines flying before the blast of the Arch-

[1] Tassis to Philip, May 18 and May 29: TEULET, vol. v.

angel's trumpet. In the phrase so common in Catholic mouths, it was God's cause, and who could resist? Campian's blood cried from the ground, and the intercession of the saints below the throne had been heard, and would now be answered. Parsons had intended, after all, to go to Scotland and convert James, but the heat of the confederates infected him. He proposed to accompany Holt, to plead with the Spanish King; and Lennox and Seton determined, if Philip could not be persuaded, to seize James's person at any rate, and send him into France. Mendoza was in distraction. He was himself convinced that a movement of Lennox upon England, or a general Catholic insurrection, would be unsuccessful without Spanish support, or, if successful, would be mischievous to Spanish interests. In the Queen of Scots alone he found assistance. The Queen of Scots had learnt wisdom by suffering. Her religious faith was tempered with the understanding that the right side did not conquer without adequate means, and she gave what help she could to bridle the impatience of her friends.[1] But the plot would have boiled over prematurely, and, in the opinion of Mendoza, the recovery of England and Scotland would have from that moment become impossible, had not the Spanish post been more expeditious than usual.

Invariably, when Philip was called upon to act, he found that the moment for action had not arrived. On hearing of Crichton's proceedings from England, he

[1] Mendoza to Philip, May 15: *MSS. Simancas*

wrote in the tone which Mendoza himself had adopted. He discouraged every overt movement. He insisted that Lennox should remain quiet. As scornfully as his ambassador he bade the Jesuits keep to their spiritualities and leave politics alone. When the letters of de Tassis reached him, he expressed his displeasure yet more emphatically; he absolutely prohibited the repair of either Holt or Parsons, or any other of the crew, to his Court. Money he was willing to give, but only in small quantities, to support the priests of the Scotch mission; and, after three months' consideration, he allowed a few thousand additional crowns for the fortification of Dumbarton.[1] Nothing more could be extracted from him in the way of practical help; only he encouraged Lennox, vaguely, to hope that a time might come when the Queen of England should be really punished.

June.

Even this cold answer might not have sufficed to repress the fever of the conspirators. The Duke of Guise had at his back the great Catholic party of France, which, ready always to take arms against heresy, was at that moment peculiarly irritated. The national pride had been wounded by the heretic Queen. The King was ill and not expected to live. If he died, the crown would fall, first, by the law of succession, to Alençon, who was supporting the Calvinists in the Low Countries; and, failing Alençon, to Henry of Navarre. A brilliant blow struck by Guise in England, might not only place his

[1] Philip to Mendoza, May 20. *MSS. Simancas.* Philip to de Tassis, June 11 and September 26: TEULET vol. v.

cousin on the throne of Elizabeth but give him paramount influence over the destinies of his own country. Lennox was burning to begin, prepared to place restraint upon James, and to colour his apparent rebellion with the name of the Queen of Scots.[1] And Guise might perhaps have declined to sacrifice his opportunity to the timidity of Philip. With the support and in the name of the Pope, he would probably have crossed into Scotland, in the course of the summer, but for the power of a party there whom the great world of Europe had not yet learnt to take into account. July.

The story turns from the secret chamber of conspirators to the keen air of the Presbyterian General Assembly.

Although James showed unexpected objections to being made a Catholic, it was more easy to teach him to detest the Kirk. His sister of England kept her clergy in order with the help of bishops in dependence upon herself. He admired the example and was eager to imitate it. Morton, it has been seen, had preserved the spectre of an Episcopate partly to gratify Elizabeth, partly as a means of supplying the necessities of the exchequer. Refractory cows in Scotland were induced to yield their milk by calf-skins stuffed to deceive them. The mock calves were called Tulchans, and the creatures of Morton were nicknamed Tulchan bishops. They collected the revenues of the Sees and handed them over to their

[1] Lennox to Mendoza, July, 1582: *MSS Simancas.*

patron. The Assembly had lately resisted the appointment of these imaginary dignitaries. The King found them financially convenient, and desired rather to give them a more substantive existence, as Crown officers for the control of the Church. It was an opportunity for Lennox to strike a blow at the organization of the Kirk, which had survived unexpectedly the fall of Morton. To establish bishops would be to divide Protestantism against itself, and make its ultimate overthrow the more easy. The See of Glasgow was considered vacant. The true Archbishop was in Paris. His restoration as a Catholic would have created an immediate outbreak; and Mr Robert Montgomery, minister of Stirling, whose pliancy had been tried and could be depended on, was named to take his place. The Glasgow Presbytery refused to receive him, Lennox and the King insisted, and the struggle began between the prerogative and the independence of the Church of Scotland.

The Earl of Arran, already uneasy in the second place which had been assigned him, was inclined at first to bid for popularity, and take the Presbytery's side. But the Presbytery did not value their champion. Arran had seduced his friend's wife, and married her when on the point of her confinement. The Kirk compelled the profligate pair to do public penance in Edinburgh, and made enemies of them for ever. The Catholics might make a heroine out of Mary Stuart. The Kirk did not choose to purchase a patron by flattering adultery, and preferred to fight their own battles with their own weapons. The contention about the bishopric of Glasgow was going on

through the winter and spring of 1581-82, at the very time when Lennox was plotting with the Jesuits, and laying his plans for the coming in of the Duke of Guise. It seemed comparatively but a contemptible matter, yet it was the more necessary for the Duke to prove his strength by carrying his point. The General Assembly threatened Montgomery with excommunication. The King said they should be proclaimed traitors if they dared do it. They told him, as Knox had told his mother, that they must obey God rather than man, and that his own welfare lay in the maintenance of the Kirk, although he was not old enough to understand his position. The bishop elect attempted to take possession of Glasgow Cathedral pulpit. He was taken by the arm, lifted from the stairs, and ejected out of his church. Whispers had been heard of the coming in of Jesuits, and though Lennox's true character had been concealed under his Protestant oaths, a feeling was beginning to spread that he was not altogether what he seemed. A messenger sent to him by the Duke of Guise was recognized as a person who had been concerned in the massacre of Paris; and one of the Edinburgh ministers, John Durie, denounced both Lennox and Arran in a sermon as corrupters of the King's mind. Durie was summoned to answer for himself at Dalkeith, where Lennox was now established in the castle which had once been Morton's. The rabble of the household was set on to insult him. 'The Duke's French cooks came out of the kitchen with spits and great knives to invade

him.'[1] Lennox called him[2] 'a little devil,' and ordered him to leave Edinburgh instantly, with seventy of the chief persons of his congregation. He thought it prudent to obey; but none the less, on the Sunday following, Mr Robert Montgomery was excommunicated; the sentence was publicly read in every Lowland pulpit; and it was intimated in no very vague terms that Lennox's own turn should follow. Father Holt, who was with Lord Seton at the time, attributed the courage of the ministers to the intrigues of Elizabeth. 'The Queen of England,' he informed Mendoza, 'has instigated the ministers to preach against Lennox, and, finding it impossible to shake his credit with the King, is now seeking to have him cut off from their diabolical congregation, and rendered thus incapable by law of holding office in the country. As a step towards it, they have excommunicated a person whom the King, at the instance of Lennox, had appointed Bishop of Glasgow. Their religion, they pretend, does not permit men to call themselves bishops. They will have no Papistry, they say, but will be ruled by superintendents, after the fashion of Geneva.'[3]

The Assembly required no prompting by Elizabeth, and had she interfered it would not have been in defence of Presbytery; but the dispute gave her a chance of re-establishing the party which she had so lightly allowed to fall to pieces, and of which she had felt the loss bitterly. She put herself in communication with Lord Angus, who

[1] CALDERWOOD. [2] 'Un petit diable.'
[3] Mendoza to Philip, July 12, 1582: *MSS. Simancas.*

was still in Northumberland, and through Angus with the old English party. Money was sent down. Lord Henry Howard[1] discovered that as much as three thousand pounds had been delivered to Angus in August. One of those dangerous associations, so August. common in Scotland, was formed either to kill Lennox or force him out of the country, and Lennox believed that a large reward had been offered to any one who would stab or poison him.[2]

Familiarity with perils of this kind rendered the native-born Scot indifferent to them; but Lennox had been bred where he at least had been in no such danger. He now imagined that a thousand poniards were aimed at his heart. He dared not stir from his apartments unless surrounded by guards whose bodies would intercept a pistol-shot.[3] No actual effort was made to kill him, nor was there need of any, for the mere menace of it sufficed to kill his reputation, and convinced his friends and convinced himself that he was unequal to

[1] Lord Henry Howard was the brother of the Duke of Norfolk, and possessed with a passionate hope of revenging the wrongs of his house. He was more useful than even Sir James Crofts to Mendoza, who in many letters mentions his services, and recommends Philip to reward him. The House of Howard, Mendoza says, meant the English aristocracy, and Lord Henry meant the House of Howard. Elizabeth treated him with exceptional confidence, and he used his advantage to communicate State secrets to Mendoza twice in every week. Walsingham and Burghley both guessed that he was treacherous, but, true to her general endeavour to overcome disloyalty by trusting it, Elizabeth could not be persuaded to send him from the Court.

[2] Mendoza to Philip, August 14, 1582: *MSS. Simancas.*

[3] 'No sale jamas de su aposento que no sea arodeado de gente, porque si le quieren tirar arcabucaço no pase sin herir primero á otro.'—Don Bernardino al Rey, 12 Julio: *MSS. Simancas.*

the post into which he had pushed himself. In cunning and adroitness he was without a rival. He could take life when there was no risk to his own, but in the nervous courage which could face death without flinching he was entirely deficient. He was terrified and longed to fly.[1] No more serious calamity could have befallen the conspirators. Arran was biding his time to snatch the leadership at the Court; but Arran was only known as an ambitious, unscrupulous soldier, eager for his own advancement, and careless of all besides. Lennox alone was in the confidence of the Duke of Guise; and if Lennox failed, there was no one to be found in the faction which had destroyed Morton who could hold his ground against Arran's rivalry.

Meanwhile the battle with the General Assembly raged more fiercely than ever. Andrew Melville, the moderator, preached on the 27th of June, in the new Kirk at Edinburgh, against those 'who would pluck the crown from Christ's head and wring the sceptre from his hand'—the politicians who would raise in Scotland a counterpart of the Anglican supremacy.

[1] 'Intentan con grueso nierno de dinero por todas vias que maten al Aubigny y apoderense de la persona del Rey. De lo qual le advierten por infinitas vias al de Lennox; y offrescen premio aqui á quien le hechizare, atosigare, ó matare, y finalmente echarele del Reyno; por manera que de razon ha de tener cuantos puñales hay en Escocia, que no solo estan avisados por livianas causas en bañarse en la sangre de particulares, pero en la de sus mismos Reyes: y desea verse fuera de tan manifiesto peligro, el cual no es posible que no haga mas horrible el miedo, viendose combatido y al ojo la muerte para abraçarle en tan miserable estado—cosa que necessariamente le ha de tener confusisimo como ye entiendo que lo esta fuera del decirlo la Reyna en su carta.'—Don Bernardino al Rey, 14 Agosto: *MSS. Simancas.*

The supremacy of the Crown meant bishops, and bishops meant Popery in a disguise, which it would drop as soon as Protestantism was killed. Lennox, afraid of bullets and daggers, kept Montgomery with him at Dalkeith; but to try his strength with the ministers, he one day sent him into Edinburgh with a company of men-at-arms, and attended by a pursuivant, who declared that, excommunicated or non-excommunicated, Bishop he was, and Bishop he should be. The Assembly gathered in force, and announced stormily that they would resist to death. Lennox inquired whether they or the King were the rulers in Scotland. They replied with a protest against the King's misgovernment and violation of his oath. The supremacy of the Kirk was Christ's, not his. He was subverting the law of God by arbitrary force. They drew up a list of their grievances. Their synods, they said, were broken up, God's enemies were protected, and the ministers of Christ suspended or expelled from their offices. Excommunicated persons were supported and encouraged, and the ordinances to which the King had sworn were trodden under foot. Andrew Melville, with a deputation of the Presbytery, carried the document, when it was finished, into James's presence. July.

'Who dares subscribe these treasonable articles?' said the Earl of Arran, who was at the King's side.

'We dare,' answered Melville, taking a pen from a clerk and writing his name at the foot of the paper—'We dare, and will render our lives in the cause.'

Again a demonstration was attempted in Edinburgh

in favour of Montgomery. A second time he was brought into the town. The streets were thronged with scowling faces. The artisans and apprentices turned out with their bats, and as taunts and gibes began to fly, the escort was frightened and made their way to the Tolbooth, intending to shelter their precious charge there. But the burgesses had carried off the keys; the gates could not be opened; and as they halted and hesitated the crowd set upon them. The Grassmarket was an arsenal of missiles; eggs, cabbage-stalks, fish, stones, street filth, anything that came to hand, flew like hail over the heads of the guard in the face of the miserable Bishop; and amidst howls of 'False thief,' 'Mansworn thief,' he was hustled back along the street and out of the gates.

At the news of this outbreak Lennox lost the little courage that remained to him. Three-quarters of the nobility were on his side, but the nobility were no more the Scotch nation. He wrote to Mendoza to say, that unless help came quickly he must leave the realm. The King's conversion was no longer to be thought of. He dared not for his life introduce a priest into his presence; and he and Seton prepared to fly, taking James with them.[1]

Mary Stuart, whose spirit rose with danger, and knew not what fear meant, was in despair at her champion's poltroonery. She sent him orders to remain at his post at least till she could hear again from Philip. Guise was ready. Ten thousand disbanded soldiers

[1] Mendoza to Philip, July, 1582: *MSS. Simancas.*

trained in massacre and rapine, could be gathered at a moment's notice to Guise's standard, and in that fair summer weather the fishing fleet of Normandy could be impressed to carry them into Scotland. Her son, she believed, so hated the ministers and so dreaded England that he would welcome any one who would rid the land of them. She wrote imploringly to Mendoza of the confusion which had fallen on her party at home; and she refused to part with the hope that Philip would strike in for her while they had still possession of the Government.[1]

'I had formed such expectations of this enterprise,' she said, 'that I had resolved not to go forward with a treaty with the Queen of England. I would not bind myself by the conditions which were offered me, that I might be free to use my own advantage without incurring a charge of breach of faith. I know, of course, how many things the King my brother has on his hands. I know what work these people here are providing for him. There are now plans on foot for the re-conquest of Navarre. But this enterprise, I fancy, would be the best remedy which he could apply. It would paralyze England, and England is the fountain from which other troubles are fed.

[1] 'Vous pouvez considerer par le change en Escosse dont je pense que vous avez entendu les particularités, quel avantage pourroit avoir une bonne armée arrivant; et temps, et toutes choses estant ya si bien preparés, et mon filz mesme pouvant estre persuadé de le recepvoir, maintenant qu'il a découvert la malice de ceste canaille de ministres, et qu'il craint aucunement d'estre par leur menée en trouble, tant par nos subjectz propres que de côté de deça.'—Mary Stuart to Don Bernardino, July 29, 1582: *MSS. Simancas.*

Then too his Holiness is at an advanced age. He may be succeeded by a pontiff who will not inherit his zeal. My own health is broken. My son is infected with this accursed heresy. The Duke of Lennox is now all-powerful, but if he is obliged to resign the government Scotland will be lost. My cousin the Duke of Guise will turn his thoughts elsewhere, and the English Catholics, given over to oppression, will be less and less able to help themselves. I fear therefore that if we allow the present opportunity to escape us of re-establishing religion in this island, it may be long before such another returns. The French King is given over to indulgence. His brother is entangled with the heretics. We have little to expect even from them; how much less should the crown fall—as God forbid it may—to the King of Navarre. I beseech you, lest so good a work should come to nothing, hasten the execution with all possible speed, and pray your master meanwhile to supply fifteen or twenty thousand crowns to fortify a few castles and positions where our friends, if pressed, can maintain themselves.' [1]

This letter, coupled with the news from Scotland, was not without its effect upon Mendoza. Nothing more could be expected from Lennox. The preachings and discussions from which Philip had formed so high expectations would be evidently barren. The Jesuits might be entertained in the castles of the noble lords, but would be torn in pieces if they appeared in public; Len-

[1] Mary Stuart to Mendoza, July 29: *MSS. Simancas.*

nox was likely to be killed or expelled, the King to remain a heretic, and the ground which Lennox had recovered to be altogether lost. The Queen of Scots might perhaps be right, and the present might be the most favourable moment which Philip was likely to find. He altered his tone, and sent word to Lennox that as soon as certain present difficulties with France were got over and adjusted, his master would take their cause in hand, and they might rely on his helping them.[1]

It is possible that Philip might have been persuaded also but for a too complete success of the Spanish army at Terceira. So long as the Duke of Alençon was not publicly supported by his brother, the King of Spain had made up his mind to endure his presence in the Low Countries. He regarded him as in the service of the States—to be encountered in the field like any other enemy, but not as necessarily implicating the French Government. The ships which had gone to the Azores were similarly considered as privateers, but their occupation of those islands was more mischievous than Alençon's bad generalship in the Low Countries; and when Elizabeth had backed out, and it was clear that France was not going to war, strong means were taken to extirpate them. Don Antonio, having extricated

August.

[1] 'Yo he hecho como lo apunta la Reyna de Escocia, dandoles esperanças de socorro para entretener la platica y alentar el negocio; y esto debaxo de poner á los ojos las ocasiones que en Francia á contemplacion desta Reyna buscaban para ocupar á V. Magª por termino que se diesen á entender que cuando cesasen estas aseguradamente V. Magª les asistiria.' — Don Bernardino al Rey, 14 Agosto, 1582: *MSS. Simancas.*

the remains of his property from the Queen's clutches, found his friends in Paris more generous. Elizabeth had used him for her own purposes, plundered him and flung him off. Catherine de Medicis, who had already sent out an expedition from Bordeaux in his favour, had equipped a second at Belleisle. The veteran Philip Strozzi was in command of it, with the Huguenot de Brissac, and they had sailed for the Azores, having Don Antonio with them. Being joined by the other ships, and by the half-dozen small privateers which had come from Plymouth, they attacked and took St Michael's. Don Antonio landed in state, and was proclaimed King in the town. The Castilian flag was struck on the castle, and the keys made over to the rightful sovereign. It was a first, but it was also a last success. They had been seen by an armada sent out from Cadiz to look for them; and on the evening of the same day, the Marquis of Santa Cruz, with a force double their own, anchored in the roadstead. The sea was running high, but the French, who were on shore, re-embarked in good order, leaving Don Antonio on the island. The two fleets lay for five days looking at each other—the French exposed to the weather and rolling heavily, but unable to remove into a better anchorage without a battle; the Spaniards under shelter, and waiting for Strozzi to get under weigh.

The wind would not moderate, and rose at last into a storm. One of the French ships drove on the rocks, and all on board perished. Strozzi found that he must fight or be destroyed. He called a council of war. The officers generally were out of heart and hopeless; and,

wild as the weather was, he went round the fleet in a boat, trying to inspirit the crews. He had small success, however. The ship's companies were discontented and desponding. In laying out a plan for the battle he had placed himself in the centre. He was reproached with cowardice, and was told that he must himself lead or none would follow.[1] Thus was nothing left to him but to fall with honour. It was the morning of the 26th of July. The breeze had shifted, giving him a slight advantage. He was in a small vessel of 350 tons. Singling out the galleon San Martin, which was three times his size, and carried the flag of Santa Cruz, he bore down into the middle of the enemy. Only de Brissac and two other vessels followed, and the Spanish line closed behind them and cut them off. Missing the San Martin, Strozzi ran into the San Matteo, which was almost as large. Both his and Brissac's ships were immediately surrounded. Brissac, after fighting desperately for an hour, forced a way through into the open sea and escaped. Strozzi had given a good account of the San Matteo, and had almost escaped also, when the San Martin, coming close alongside, poured in a broadside which brought down his masts, and killed and wounded three quarters of his crew. Santa Cruz sprang on board. The old admiral lay bleeding on the deck, and died at the Spaniard's feet. Of the remaining

July.

[1] 'Quoi, Monsieur!' said an officer to him, 'au lieu d'approcher voullez-vous reculer? Ne sçavez-vous que si vous n'alliez pas le premier, vostre armée, quoy qu'elle vous aye promis, n'approchera. Voulez-vous aujourd'huy perdre l'occasion de remectre la couronne de Portugal?'—How Strozzi was slain; *MSS. France*, July, 1582.

ships some had made away after Brissac; the rest fell into the hands of Santa Cruz, and were treated as pirates. The officers were all beheaded, the crews were hanged; not a man was spared. Strozzi himself, had he been taken alive, was to have been drawn asunder by four boats—a horrible travesty of the ferocious dismemberment by horses.[1]

Neutralized as it was by theological mania, there was still a national feeling in France which was roused by this extravagant cruelty. It was reported that some of the gentlemen had been tortured, and the gallantry with which four ships—for only four had been engaged—had faced and encountered an enemy six times as numerous touched the pride and the indignation of the country. The King sent money at once to his brother; a fresh squadron was ordered at Belleisle, and a declaration of war seemed immediately imminent, when news came that Don Antonio had fled, that St Michael's was recovered, Terceira taken, and that the Portuguese flag floated no longer on land or water. Further views in this quarter were abandoned, but a sore feeling remained, which rendered it for the time impossible for Guise to co-operate with Philip, and made it certain also that France would instantly resent the interference of the Spaniards in Scotland. Even Guise himself was a Frenchman as well as a Catholic, and, notwithstanding the entreaties of the Queen of Scots, it was felt by all parties that nothing could be done till the immediate exasperation had abated.

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[1] Cobham to Walsingham, September 17 and September 18: *MSS. France*

Thus the stars in their courses were fighting for Elizabeth, even the successes of Spain turning for the moment to England's advantage. Some slight exertion was now all that was needed for the Protestants to recover their ascendency in Scotland. The Earl of Angus had offered to expel Lennox at the beginning of the summer, if the Queen would express her approval openly, but he had required money, and Elizabeth was half frightened and half unwilling to spend. Walsingham tried to drag her into some straight road of policy, but with indifferent effect. 'All remedies,' he complained to Sir Henry Cobham, 'are rejected and found unpleasant that bring any charge with them—Providence is esteemed prodigality; Necessity is here president of the council.'[1] A ciphered letter from James to the Queen of Scots being intercepted however and read by Walsingham's secretary, there appeared so clear indications of intended mischief of some kind,[2] that Elizabeth had been induced, as has been seen, to send Angus a few thousand pounds, and to give him other promises which encouraged him to proceed. After the affair in Edinburgh, the Assembly had determined, as Holt foretold, to strike at Lennox boldly, and excommunicate him. Seton, Maxwell, and a party of the Kers attempted to seize and carry off some of the leading ministers, but they missed their mark. It was dis-

[1] Walsingham to Cobham, June 17, 1582: *MSS. France.*

[2] Letter endorsed in the hand of Philips, Walsingham's confidential secretary, from the Scotch King, in cipher, May 28, 1582: *MSS.* MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

covered at the same time that Lennox had asked the Duke of Guise for five hundred men to garrison Dumbarton. The ferment, already violent, became ten times hotter. The Earl of Gowrie, from some private quarrel, had assisted in the overthrow of Morton, and the feud which had risen in consequence between the Ruthvens and the Douglasses had been one chief cause of the disintegration of the Protestant party. English friends interposed and made up the quarrel. During an altercation in the council, the Duke of Lennox had called Gowrie poltroon; Gowrie withdrew in anger from the Court, and with Angus, Lindsay, Glamys, the Earl of Mar, and the younger Maitland, who had inherited something of the genius of his brother the secretary, concerted measures to seize the government, and take the King out of Lennox's hands, for fear he might be carried off abroad.[1] Elizabeth had signified her approval; and it was hinted, in confirmation of Lennox's fears, that if both he and Arran were sent the way of Rizzio, slight inquiry would be made into their deaths by England.

James had been hunting in Athol; he passed through Perth on his way to Falkland in the middle of August; and when riding out of the town, on the morning of the 22nd, he was surrounded by a party of men-at-arms, taken, and carried back to Gowrie House. Lennox, who

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[1] James himself was supposed to be not unwilling to go, and it was thought that he might imitate his grandfather and marry a daughter of the House of Lorraine.—Note on the affairs of Scotland, May 30: *MSS. Scotland.*

intended to have joined him, received notice and kept out of the way at Dalkeith; Arran was away in Fife, but was captured the same day, not far from Kinross, and would have been killed but for the entreaties of Lady Gowrie. He was spared to make her repent her interference, and was given in charge to his secret friend the Provost of Edinburgh.

The formalities of respect continued to be observed to the King; a remonstrance however was presented to him by the confederate Lords, and he was required to conform his government to the wishes of the country. He was told that two insolent and upstart adventurers had troubled the commonwealth. Papists and murderers had been brought back from exile and restored to their honours; a conspiracy had been on foot for the overthrow of the Evangel, and there had been secret dealings with Papal nuncios, Spanish ambassadors, and other enemies of the truth. Scotland would not part with the freedom which had been so hardly won, and the Lords declared quietly but sternly that they owed a duty to God as well as the King; and must preserve his Majesty from the treasons of his corrupted favourites.[1]

Had Lennox been equal to the occasion, he would have thrown himself at once at the head of all the force which he could raise, and have flown to the King's rescue. The Kers and the Maxwells had been preparing the Border marauders for the expected invasion of England; many hundreds of them had but to spring

[1] CALDERWOOD.

into their saddles to be ready for the field; and everywhere, even in the Lothians, there were loose gentlemen and their retainers who had no love for the discipline of the Kirk, and had no wish to see the days of Morton come back again. But the confederate Lords were less united than they seemed; and the secrecy with which Lennox had worked told against him in the suddenness of the emergency. He was himself feeble and frightened; his friends had no immediate purpose or rallying point. Arran, by far the ablest of them, had not been trusted, and had separate aims of his own.

Gowrie and his friends, giving their adversaries credit for more energy than they possessed, carried James at once to Stirling for security. He cried for anger, and refused to eat; respectfully however he was compelled to sign a proclamation, in which Lennox and Arran were charged with having conspired to destroy religion, to corrupt his own morals, to break the alliance with England, and betray the country to the Pope.[1]

Arran for himself protested that he was maligned and slandered, and neither entertained nor ever had entertained any of the designs ascribed to him; Lennox, fearing to be outdone, and false as he was cowardly, protested before God, 'that it never entered his mind to subvert religion as was falsely alleged upon him—God having given him grace to embrace that religion, he would not desist to profess and maintain it.'[2]

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[1] CALDERWOOD. [2] Ibid.

Mary Stuart alone from her prison at Sheffield retained her courage and presence of mind. She, when she heard the news, sped away one messenger to the Pope, and another to the Duke of Guise: the first to implore all the influences of the Vatican to rouse Philip; the second to beg Guise to make haste for his life, if he would save her son from being murdered. She threw herself at his feet; she threw herself at the King of France's feet. He might call her son King, Prince, or what he pleased, if only he would allow Guise to rescue him from destruction, if only he would save the party of France in Scotland from being broken up for ever. All was prepared. Her friends in England she said were ready. Her own escape was arranged. Help only must be sent to Lennox without an hour's delay.[1]

Had Mary Stuart been a man, or woman as she was had she been free, she might have changed the history of the world. Unluckily for the Catholics, Shrewsbury was true to his trust, and her cause was again trampled into ignominy. Lennox, afraid of remaining at Dalkeith, came into Edinburgh under the protection of the Provost. The expelled ministers were brought back to their flocks; one of them, James Lawson, preached at St Giles's on the Sunday which followed the revolution; and Lennox, to maintain his character for orthodoxy,

[1] Instructions to de Buisseau, September 2: *MSS.* Mary Queen of Scots. Mary Stuart to the Archbishop of Glasgow, cipher, September 10. Intercepted October 24, and deciphered by Walsingham's secretary: *MSS.* Ibid.

was obliged to be present. The Provost had prayed Lawson to be moderate; he said he must speak what the Lord put in his mouth, 'and he preached upon the 6th of Zacharie, and opened up upon the Hills of Brass.' The instincts of these men had pierced the secret of the conspiracy, shrouded as it lay in hypocrisy, and the imagery of the Hebrew prophets gave their tongues superhuman eloquence. Durie, 'the little devil' whom the French cooks at Dalkeith had 'invaded,' addressed the King from the pulpit at Stirling. On the 4th of September he too was restored in triumph to his congregation at Edinburgh. He landed at Leith. Two thousand people met him at Gallows Green, escorted him back to the city, and replaced him in his church; the vast throng as they went along chanting the 124th Psalm, 'Now may Israel say, if the Lord himself had not been on our side, they had swallowed us up quick when they were so wrathfully displeased at us: our help is in the name of the Lord, who made heaven and earth.'

September.

'The Duke,' it was said, 'was more afraid at that sight than at anything that he had ever before seen in Scotland, and rave his beard for anger.' He might curse it as heresy, he might scorn it as fanaticism—but there visibly present before him was a power which had baffled his plots, and which neither he nor his Jesuits could exorcise. He stole away out of the town, and never rested till he was among his own people at Dumbarton, with the highway of the sea open before him. 'If these news be true,' wrote the old Randolph when

he heard what had happened, 'we may see what it is to be true followers of Christ in earnest preaching and constant persevering in the setting forth his word: now is the time for the Queen to do service to God.'[1]

The conspirators were scattered, and their secrets were swiftly ravelled out. Arran told all that he knew. George Douglas was caught going to or coming from Paris. He was tortured, Mendoza says, at the instigation of Elizabeth, and confessed part if not all of his negotiations with the Duke of Guise.[2] The Queen of Scots' correspondence was watched; a letter, in cipher, to the Archbishop of Glasgow fell into Walsingham's hands, repeating what she had said to her cousin, dwelling on Guise's fitness to conduct the invasion, as reconciling the interests of France and Spain, and furnishing an instructive comment on the oaths of innocence which she had sworn so lately to Elizabeth.[3] Now, as Randolph said, was Elizabeth's time; but it was necessary to keep up appearances with France, and if possible to come to an understanding with the French Court. Henry and his mother were really anxious to maintain their influence in Scotland. The Lennox faction was the French faction, and, had Henry dared, he would

[1] Randolph to Walsingham, September 2. Randolph, like an old hunter hearing the cry of the hounds, was anxious to be in the field again. 'If any are to be sent to Scotland,' he said, with more emphasis than decorum, 'let me not be cast out of the cart's arse, and others reap the glory of that for which I have adventured my body and spent of my own almost to extreme beggary.'

[2] 'Á la peticion desta Reyna le daban tormentos.'—Mendoza al Rey, 1 Noviembre, 1582.

[3] Mary Stuart to the Archbishop of Glasgow, September 10, 1582: *MSS.* MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

have gladly assisted them. But he was most unwilling also to offend Elizabeth.[1] Mauvissière told him that if France interfered, England would interfere, even if war should come of it; and Mauvissière therefore was left to do what he could by diplomacy. Elizabeth conceived that as long as France was neutral, she was obliged to abstain from the appearance of intervention herself. On hearing of James's capture, she sent down Sir George Carey to the Lords with a message half approving and half in blame. She did not mislike what they had done in itself, she said, but she disapproved the manner of the execution, the time and the other circumstances, 'which carried show as though it had been intended purposely to her Majesty's disgrace.' She hoped however 'to find at their hands all good offices tending to the amity between the realms,' and she was content therefore to leave them to themselves.[2]

Her secret feelings were far less agreeable; much had been done, but more had been promised, and she had expected a more complete return for her money. All the mischief had arisen from Arran and Lennox; their deaths had been part of the programme which Angus had arranged with her; and Lennox was at large and apparently unsought after, and Arran had been in Angus's hands, and had been spared. Leicester wrote privately to complain. 'Her Majesty,' he said, 'wondered Angus could be so slack in a matter which

[1] The King and the Queen-mother, September 5, 8; TEULET, vol. iii.

[2] Instructions to Mr Carey by the Queen, August 30: *MSS. Scotland.*

required prompt and severe execution of justice, and did not know what to think.'[1] Mendoza heard whispers in London that Lennox was to be killed or expelled, Angus to be appointed Regent, the King and his mother to be got rid of, and the Scotch claims on the succession to be ended by the nomination of Lord Huntingdon.[2] To the latter part of the scheme Elizabeth at least must have been no consenting party. But it may possibly have occurred to Leicester, and to others whose worldly fortunes depended on the Protestant succession. If the persons of English sovereigns were sacred, no lives were more precarious than those of princes or princesses who had inconvenient pretensions in virtue of royal blood. It seems however that Gowrie and his party did not choose to commit themselves to severe measures till they knew on what support they might calculate. Without money the force which they could command was after all extremely small. The strength of Protestantism lay among tradesmen, artisans, and peasants, who were a fine material for soldiers, but were unorganized, untrained to arms, and too poor to fight at

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[1] Leicester to Angus, September 7: *MSS. Scotland.*

[2] 'El designio con que inflamáron, fuera de las pensiones dadivas y dineros, al de Angus, fué con que echado del reyno ó muerto á Aubigny, él seria Gobernador del como fué su tio Morton; y por haber sido el medio el Conde de Huntingdon de assistir al de Angus, y ser despues de la reyna de Escocia el que piensa tener derecho á esta corona, es de temer que no maten ó den venedicos al Rey como se empieça á rugir desde agora; acabando juntamente á su madre, con lo cual él de Leicester y toda la parcialidad de los hereges entienden á segurar el derecho de Huntingdon que les es grandisimo, y en que tiene puesta la mira.'—Mendoza al Rey, 1 Setiembre, 1582: *MSS. Simancas.*

their own expense, unless on an immediate emergency. The few noblemen among them had estates to lose, but were disinclined to gratuitous risks. If Elizabeth expected them to hold their ground with their own resources, some kind of compromise with the other side could not be avoided. The Gordons, the Kers, the Setons, the Grahams, the Humes, the Maxwells, representing as they did the historical genius of Scotland, had a popularity and a strength of their own. They were Catholics at heart, determined enemies of the Reformation and all belonging to it. Their feudal authority enabled them at all times to bring a swarm of personal followers into the field. France and Spain were as liberal as the Queen of England was niggardly; and it had been proved, over and again, that although the Protestant leaders could keep the Government in their hands with a small annual contribution from England, they were no match alone for three quarters of the Peers of Scotland backed by the Catholic treasuries. They did not choose to try the experiment again, and Angus and Gowrie declined to widen the gulf between themselves and the other nobles to please Leicester or Huntingdon, till they were satisfied that they might not themselves be flung into it.

The state of things was now precisely what it had been when the Earl of Morton recovered power after his first deposition. The Lords of the English faction, as they were called, had the King in their hands, and for the present the control of the situation. On the same conditions which the Abbot of Dunfermline had

vainly offered at Audley End, and the rejection of which had been the cause of all the subsequent troubles, Elizabeth might secure the continued supremacy of her friends. James, angry and bitter as he was, might be reconciled to the change, if she would but allow him the rents of his grandmother's estates. A few pensions, and five thousand pounds a year to maintain the Court, with a handful of men-at-arms, would place Angus and Gowrie out of all risk of overthrow; and the Queen would have no more need of lying diplomacy. The unanimous opinion of the times was that England could not be successfully invaded as long as it had Scotland for a friend.

So plain was this to all statesmen that they would not believe the opportunity would again be thrown away.

'I shall be sorry in my heart,' wrote Sir Walter Mildmay to Walsingham, 'if anything is omitted now that should be done here. To let slip such an opportunity to make sure of that realm, the assurance whereof is more for us than both the others, might be counted a marvellous oversight, and sparing of charge that way a small point of husbandry. I pray God it may be considered in time, as the weight thereof deserves. The Lords should be comforted and advised effectually, whereof I am sure that you will take care.'[1]

'All depends on England now,' James Colville wrote from Scotland. 'The Queen's interest is as much

[1] Mildmay to Walsingham, September 14: *MSS. Scotland.*

at stake as ours. She must not stint her liberality if she wishes the Lords success.'[1]

The circumstances were the same as they had been. The Scotch Protestants had once more snatched their country out of the hands of a faction whose chief aim was England, whose manœuvres in Scotland were solely undertaken that it might be used for the general invasion. Elizabeth, untaught by experience, acted in precisely the same manner. She had wished Lennox and Arran to be killed. She would have been rid of two dangerous enemies at a trifling cost to herself, and she would have paraded to the world her horror at the atrocity of their assassination. But they had fallen from power—the immediate danger was passed, and the ordinary humour again interposed. The Kirk was the chief buttress of her throne, and she hated it in proportion to its value to her. She had sent Sir Robert Bowes with a thousand pounds to Gowrie after the capture of the King, but even this miserable sum she had forbidden him to give if Lennox could be got rid of without it.

October. 'I lament,' wrote Bowes, committing his opinion to a friend's ear,[2] 'I lament to behold such untimely sparing in cases where most cost ought to be employed to purchase the fruit that might yield both security for her Majesty's estate, and avoid expenses in time coming. I am inwardly afraid that God's determined judgment will not suffer us to repair

[1] Colville to Randolph, September 28: *MSS. Scotland.*
[2] Bowes to Walsingham. October 17. Cipher: *MSS.* Ibid.

the ruins of our house before it fall on our heads, and that this present husbandry shall be found like the huswifry of Calais. You see the towardness of the King, easy now to be carried into such courses as by her Majesty and council shall be found best. The Lords, with the King and all the religious, earnestly press the same. If the work be at this time stayed or fail, the building, I think, will never hereafter prosper, for our credit, broken so far, shall be unable to repair the breach; and the loss of the good instruments to be now cast away will not suddenly be recovered.

'Because that I perceive my labours herein shall bring forth great discomfort to good men that in the end are like to be abandoned, and also more disgrace to myself, that have no power to perform the effects meet to be promised them that may work contentation and commodity to her Majesty, for whom I am ready to lay down my life, therefore I see it high time to stay my further progress in these matters, and right humbly do pray you that I may be speedily called away to live at my charge in such poor estate as shall please God and her Majesty to appoint me. The thousand pounds I received for these purposes remain entirely with me, and ready to be returned or bestowed as shall please her Majesty to direct me. I beseech you procure me directions, that I may know what to do therewith, being loath to touch the same or hereafter persuade the opening of her Majesty's purse, but rather to choose for the present a heavy burden on my weak back, to answer all things for her Majesty's service in my charge.'

Not only might it be said of Elizabeth that none but herself could be her parallel, but she was able to eclipse herself, and suggest expedients in her difficulties which could have occurred to no imagination but her own. She was still swearing, and she meant to continue to swear, that she intended to marry her French Prince;[1] but, more wonderful than this, she allowed a report to be spread that she would marry the young King of Scotland, and ensure herself against danger from him by being his wife.[2]

November. Money, at any rate, she would not part with, neither from her own treasury nor the Lennox rents, and among the possible consequences there was one extremely serious, which those who knew Scotland best were afraid might follow. The King had been partly reconciled to his fate by promises of what England would do for him. When he found England

[1] 'Those that weigh the matter indifferently, considering her Majesty's years and their necessity in France to be provided of a successor, either by the King or Monsieur, do judge they have good reason not to be hasty in this matter. Notwithstanding it is meant that the negotiation shall still be entertained whereof we have hitherto taken more hurt than good.' —Walsingham to Cobham, November 8, 1582: *MSS. France.*

[2] 'J'ay veu par la lettre qu'avez escripte à la Royne ma Dame et mère la negotiation que l'on mect en avant de marier la dicte Dame d'Angleterre avec mon nepveu le Roy d'Escoce. Cette nouvelle practique le pourra encores quelque temps entretenir en esperance en Angleterre et en Escoce, ne doubtant pas qu'icelle Dame Royne, selon qu'elle a accoustumée, ne soit bien contente que le bruict en soit, car cela ne peult que servir á ses affaires.'—Le Roi à Castelnau de Mauvissière, January 27, 1583: TEULET, vol. iii. 'Aquella Reyna no puede estar sin platicas de casamiento, y ahora las tiene con el Rey de Escocia por asegurarse de donde mas teme.'—Mendoza á Don Juan de Idriaquez, 2 Marzo, 1583: *MSS. Simancas.*

would do nothing, he began to grow restless himself, and meditated escape. One day he asked to be allowed to ride, and when he was refused permission, he cried that he would not bear it, and would appeal to his subjects. Gowrie scornfully bade some one bring him a rocking-horse.[1] He made a rush at the door. Gowrie striding before him put his boot across the opening, and James swore he would make him pay for the insult with his life. Gowrie and Angus were situated with him much as Morton and Lindsay were with Mary at Lochleven. They knew that if he lived, and Elizabeth did not help them, they could not keep him for ever; he would recover his power, and be revenged on them; and it was extremely likely that they would avoid a repetition of the previous weakness, and make sure of him while he was in their hands.[2]

Another possibility was that James would dissemble, tempt them into a reconciliation with Lennox, and afterwards destroy them. Elizabeth had been premature in revealing her intention to break her promises, and in exasperation as just as it was natural, the Lords were already listening to overtures which were tentatively made to them. Lennox had actually sailed from Dumbarton at the beginning of October, but he was driven back by stress of weather, or overtaken by news

[1] 'Una áca.'—Mendoza al Rey, 1 Noviembre, 1582: *MSS. Simancas.*

[2] This was Walsingham's opinion: 'Entiendo que Walsingham, relatando esto á un consejero, le afirmo que su opinion era que romperia en breve aquello, porque los conjurados ó atosigarian al Rey, ó él se les haria de suyo para cortarles despues las cabezas.'—Ibid.

which induced him to return. The Lords had asked Bowes categorically whether his mistress would make the King an allowance, and Bowes had been unable to give them the answer which they had a right to expect. Mary Stuart meanwhile having waived her scruples about James's title, French agents, well supplied with money, had made their appearance at Edinburgh. An ambassador was promised, and was said to be coming immediately, bringing in his hands proposals for a new organization of parties, the dissolution as well of the English alliance as of the new connection with Spain, and the union of all factions in the interests of the French Court. Gowrie and Angus, weary of their ungracious patron, and delighted to make her feel that they were not in her power, had all but consented to let Lennox stay, and to be reconciled to him. Ker and Seton and Maxwell had joined Lennox in the Western Highlands after he had relanded, and were threatening a march on Stirling. They had hesitated only from a fear that either the King would be murdered, or that Elizabeth, in spite of herself, would then be forced to send troops from Berwick:[1] and French diplomacy would thus have solved the situation by a reconciliation of all parties, to the ruin of the English connection, had not the ministers of the Kirk held the secular politicians in check.[2]

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[1] 'El no hacer demostraciones es por no obligar á que la Reyna entre con mano armada en favor de los conjurados; ó en ultima desesperacion que los fuerçe á matar al Rey, confundiendo lo todo.'—Mendoza al Rey, 1 Noviembre: *MSS. Simancas.*

[2] 'Escribe Sir Juan Foster que

The Queen of Scots, after her first burst of energy, finding Guise motionless, Lennox shut up in Dumbarton, and Mendoza's encouragement to look for help from Philip unrealized, had again begun to despond. M. de Fontenay, the brother of Nau, her French secretary, had been at Sheffield, and had been allowed to see her. She bade him go to Madrid, and try once more to move Philip, while she wrote to Don Bernardino to say that her affairs would not bear any further procrastination, and that if the King would not or could not assist her, she must come to terms with Elizabeth. She was prepared, she said, to consent to any conditions which would restore her to liberty; and she proposed to retire to some place where she could spend the rest of her life in devotion, and no longer fret away her days in fruitless efforts.[1] She addressed one of her long passionate appeals to Elizabeth, in which eloquence gave falsehood the effect of truth. Now upbraiding, now tender and pathetic, she sung again the old tale of her ill-usage. Through the weary years of her imprisonment, she vowed that she had laboured to please, and her sincerity had been doubted, her motives misrepresented, delay had been piled on delay, and injustice on injustice. If

los conjurados se hubieran acordado con Aubigny sino fuera por los ministros que lo habian impedido.'—Mendoza al Rey, 1 Noviembre: *MSS. Simancas.*

[1] 'Je desire infiniement avoir de une façon ou aultre quelque resolution; car si mes ouvertures ne sont pour reussir, j'ay deliberé de rechercher par tous moyens et à quelques conditions license de me retirer en quelque lieu de repos, pour y passer le reste de ma vie avec plus de liberté de ma conscience, sans me consumer ici davantage inutilement.—The Queen of Scots to Don Bernardino, October 12, 1582: *MSS. Simancas.*

she was supposed to have done wrong, and to have conspired to trouble the peace of England, she begged the privilege of the meanest criminal. Let the proofs be produced, let her be heard in answer in a public court, and if found guilty let her be punished as she deserved. She was not troubling the world, she said; Elizabeth's own agents rather were filling Scotland with misery, and seeking the life of her child. For herself she was near the end of her pilgrimage. She could not last much longer—only let not Elizabeth think she could be tamed by harshness. Dispositions like hers would not yield to violence. If she was to be won, she must be won by kindness. She was innocent of all that she was charged with, and she prayed as a favour, and demanded as a right, that she might have better servants to wait upon her in an illness which she expected would be her last, and a priest to prepare her for her end.[1]

The letter was sent open through the French ambassador that a copy of it might move compassion abroad, but at the unlooked-for turn of things in Scotland, her spirits rose again, and from despair she sprung back to confidence. Messengers from Dumbarton and from the Duke of Guise continued to evade the watchfulness of Lord Shrewsbury's guard at Sheffield. Guise reported that French influence was reviving, and that it would soon be re-established, and that Scotland would then be his to deal with as he pleased. He was ready as ever to cross over; he waited only for the

[1] Mary Stuart to Elizabeth, November 8: LABANOFF, vol. v.

permission of his own Sovereign and the King of Spain: and Mary Stuart again pressed on Mendoza the peculiar qualifications which Guise possessed—his courage, his brilliant ability, and those exceptional conditions which, while they endeared him to the French Catholics, made him not unacceptable to Spain. Evidently both she and Guise considered that the chance which had been almost lost had been thoroughly recovered, and that the only result from the Raid of Ruthven, as the enterprise at Perth had come to be called, was, that the King hated more intensely than before the Lords who held him in thraldom, and would give the French when they came a heartier welcome.[1]

The move which had been made by the French might or might not mean all that Mary Stuart expected of it. Scotland might be useful to Henry and Catherine, either to punish Elizabeth, or as a bridle to hold her with. Walsingham believed that the disposition of the French Court towards a genuine alliance with England could not have survived the trifling with Alençon, and that whatever influence France could recover in Scotland would be used in the interests of the Catholics. The dowry of the Queen of Scots being paid by settlement out of several different estates, required a continual correspondence. Many of her letters had thus passed and repassed unwatched, and had gone regularly in the bags of the French ambassador. It was discovered that Mauvissière had allowed her to abuse her

[1] Mary Stuart to Don Bernardino, November, 1582: *MSS Simancas.*

privilege, and had transmitted papers for her connected with the conspiracy. This was taken as another evidence of the bad faith of the French Court. Walsingham bade Cobham keep his eyes open. 'If,' he said, 'the ambassador here has proceeded by direction of the French King and his mother, then are we to think that their protestations of amity are but abuses; for if they desire unfeignedly an association against Spain, they would be careful to preserve the quiet of England, and advise Scotland to depend upon her Majesty.'[1]

While the uneasiness was at its height, La Mothe Fénelon, the late ambassador in England, came over suddenly with a request that the Queen would allow him to proceed to Edinburgh. His conduct while at Elizabeth's Court had been eminently conciliatory. All parties had liked him, and nothing could be more friendly than the professed object of his mission. He represented the French King as still extremely anxious for the Queen's marriage with his brother, and as being ready to make all concessions for it, short of giving up Calais: or if the marriage could not be, there was still room for a league offensive and defensive. The Queen-mother professed an intention of continuing her privateering war with Philip. She had commissioned La Mothe to ask Elizabeth to sell her ships for a fresh expedition to the Azores.[2] She wished them to be manned with English officers and seamen, and she promised that if Philip resented it, Elizabeth might count on France to stand

[1] Walsingham to Cobham, September 26, 1582: *MSS. France.*

[2] Walsingham to Cobham, December 13: *MSS.* Ibid.

by her.[1] As regarded Scotland, his objects, as La Mothe described them, were equally plausible. He said generally that he had come to help England in pacifying the feuds with which that unhappy country was distracted; and his principle of pacification was one which was likely to be seductive to Elizabeth, however unsafe it might appear to Walsingham. 'The Queen of Scots,' La Mothe said to her in a private conversation, 'must either be held prisoner for life, or released under hard conditions, or lastly her Majesty, like a true friend and loving sister, might replace her on her own throne. To condemn her to perpetual captivity would provoke the anger of God, the enmity and perhaps the interposition of man. Her Majesty was too honourable and too wise a princess to take a course so unjust and so hazardous. The second alternative, if less cruel, was even more dangerous. Hard conditions would, of course, be resented. They might be imposed, but circumstances might change. Elizabeth might be without power to enforce them, and the end might be convulsion and violence. To impartial observers the most prudent course appeared to be to gain the Queen of Scots' gratitude by a frank and generous clemency, and restore her to the station which she had lost. Past unpleasantnesses would then be forgotten. The treaty of Leith could be ratified, and the two Princesses, rivals no longer, might reign in peace and goodwill to the end of their natural lives.'[2]

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[1] Don Bernardino to Philip, December 16: *MSS. Simancas.*

[2] Paper endorsed 'Advice of M. de la Mothe,' January, 1583: *MSS. France, Rolls House.*

December. The sentiment of all this was as little likely to have touched Elizabeth as to have been meant in earnest by La Mothe; but the presence of the Queen of Scots in the realm was a fact which did not allow itself to be forgotten, and the question of what to do with her was as necessary to solve, as it was still far from solution. The Queen had all along preferred the mother to the son, and if France would become a guarantee for Mary Stuart's future behaviour, La Mothe's proposal had, after all, much to recommend it. Connected with the restoration of Mary Stuart, he had brought plans for a general policy in Europe, a close alliance between France and England, the liberation of the Low Countries, the toleration of the Huguenots, and the fine picture—so often shaped by imagination, to fade as soon as it had been drawn—of a world restored to order and peace on broad principles of moderation and justice.

Was France sincere?—all turned on that,—or was the French Court France? and might not La Mothe be after all an agent of the Guises? Sir Henry Cobham discovered that among La Mothe's secret instructions there was one to keep Lennox in Scotland, another to arrange a marriage between James and a daughter of Lorraine.[1] He had been also ordered to encourage Mary Stuart's plans for the associate sovereignty of herself and James; to prevail on the Estates of Scotland to declare the Lochleven abdication null, and to obtain, if

[1] Cobham to Walsingham, November 19. Cipher. Walsingham to Cobham, January 4: *MSS. France*

possible, a public Act acquitting her of the Kirk o' Field murder. Again, and it was a curious instance of Mary Stuart's revengeful memory, a charge had been given him to procure the execution of Ker of Faldonside, who had held a pistol at her breast when Rizzio was assassinated, and of George Douglas, who had stabbed him with Darnley's dagger.[1]

It was possible that Lennox might be ruled by La Mothe, and be no longer dangerous. The Lorraine marriage might be an improvement on the contemplated match with Spain. If Mary Stuart was to be restored, Elizabeth's own policy had been always to throw a veil over the Darnley tragedy. But the tone of these purposes, as they were discovered by other means, did not harmonize with La Mothe's language to Elizabeth. Without proving that he had been playing false, they suggested unpleasant suspicions, and the Queen could not tell whether she would let him proceed to Scotland or not. The council sat upon it from morning till night without coming to a resolution.[2] Elizabeth said

[1] 'Aura soing de faire par tous moyens verifier l'innocence de la dicte Royne sa mère pour la calomnie que luy a este imposée touchant le meurtre du feu Roy son mari. Il fera justice exemplaire de ceulx qui ont autrefois attempté à la personne d'icelle Royne comme Andrew Kerr de Faldonside, et George Douglas, lesquelz demeurent hors de toute abolition generale ou pardon particulier à l'advenir.'—Articles presented by La Mothe, January 20, 1582-3: *MSS.* MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

[2] 'Se juntáron,' says Mendoza, as if it were a fact of great importance, 'se juntáron los de su consejo, estando en el desde la mañana á la noche.' Philip, remembering his English experiences, wrote on the margin, 'No es mucho, porque comen alli muchas veces y estan en conversacion.'—Don Bernardino al Rey, 16 Deciembre, 1582: *MSS. Simancas.*

that when La Mothe was in England as ambassador he was a lamb, and that now he was a vixen,[1] but he might gain less by his cunning than he looked for. She tried the marriage on again. La Mothe declined to dip his fingers in the pitch with which he had defiled them already. If the Queen wished to reopen that subject, he said, she must write herself to Alençon. Secretary Pinart hinted to Cobham, that if she objected to take a husband for her own person, she might give Alençon the little Arabella Stuart, and settle the crown on them.[2] Mendoza was told that she parried Pinart's suggestion by pretending that she had powers from Parliament to appoint any one that she pleased to succeed her, and that if France would declare war against Spain and send an army to the Low Countries, she would name Alençon, married or unmarried.[3]

Leicester, it seems, had an eye on Lady Arabella for his own son. Mary Stuart's life was thought a bad one, and James ran a fair chance of destruction among the Scotch nobles. In default of these, the lawyers were

[1] 'Una raposa.'

[2] 'Pinart pretending to understand the meaning was not to suffer the Scotch King to become successor to the crown.' — Cobham to Walsingham, December 19: *MSS. France.*

[3] 'La Reyna scribió una carta de propia mano, en la cual dice que cuando el Rey de Francia publicamente quisiere romper guerra con V. Magd y assistir á su hermano para los negocios de los Payses Bajos, ella declararia á Alençon por heredero deste Reyno en virtud del consentimiento que en un Parliamento le diéron de aceptar por tal á cualquiera que ella señalase. Entiendo que él de Leicester tiene la mira de casar su hijo con la nieta de la Condesa de Shrewsbury, juzgando los mejores letrados y mas cuerdos que en defecto de la Reyna de Escocia y su hijo es la mas propinqua heredera de todos.'—Mendoza al Rey, 16 Deciembre: *MSS. Simancas.*

inclining to think that the Lady Arabella's claims stood next, and the House of Dudley might arrive after all at the sceptre which Leicester's father had perished in grasping, and which he himself had so narrowly missed.

With toys of this kind Elizabeth amused the time while she struggled with her perplexities. One day La Mothe was to be allowed to go. The next day she was positive that he should not go. At last his passports were sent to him, and he started on his journey. Immediately after there came a message from the Earl of Gowrie, that a letter had been intercepted addressed to Lennox, in which there was information that a French army was coming over; that the Duke of Guise and his brother the Duc de Mayenne were to lead, that the King of Spain had consented, and that the Pope was to supply the funds.[1]

Secretary Davison was instantly sent galloping down the north road to overtake and stop La Mothe, when again news came that, in consequence of his long detention, Henry had sent a second ambassador, M. de Mainville, to Edinburgh by sea. To arrest the first would be therefore a gratuitous affront, and a second courier galloped after Davison with orders that La Mothe was to go forward, and that Davison himself should accompany him.[2]

'Mr Bowes,' wrote Walsingham sadly, 'had once brought things to so good a pass, and prepared the

[1] Mendoza al Rey, 16 Deciembre: *MSS. Simancas.*

[2] Letters from Walsingham to Davison, December 12—14: *MSS. Scotland.*

King's mind so well to depend upon her Majesty, as if it had pleased her to have been at some charges to continue him in that good devotion, she might have had the disposing of him in marriage, the saving of which charges now will breed peril hereafter.'[1]

Both La Mothe and de Mainville came too late to prevent the departure of Lennox. Encouraged by his letters from France, and by the evident irresolution of the confederate Lords, he had communicated with James and had arranged to carry him off from Stirling. The plot was discovered by a servant[2] the day before it was to have been executed, and Gowrie snatched up his royal prisoner, and secured him in the safer quarters of Edinburgh Castle. Lennox having missed his mark, made a feint of attacking Edinburgh Castle, and actually threw supplies into Blackness; but matters had now become extremely critical, and in the panic at the expected French interference James's murder had become a seriously probable contingency. The English Puritans would have made no very curious inquiry into the end of a boy from whom they anticipated nothing but mischief; the politicians who wanted the succession for Huntingdon or Lady Arabella would have been still less scrupulous; and Elizabeth herself would undoubtedly have breathed more freely had she understood that he was dead. Mendoza believed that on La Mothe's first coming to England orders were sent from London to Gowrie to have him poisoned, and that one

[1] Walsingham to Cobham, January 4: *MSS. France.*

[2] 'Un perrero,' the keeper of the King's dogs.

cause of La Mothe's detention had been that Gowrie might have time to get it done.[1] Whether this suspicion was just or false, James was in as much danger as his mother had been at Lochleven, and no similar intervention in his favour was to be looked for from England. He scrawled on the wall of the room in which he was confined a feeble lamentation over his captivity;[2] the next morning he saw written by some fierce hand under his words:—

> A Papist thou art and friend to a slave;
> A rope thou deservest, and that thou shalt have.

It was full time for Lennox to be gone. All along, and when his power was at its highest, he had wished to retire to France till Guise was ready to cross over. He was afraid for his own skin in such a boiling element, with no better protection than his own skill and courage. Guise, Mendoza, the Queen of Scots, Philip himself, had insisted that he should remain, and he had obeyed; but now he had an adequate excuse. The Protestant party was disorganized and divided, and without the help which Elizabeth would not give, it could not readily gather form again; his friends undertook to keep Dum-

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[1] 'Luego que llegó aqui La Mota, despachâron un correo en Escocia con orden que procurase avenenar al Rey. . . . El de Ruthven ha scripto una carta de propia mano en las de la Reyna, que no se puede entender que le diga, mas de ser por discursos del atosigar al Rey, porque luego que tuvó la dicha carta, la Reyna dixó que era la ocasion del detenerse tanto La Mota tras tener pasaporte suyo.'—Don Bernardino al Rey, 10 Deciembre, 1582: *MSS. Simancas.*

[2] 'A prisoner I am and liberty would have.'—Advertisements out of Scotland, November 30: *MSS. Scotland.*

barton, and to hold themselves prepared to move when the opportunity returned.

James himself contrived to send him a letter assuring him of his constant affection, promising to receive him again when he was out of Gowrie's hands, but meanwhile begging him,[1] for his own sake, to leave Scotland. Arran gave the same advice. Until Lennox went, he said, the King's life was in danger. Permission was sent to him to pass through England, and an intimation that Elizabeth would see him on his passage through London, and by the end of December he was gone.

Elizabeth regarded his departure as the victory of her own diplomacy. Sir Robert Bowes, who understood how wildly she was deceiving herself, made another effort on behalf of Gowrie and Angus. 'I wait,' he said, 'to see what will be done towards the support of the Lords and their contentment, without which the King and this realm will not be kept long in this course, wherein if they again slide and fall I shall utterly despair of their recovery. The offer of them is once more presented frankly to her Majesty, who at some charge may have them. If we will needs save our

[1] 'I inquired of the Master of Livingstone the cause of the Duke's departure. He answered the Duke mistrusted not his power nor did he doubt of the King's good-will, but the King mistrusted very much his own life so long as the Duke continued in Scotland, being sharply threatened by the Lords that if he would not cause the Duke to depart he should not be the longest liver of them all. The Duke therefore at the private and special request of the King departed, nothing less assured of his Majesty's favour. Arran wrote to the King that unless the Duke departed there could be no surety for his life nor peace for the country.' —— to Walsingham, January 5, 1583: *MSS. Scotland.*

money we must of force lose their friendship, because necessity doth press them to provide for their own standing. Her Majesty has to choose, to have Scotland at her devotion or to save her money.'[1]

Her Majesty preferred both to have Scotland as she wished and to save her money also, and she refused to believe that the two things were incompatible. She bade Bowes to cram the Lords with the chameleon's dish, with expectations which she had predetermined to disappoint. Lord Burghley would have preferred, since this was her resolution, that at least there should be no more lying. 'Seeing,' he wrote to Bowes, 'that we are no better disposed to lay hold of the amity of that realm, I see no cause why either yourself should be continued there, or any other appointed to supply your place.'[2] But the Queen chose to play her game in her own way, and having deceived the Lords she prepared to deceive Lennox. The latter, on his way from the Border, encountered La Mothe and Davison at Topcliff. La Mothe was surprised and 'discontented' to see him, but after a long private conversation Lennox satisfied him that he had sufficient reason for going, and that his departure would be no injury to the cause.[3] La Mothe went on, carrying with him a portmanteau full of gold crowns to weigh against Elizabeth's words. Lennox came to London, and the object of so many anxious

1583. January

[1] Bowes to Walsingham and Burghley, December 15, 29: *MSS. Scotland.*

[2] Burghley to Bowes, January 4, 1583: *MSS.* Ibid.

[3] Davison to Burghley, January 3, 1583: *MSS.* Ibid.

thoughts, and against whom so many daggers had been sharpened, found himself in the Queen's presence.

He too had his game that he was playing. Deficient as he was in nerve and daring, at cool falsehood he had not his match in the world. Elizabeth received him graciously, and bade him wear his cap while speaking to her in consideration of his rank. She then told him that he was suspected of having gone to Scotland at the instigation of the Duke of Guise, with a view to making a religious revolution and of destroying the alliance with England; that he was said further to have introduced Jesuits there, whom he had seen, talked to, and consulted with. Every word of this was literally true: yet he swore that it was nothing but a dream. His return to Scotland was at the King's invitation, he said. He had no connection with Guise, and had never spoken to a Jesuit. He was a true Protestant. He had always insisted to the King that the Queen of England was his surest friend; and the cause of his unpopularity had been nothing but a difference with the ministers about Church government. He preferred the Anglican system to the Scotch, and he had wished to introduce the orderly institution of bishops.

Elizabeth allowed him to believe that she thought him sincere. She should hear, she said, how he behaved in France, and if she was satisfied with the accounts of him she would allow him to return to Scotland. He imagined that he had succeeded in blinding her, and afterwards, that his friends in England might not be led astray about him by a report of his words, he

gave an account of himself and his intentions to Mendoza. He did not think it prudent to appear at the Spanish embassy in person, but he sent his confidential secretary, and the substance of his message was forwarded by the ambassador to Philip.

'The secretary,' wrote Mendoza, 'brought me two lines in the cipher which I used with his master, bidding me give full credit to what the bearer would say to me. The Duke, I was then told, had been forced to leave Scotland because the King had promised that he should go, and because a plan had failed to take the King out of the hands of the confederate Lords. His party was still far superior in strength, but it was thought imprudent to use force in the face of the Queen of England. His friends had agreed that he had better retire. The King would then probably recover his liberty without trouble or tumult. The Master of Graham, through whom the King and Lennox corresponded, with the rest of the Catholic noblemen, had bound themselves under their hands and seals to procure his release. Lennox had himself signed with the others, and as soon as he was in France, the rest, if other means failed, intended to take arms, and would be glad of any help which could be furnished them. As soon as the King was free, Lennox was to return and resume his place at the Court. The bond was every day receiving fresh adhesions, and the King himself meant to affix his name when the time came. The Master of Graham had wished him to do it before Lennox left, but the King had feared that a premature signature

might lead to an immediate explosion. He had given his word to the Queen of England that Lennox should go to France, and he must keep his promise. But to go to France need not mean to remain there, and in six months at latest he might be again at Edinburgh.

'I asked the secretary if the Duke meant while he was in Paris to attend the Protestant services. He said that he did, and the Duke had particularly charged him to tell me so, that his Holiness and your Majesty and the Queen of Scots might be under no false impression about him. He was forced to dissemble that obstacles might not be raised to his return. If he avowed himself the Catholic which he really was, the King could not conveniently recall him, and the Queen of England would certainly interfere. He wished me to be satisfied that nothing should prevent him from taking arms in the great cause, when a Catholic army was once landed in Scotland. The King he undertook should then be reconciled to the Church. He would make him understand that his prospects in England depended on his compliance, and on the help of the Catholic powers.

'The secretary assured me further of the great affection which the King felt for Lennox. I was aware of it already, and it appears plainly in two notes which the King wrote to him before his departure. He gave me a letter further from his master to the Queen of Scots, referring her to me for further information about him, with which he begged me to furnish her.

'I replied with generalities. It appeared to me that in desiring the recovery of these realms to the Church,

the Duke, instead of thinking, like his Holiness and your Majesty, of the salvation of souls, might perhaps be looking rather to the succession to this crown, to which it was the readiest road, and to the interests of himself and his family; and that for this reason he wished to know your Majesty's decision about the invasion. I hesitated therefore to enter into particulars till I had heard what had been arranged between Baptista de Tassis and the Duke of Guise; but not wishing that he should think me indifferent, I referred him to Guise, from whom he would soon hear all.'[1]

Whatever might be the faults of the Spaniards, to dissemble their religion was never one of them; and Mendoza's opinion of Lennox, already unfavourable, was not raised by the secretary's account. But Lennox was not Scotland; or if the objects of his whole party were less pure than they ought to have been, they might be turned notwithstanding to purposes of good. Philip was coming very slowly to a consciousness that he would be obliged to interfere. The French succession was becoming as momentous as the English. Henry III.'s health had been destroyed by debauchery. Alençon's was little better, and Alençon in the Netherlands was at open war with Spain. Next after him was the King of Navarre. The Duke of Guise was the only hope of the orthodox Catholic party in France, and Philip was keenly alive to the necessity of strengthening the Duke's influence and securing his friendship. Already

[1] Mendoza to Philip, January 26, 1583.

he had bidden de Tassis tell him that he might count on Spain to stand by him in preventing the accession of a heretic sovereign: already de Tassis had all but promised that Philip would support him in an expedition to Scotland.[1]

The Archbishop of Glasgow indeed, who had meant to rush to Madrid to entreat, had been sharply rebuked by de Tassis and been told to remain at his post.[2] The veneration of Philip for priests in chapel and confessional was equalled, though it could not be excelled, by his contempt for them as politicians. But none the less he had given his confidence to Guise, and professed a willingness to be guided by his advice. Dumbarton was still open. The Lords of Lennox's faction had promised to hold the castle against all comers till the following summer. Lennox had sent word to the Queen of Scots, and his opinion was confirmed by Walsingham,[3] that Elizabeth's latest infidelity to her promises had left her party there weaker and more estranged than when the King was first seized by Gowrie; and that an invading army would find everywhere an en-

[1] Philip to de Tassis, September 24: TEULET, vol. v.

[2] Philip in his usual form scribbled approval on the margin: 'Hizó bien.'—Tassis to Philip, December 29: TEULET, vol. v.

[3] 'They have been often fed with fair promises, and therefore it is not likely that words shall prevail before deeds. The French bring crowns and we give words, our success will be thereafter. I hold Scotland for lost unless God be merciful to this poor island. How unseasonably the same is likely to fall out, or rather dangerously, all the world may see if the state of things at home and abroad be duly looked unto. God open her Majesty's eyes to see her peril and not prefer treasure before surety.'—Walsingham to Burghley, January 30, 1583: *MSS. Domestic.*

thusiastic welcome. The Queen of Scots was once more all fire, animation, and hope.

'I am more assured than ever,' she wrote to Mendoza, 'of the devotion of my child to me. February. My nobles also are more earnest for the enterprise than ever. They assure me that with the slightest countenance from abroad they will destroy the English faction in a fortnight. They would have destroyed it already but for fear my son might be killed or carried to England. For myself I am preparing to escape. If I succeed you may tell his Holiness and your master that there will then be immediate war. We shall look for present help, and as the struggle may be a protracted one there must be reserves. The Duke tells me that before anything considerable is done he will himself bring over part of the force for the reception of which he has arranged at Dumbarton.'

Mendoza had many times petitioned to be recalled. He was a brave soldier, and out of his element in lying intrigues. The climate disagreed with his eyes. They were affected with a disease of which he became ultimately blind, dying long afterwards, at a great age, a monk in a convent at Madrid. The Queen of Scots, who knew what he was feeling, besought him to stay if only till the great event had been consummated. He was the one person, she said, in whom she had implicit confidence. She considered his presence essential to success; she relied on him for qualities of prudence not to be found among English conspirators.

'I agree with you,' she added, 'that there must be

no talking beforehand. If however his Holiness and the King Catholic are really resolved, you must give notice to a few of the leading nobles to prepare in secret. I have myself as yet sounded none of them, nor till the Catholic powers are actually moving in this cause are they likely to pledge themselves at all. The fine promises, they say, which were made to them at the rising of the North were never fulfilled. Those who made the venture were destroyed in consequence, and they will undertake nothing till they are quite certain of the help of his Holiness and your master.'[1]

March. Meanwhile Lennox in Paris sustained the farce of being a zealous Huguenot, and he carried his hypocrisy and falsehood—falsehood any way, whatever was its purpose—so far that but for his letter to the Queen of Scots and the distinct intimation of his secretary that he intended to play a double part, it might be doubted whether after all the Queen of Scots herself was not the person that was deceived, whether he had not changed sides like his grandfather and been converted by his interview with Elizabeth. Three weeks after his arrival there came a Scot named Smollet to the English ambassador, Sir Henry Cobham, to say that if it was made worth his while 'he could assure Lennox to the Queen's Majesty in such sort as he should altogether abandon France.'[2] A few days later Smollet came again with a message from Lennox himself, that he wished to devote himself for the future

[1] Mary Stuart to Mendoza, February 28, 1583: *MSS. Simancas.*
[2] Cobham to Walsingham, March 11: *MSS. France.*

to the service of the Queen of England, that he was ready to put her in possession of the secret plots of the Duke of Guise, and that if she distrusted him he would send his son to her as a pledge of his good faith. 'The King of Scots,' Lennox said, 'was a deep dissembler. The King had many times requested him to transport him into France, and but the other day had written to him to return as quietly as he might and all things should come to pass to his desire.' By the same messenger Lennox begged Cobham 'to bestow a Bible on him,' and sent a declaration in writing that 'his religion being the same with the Queen's Majesty's, the zeal which he had for the same might command him further than any worldly interest.'[1]

The ambassador knew not what to think. The Bishop of Ross had been seen at Lennox's house. Guise and Guise's adherents were there continually. Lady Lennox had been closeted with the Queen-mother, and it was not to be supposed that such persons would trust him with their confidence unless they were certain of his devotion. His overtures, the religious cant especially, tallied exactly with his declarations to Mendoza; but his next message seemed to indicate that Mendoza was right about his character, and that he contemplated genuine treachery. He did not mean to give his services gratuitously. The Queen, he said, must make a distinct agreement with him. 'If she refused, he would in religion and always run the course of

[1] Cobham to Walsingham, March 21: *MSS. France.*

France and would adventure his life into Scotland, well and strongly accompanied. Sufficient force was promised him as soon as the Lords of their party would pass assurance to rise on their parts.'[1]

The Queen, who had seen through him sufficiently to recognize at any rate that he was a scoundrel, treated his advances at first as attempts on her credulity. She bade Cobham hear what he had to say, be on his guard against deception, and commit her to nothing. But she did not feel quite certain. The bottom of a base nature is difficult to probe. 'On second thought, she entertained a hope that the offer might be sincere;' and Walsingham told Cobham that he was to close with the conditions, whatever they might be.

The result was extremely curious, though conjecture is still free to choose its own conclusion. Had Lennox asked for an immediate sum of money, his conduct would be intelligible. He would have put it in his pocket and laughed at his dupes. He asked indeed to be restored by the Queen's means to Scotland; he promised to use his influence there to promote English interests; and this too might have been mere illusion. But as a proof of sincerity he gave in a list of the nobles who had signed the bond with himself; he gave details of the plan to which Mary Stuart alluded, for her rescue from Sheffield, and he added that there was a second conspiracy, into which, out of revenge for their neglect by England, the Earls of Angus, Gowrie, and Glencairn

[1] Cobham to Walsingham, March 28: *MSS. France.*

had entered with La Mothe Fénelon for the transport of the young King into France. He described all the particulars. He named the vessel in which the King was to be brought over. It belonged to himself. It was fitting in a French port as if for trade, and was really going to Kirkcudbright. He advised the Queen to send a ship secretly to cruise on the coast, when without fail she would secure her prize.[1]

May.

This too is explicable if we suppose Lennox to have wished to sow distrust between Elizabeth and the confederate Lords. It is less easy to understand what appears like a deliberate betrayal of the Queen of Scots and of her friends at Elizabeth's own Court. He expressed a wish to go in person to London and deal with the Queen at first hand. 'The Duke proposes,' wrote Cobham, 'to shew at his repair to her Majesty a letter written to him from the Queen of Scots, directed to Dumbarton, wishing him to stay in those parts; offering that her friends in Scotland should join their forces with his: her confederates in England would then shew themselves in his favour. And since his being in this place the Queen of Scots has written again, declaring that she understood by her friends about her Majesty the conference he had passed with her whereat he quitted himself honourably, assuring him that the Queen of England should intend nothing against him but she should be advertised thereof. Which letter he keeps to deliver to her Majesty, intend-

[1] Cobham to Walsingham, May 1: *MSS. France.*

ing to write to the Queen of Scots to discover the names of her assured accomplices in England, if her Majesty findeth it good.'[1]

The character of Lennox is of little moment to history. It is waste of labour to look among the masks which he assumed for the true face of so insignificant a wretch. The probability perhaps would still be that by an affectation of revealing what Elizabeth already knew he was attempting to steal into her confidence, or by false lists of names to conceal the real conspirators. There is one circumstance however which points the other way, and seems rather to indicate that he was false to his Catholic friends. In the midst of his negotiations with Cobham he suddenly died. Again, it may have been no more than coincidence. But if he was really treacherous he possessed secrets which would have cost Mary Stuart her life; and if Guise discovered him to be false the dysentery which was said to have killed him may be easily explained. Any way, he may serve for an illustration of the training of the Jesuits, and is perhaps the only conspicuous person in the sixteenth century whose baseneses were unredeemed by any one single virtue.

February In the mean time the remonstrances of Walsingham and Burghley and the letters of Sir Robert Bowes so far prevailed with Elizabeth that she was brought to reconsider her resolution to do absolutely nothing. She consented that the confederate

[1] Cobham to Walsingham, May 1, 1583: *MSS. France.*

Lords should send representatives with their own and the King's demands, that she might consider them at leisure. Colville and Colonel Stewart were chosen commissioners, and were expected in London in the spring.

She had been hard to persuade, and remained violently suspicious. 'She had entered into a jealous conceit that reports of French promises and offers of pensions to the King and the Lords were devices to prepare the way for Col. Stewart's arrival that he might have the better market.' She did not see that James's marriage concerned her. Let him marry where he would, 'her Highness was persuaded that nothing would be attempted during her life for attaining the interest which the King pretended to the English crown.'[1] Walsingham believed her to be mistaken. 'He feared she would learn by dangerous effects the error of her own judgment.'[2] 'He saw no disposition in her to deal with Scotland as she ought.' She fancied that a smooth letter to James would now keep him straight. Walsingham knew that neither James nor the Lords would be cheated any more with words. 'They would look for deeds,' which, as he said, 'we are slow enough to perform.'[3] She desired Burghley and Walsingham, with the Lord Chancellor and Sir Walter Mildmay, to consult and report to her what they considered that she ought to do. They concluded that with ten thousand pounds a year she might purchase the permanent

[1] Walsingham to Bowes, February 27, 1583: *MSS. Scotland.*
[2] Ibid. [3] Walsingham to Bowes, February 6: *MSS.* Ibid.

quiet of Scotland, and that the price was not excessive. Half of it would be paid as a pension to the King, and would cost her nothing, for it was in fact his own. Four thousand pounds might be given in the form of pensions to the Lords of the English party, and one thousand would maintain a permanent English minister at Edinburgh. It was a cheap bargain. Every pound so expended would in the long-run have saved ten. But the Queen 'utterly misliked the casting of her into charges.' She would not listen to any such proposal. She said she would sooner marry James than give him so much money. 'What further determination she would grow to,' Walsingham was unable to guess.[1]

For direct measures then and always Elizabeth had an incurable dislike. She resented the perpetual efforts to extort money from her. Experience had proved more than ever that in extremity the Protestant party had been able by themselves to take the control of the Government. She believed that they could hold it without help from her treasury, if a certain number of waverers could be detached from the opposite faction, and if by skilful manœuvres she could force them to rely upon themselves. They were now playing France against England. She conceived that she could turn their position by playing the mother against the son. She had ascertained during the winter that whatever the Queen of Scots might pretend, there was not only a general objection in Scotland to the Queen of Scots' plan

[1] Walsingham to Bowes, March 2: *MSS. Scotland.*

of association, but that it was shared by James himself, and by the Earl of Arran, by whom, after Lennox's departure, the King was principally influenced. They were willing to consent to an informal permission from the Queen of Scots that her son should be called King, but to pass an Act of Association through the Scotch Parliament, or to allow the Queen of Scots' name to appear in the Acts of the realm by the side of her son's, was on every ground, political and personal, a thing which very few of them could bring themselves to think of.

The King had tasted the pleasures as well as the pains of sovereignty, and did not fancy receding into a second place. Arran was in possession of the Hamilton estates, of which he was afraid that a change might deprive him. The return of the Queen even to nominal power threatened a revolution, by which every one who had gained anything in the convulsions of the past fifteen years feared that he might be made to disgorge his spoil. They had raised difficulties which Mary Stuart was known to resent. She had determined not to recede from her own demands. The treaty which Elizabeth had opened with her in the preceding year had been suspended, but had not been broken off. Her release would produce extreme confusion in Scotland, while, if the French Government would make themselves a party to the treaty, as they had repeatedly promised, the dangerous effects might not be extended to England. Elizabeth determined to make the hungry Scotch Lords feel that she was less in their power than they imagined.

April. Before the promised commissioners arrived, Secretary Beale was again despatched to Sheffield with an answer to the passionate reproaches which Mary Stuart had addressed to her in the past November. That letter has been regarded by the Queen of Scots' admirers as a masterpiece of power and beauty; the reply, as an English composition, was more than its equal. It bore Elizabeth's name, and may have been written by herself, but in the nerve and sinew of its sentences, it presents no feature of resemblance to the tortuous affectation of her ordinary personal style, and is the most complete defence which exists of her past behaviour towards her prisoner.

'We have delayed our answer,' so ran Mr Beale's instructions, 'not for want of matter, having sufficient for our defence before God and the world, but from respect to herself though not deserved on her part, for that we could not justify ourselves without renewing the memory of horrible acts of hers which we wish were rather buried in silence than revived to her infamy. You shall let her understand that if she was as free from the guilt of those horrible acts that in the open eye of the world she has been publicly noted withal, as we with reason rest free from remorse of any extremity that we have ever offered to her, she should enjoy more peace and quietness than presently she doth. . . . . And seeing she deeply charges our conscience, we think ourselves bound in conscience to let her know that if anything towards herward may justly breed in us remorse, it is the care we have had for the safety of

such an one, whose preservation has since brought the ruin and overthrow of infinite numbers in both realms. All this passion has been provoked by the alterations in Scotland, to which she would have done well to have reconciled herself. The King had been led away into ill practices, as the taking the life of the Earl Morton, a worthy and well-deserving servant. Had this course been a little continued, it would have brought her son to the same ruin which she has brought upon herself. How far forth the prosecution of those violent counsellors of the death of Morton, under pretence that he was privy to the death of her husband, might in the end reach unto herself—if principals are not to be spared when accessaries come in question, her own judgment, or rather her own conscience, can best judge; and we fear she shall feel, unless she shew some other remorse of conscience than hitherto she hath done. And where she wishes by way of invocation that God would retribute unto us at the time of his last judgment according to our deserts and demerits one towards another, putting us also in mind that all disguisement and counterfeit policies of this world shall not then prevail, you shall tell her, that if that severe censure should take place, it would go more hardly with her than we (whatsoever cause she hath given us to the contrary) can in Christian charity wish unto her. For howsoever she is bold with men who can judge but of things outwardly, she ought to beware how she dallyeth with God.'

As Mary had presented her grievances at length, so Beale was to present her in return with a list of her

own misdoings, her plots at her first return from France, her hatred of the Earl of Murray, her intrigues with the disaffected English Catholics, her husband's death, her marriage with the murderer, the rebellion in the North which followed her flight into England, her correspondence with the Duke of Norfolk, her transactions with the Bishop of Ross and Ridolfi, and again with a ciphered letter that had been intercepted, in which she had described the English nobility as being ready to take arms in her behalf, in which she had invoked the Catholic powers to maintain and revenge her cause, in which she had described Elizabeth as a tyrant, faithless antichrist, usurper of titles, maintainer of rebels, and enemy of all good princes, for the cutting off of whom she had a way made by her Holy Father, both for their and her relief.[1]

Opposed to all this, there were on the side of Elizabeth acts of kindness which it pleased her to forget. While she was in France, proposals had been made to her Majesty by Maitland of Lethington to deprive her of her kingdom, 'which we utterly rejected.' When she was in Lochleven, the Lords had determined to take her life: 'the same was stayed by our mediation, not without difficulty.' 'When the noblemen repaired to England, furnished with sufficient matter to justify their proceedings against her, her Majesty herself was the only impediment and stay, that there was no further proceeding in that matter;' 'for that we saw (by the

[1] 'Out of a letter written in cipher by her to the Bishop of Ross, April 30, 1578.'—Note on the margin of Mr Beale's instructions.

view of her own letters which we sought by all means to conceal), the proofs fall out so sufficient against her (as both Norfolk and Arundel did declare unto us, howsoever they were after drawn to cover her faults and pronounce her innocent), as the said nobility of Scotland intended to urge us that without our mislike, having so apparent matter to charge her withal they might have proceeded against her.'

Lastly, when the Parliament moved her Majesty to proceed judicially against her after the rebellion of the North, her Majesty was the only stay that it was not done. If the case were fairly weighed, the princes whom she now sought to raise against her Majesty would not have dealt with equal leniency.[1]

The stern and serious tone of these instructions was no agreeable introduction to the reopening of a treaty; but it was a better evidence of true meaning than smooth and vague phrases, and no one understood better than the Queen of Scots the difference between the sincere and the plausible, was a more accomplished mistress of the second or had a keener appreciation of the first. Her first question, on hearing of Beale's arrival, was whether he had brought her a letter from the Queen. Finding that he had only a message, she at first stood upon her dignity and refused to hear him. Her own letter of November, she said, should remain as a testimony between the Queen of England and herself, and she would never trouble her further. This however

[1] Commission to Mr Beale, April 4, 1583. Abridged: *MSS.* MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

was only acting; she produced the tears which were always at her command, she called God and her conscience to record, that she had never meant harm to her Majesty's person or estate, and then allowed him to proceed.

When she learnt the quality of his communication, she was instantly attentive, and heard it patiently to the end. It was clearly a prelude to something which he had yet to say to her, and of which she was anxious to be put in possession. When he had finished, she said that if she was charged in writing with the murder, she would put in a reply. The Queen it was true had at first kept back her letters, 'but the worst had been done that could be done, in the printing Buchanan's book,' and for her complicity, she appealed to Lady Lennox, whom she had convinced of her innocence. Towards Elizabeth herself too she insisted that she stood perfectly clear; she had never plotted against her, never corresponded with Jesuits, or any other of her enemies, never placed on paper a single word of which Elizabeth could justly complain.

The secretary, not perhaps without a smile, produced a bundle of her intercepted letters which had fallen into Walsingham's hands; letters to Father Allen, letters to the Bishop of Ross, to the Archbishop of Glasgow, to others of her secret agents in Paris and elsewhere. He began to read, and 'she changed countenance,' saw that denial was useless, and allowed that part of them might be her own. Beale completed her confession, intimating that they knew all to be her own.

She affected to throw the fault upon her secretary, but said at last frankly, that she had been hardly treated, and under severe provocation impatient words might have escaped her.

It was not Beale's object to press her further. It was enough that he had shown that Elizabeth possessed dangerous matter against her, and was aware, at least in some degree, of the present conspiracy. Then passing to herself, he asked her what she desired. She said at once, that she desired liberty, an end of her imprisonment, and permission to go where she would. To obtain this, she was ready still to accept all the conditions which had been before submitted to her. She would ratify the treaty of Edinburgh for herself and her son, her son possessing no rights save those which he derived from herself. She would bind herself never in any way to molest her Majesty, never to deal with Pope, Jesuits, or seminary priests, or attempt to change the established religion; and she would give any other assurance which her Majesty desired. She was ready to engage also, that if the Queen died leaving the succession undetermined, she would not seek her right by force, but would leave it to be orderly settled by Parliament.[1]

Her manner was so warm that Beale was really satisfied of her sincerity. In a letter to Walsingham, he intimated his conviction that she had ceased to be ambitious, that she wished only to live in quiet for the

[1] Beale to the Queen, April 16, 1583: *MSS.* MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

rest of her life, and that he thought her offers were not to be neglected.[1]

May. Beale's insight was not so acute as he imagined. She had grown restless at the inexplicable delay of the long-talked-of invasion. M. Fontenay, her secretary's brother, had hinted that the Duke of Guise was less earnest than he pretended.[2] A fear was beginning to rise, that the French Government might be gaining too much influence in Scotland, and that a French expedition, however Guise might endeavour to direct its action, might lead to France obtaining a stronger hold there than Spain could allow.[3] Mary Stuart felt uncertain whether the present overtures to her were not merely blinds to lead her off from present designs.[4] But liberty was precious, and conditions after all were but words. She wrote to consult

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[1] Beale to Walsingham: *MSS.* MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

[2] 'Par les lettres de Fontenay il me mecte en toute bonne esperance de la part du Roy Catholique mon dict Sieur et frère pour l'execution de l'entreprise, et me mande tout plainement que l'on n'attend que apres la resolution de mondict cousin de Guise, la quelle je trouve merveilleusement estrange,' &c.—Mary Stuart to Mendoza, May 15, 1583: *MSS. Simancas.*

[3] This was Mendoza's fear.

'No es cosa ninguna mas prejudicial segun lo que yo puedo entender asi para la reduction desta Isla como para el servicio de V. Mag^d que dar lugar á que Franceses por el medio de Escocia metan las manos en ella, teniendola totalmente á su devocion.'—Mendoza al Rey, 6 Mayo.

Philip, who had been taught that Guise might be trusted though France could not, writes on the margin, 'No sé si es esto por lo de Hercules que seria de consideracion.' Hercules was Philip's name for the Duke of Guise.

[4] 'Je crains beaucoup que tout ce remuement ne soit seulement une artifice pour me entretenir á faire laisser et interrompre mes aultres disseyns.'—Mary Stuart to Mendoza, May 15: *MSS. Simancas.*

Mendoza. She would conclude nothing, she said, without his consent; but wishing probably to force Philip to a more rapid decision, she described the terms on which she now believed that she could be released, and inquired if he would advise her to close with them.

Mendoza's answer was long and elaborate. Many questions were raised by her letter, he said. The first was the place to which she was to go, if she could recover her liberty. Neither France nor Spain could offer her an asylum, for reasons which could easily be understood.[1] Their mutual jealousies forbade it. If she went elsewhere, it must be to some place at a distance, where her friends would soon forget her, and the great purpose of the recovery of England to the faith by her means would be utterly defeated. There remained therefore Scotland and England itself. Could the association be concluded, Scotland would be an excellent position for her. She would of course have the exercise of her religion, and her personal influence, her example, and the changes which she could introduce into the Government, would soon make an end of heresy there. If however either the Queen of England would not countenance the association, or her son accept it, she must, in some shape or other, make up her mind to remain in England. Under what conditions, depended on circumstances with which he was imperfectly acquainted, the number of her friends, their resources, and their general resolution.

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1 'El tener V. Md libertad fuera de la Isla puede ser en España ó Francia, partes donde hay los inconvenientes que se dexan entender.'—Carta de Mendoça á la Reyna de Escocia, Maio, 1583: *MSS. Simancas.*

All the Catholic nobles, all the schismatics, and some of the Protestants were known to be well disposed towards her, but so far as he could see himself, they were diffident, distrustful of one another, and disinclined to move, unless supported by a force strong enough to conquer the country single-handed. Supposing this to be a true account of them, her best plan would then be to accept any terms on which the Queen would release her. Liberty and health were, next to the welfare of the soul, the most precious of human possessions. If she could keep those, time would cure all else. She could remain in the realm in a position like that of the Princess Mary during the life of her brother. She would be free to receive her friends, to correspond with whom she pleased, to enjoy whatever amusements an English country life would offer, and a tacit understanding would gradually establish itself that she was to succeed on the Queen's death. It was true that the Queen had a deeply-rooted fear of the probable effects of her liberty; she believed that when Mary Stuart was at large, her own reign would be at an end. It was therefore likely, that the present overtures were only artifices to gain time for the settlement of Scotland. In that case, the Queen of Scots had merely to wait on Providence, and to hold herself ready for the deliverance, which in all human and divine reason could not be distant; his Holiness and the King of Spain being determined not to neglect her, and God, as the cause was his own, being likely to provide opportunities.[1]

[1] Mendoza to the Queen of Scots, May, 1583; *MSS. Simancas*

Mendoza took credit to himself for the cleverness of his answer. His object was to prevent her from leaving England for fear lest she should fall back upon France; and he had argued on the grounds of her own interest instead of betraying his anxiety for Spain.[1] She perhaps saw that he was not entirely frank with her; she could hardly have failed to observe that he said nothing about the Duke of Guise. She thanked him for his advice, and agreed that England was the best place for her; but she wished evidently to make him feel that she had resources besides Spain, and that if Spain wished for her friendship, it must exert itself. Elizabeth, she told him, so far as she could herself see, was dealing honestly and kindly with her.[2] Her cousin of Guise, she added (careless of the reflection which she was passing on her own good faith in the matter), had written to her to say that he was as determined as ever on the invasion of England, and as soon as ever his arrangements were completed, was coming over in person.[3]

[1] 'He usado del mayor artificio que he podido en el significalle no estar la cosa mejor por todo buen respecto que el no ausentar su persona de la Isla, desamparando esta causa, y esto proponiendole todas las partes donde puede tener libertad y inconvenientes que hay en ellas, para que vistos, juzgue ser mi parecer mas conforme á razon que dirigido solo á la mira del servicio de V. Mag^d, no necesitandola á vivir perpetualmente á prision ni tampoco a que por salir della arrisque lo que tan de veras ha de procurar conseguir, teniendo tan ciertas esperanzas en él.'—Mendoza al Rey, 6 Mayo, 1583: *MSS. Simancas.*

[2] 'La Reyne m'a escripte une fort honneste et gracieuse lettre, et jusques ici les dicts commissionaires ne m'ont demonstré que toute apparence de bien. Dieu veuille tout conduire á son honneur et gloire plus que á mon estat et contentment.'—Mary Stuart to Don Bernardino, June 5. Cipher: *MSS.* Ibid.

[3] 'Par les derniers paquetz que j'ay reçue de France, mon cousin

By this time, Col. Stewart and Colville had arrived in London. Sir Robert Bowes had made known to the King the offers which had been made by Lennox, and the King, startled at his friend's real or apparent treachery, had consented to proposals which, if honest, were as simple as they were moderate, and if accepted would have closed Scotland to Jesuit intrigues. Colville was a tried Protestant; Stewart was selected as having long lived in England with Lady Lennox, and having been personally acquainted with Elizabeth. Both had been chosen as professedly favourable to the English alliance, and of the party of Angus and Gowrie. Mary Stuart flattered herself that her son was on his guard against Elizabeth, and knowing her to be treacherous, was repaying her in her own coin. Stewart, she said, had been an old instrument of communication between Lady Lennox and herself, and had been bribed to conduct his negotiation in Mary Stuart's interest.[1] She was deceived in both of them. If they could have obtained what they wanted, the confederate Lords, and the King also, intended to adhere to their own part of the bargain.

The Commissioners were directed to lay before Eli-

M. de Guisé m'a escript qu'il persistoit en sa premiere determination de descendre luimesmes en Angleterre, et que si tôt que les choses y seroient disposez il ne faudroict de marcher en personne.'—Ibid.

[1] 'Mon fils est suffisamment adverti de la dissimulation et artifices de la Royne avec luy. Quant au Capitan Stuart, il asseure mon filz de sa fidelité et a reçeu un presenté qui luy a este presenté pour le ramener du tout á ma devotion, comme aultrefois il y estoit beaucoup, ayant traicté fort avant entre la Comtesse de Lennox ma belle mère et moy.'—Mary Stuart to Mendoza, May 15: *MSS. Simancas.*

zabeth the condition of the Scotch finances. The King asked for his grandmother's estate, or an equivalent of 5000*l.* a year. If she would give him either the one or the other he promised to be guided by her advice in his marriage and in the administration of the kingdom. He would abandon France and rely only on England. As 'a testification of his amity,' and 'a terror to disloyal subjects,' he declared himself willing to ratify the Treaty of Leith, and to make a further defensive league for mutual protection, should religion in either realm be made a plea for invasion or rebellion.[1] Nothing was said about his mother. Her name was not so much as mentioned. It was however intimated that if the request for so small a sum of money was refused, the King would be compelled by poverty to seek help elsewhere. Shortened down to the mere rents of the Lennox lands, his demands, if nothing lay behind, were singularly modest. Rumours of course were flying that the Commissioners were confederate with the Queen of Scots—that the King would take the English money and go over to the other side.[2] La Mothe Fénelon had been heard to say that the English politicians were looking for 'a white crow;'[3] 'that their doings in Scotland were but as if they were thrashing the water.' 'We do what we can,' wrote Walsingham to Sir Robert Bowes, 'to remove these unprofitable jealousies, that

[1] Instructions to Col. Stewart going to England, April 24, 1583: *MSS. Scotland.*

[2] Secret information given to Walsingham, May, 1583: *MSS.* Ibid.

[3] 'Ung corbeau blanc.'

Colonel Stewart may receive such answers at her Majesty's hands as may be to the King's liking and satisfaction, and the common benefit of the realm.'[1]

Mendoza was of opinion that the Scots were essentially honest; they were really ready, that is to say, to run Elizabeth's fortune if she would make it worth their while. The 5000*l.* however would not be all which she would be required to pay. An additional sum was asked for a guard about the King's person. In this demand too Walsingham desired the Queen to acquiesce, but she persisted against his advice on mixing the treaties with the mother with the treaty with the son. She had feared nothing so much as the association between them in the Crown of Scotland; but having ascertained that the Scots were disinclined to consent, she made it a condition of Mary Stuart's release.[2] Before she would receive the Commissioners she sent a copy of Mary Stuart's offers to James, and she asked if he would agree to the association provided it was managed by England. James, acute as he already considered himself, fell into the snare which she had laid for him. He told Bowes 'that his mother being defeated, and desperate in her intended plots and purposes, and seeing how

[1] Walsingham to Bowes, April 25: *MSS. Scotland.*

[2] 'Esta Reyna ha dicho sobre la instancia que la de Escocia hace en su libertad, que aunque sea negocio tan peligroso y mal seguro por ella, cuando esta concluyda de todo punto la associacion del Rey ce Escocia y su madre por los nobles de aquel Reyno, holgara tratar de su libertad —cosa que la Reyna impidiera cuando los de Escocia lo deseáren, siendo solo el decirlo cumplimiento y palabras,' &c.—Don Bernardino al Rey, 20 Maio, 1583: *MSS. Simancas.*

matters were likely to proceed between her Majesty and him,' was now affecting to desire an amicable arrangement; but in reality she desired nothing less. She was only 'casting a bone to stick between their teeth.' 'He wished,' he said, 'that his mother would give over her plots, and would turn truly to the religion received in the two realms;' in a draft of the association which she had sent him to look at she had claimed precedence; 'she was a determined Papist,' and French to the heart; he must look to his future as well as his present interests; and the English, he said significantly, 'justly dreaded another Queen Mary;' 'when his mother first proposed the association to him, she spoke of it only as a means to recover her liberty;' and she promised, as soon as she was released, to repeat her abdication; she had afterwards altered her note; she had shown that she intended to reclaim the whole or a part of the Government, and to this he was determined never to consent: he declined to be a party to any agreement in which he was himself to be compromised till he saw deeper 'into his mother's meaning.'[1]

James had thus revealed his own inward disposition. Lennox had failed to make a Catholic of him, and by his real or seeming treachery had for a time frightened him out of conspiracies. He had made up his mind to stick to Elizabeth if Elizabeth would allow him, to leave his mother in an enforced retirement which removed her from the political stage, and to look forward, with

[1] Bowes to Walsingham, May 3, 1583: *MSS. Scotland.*

Elizabeth's consent and in the Protestant interest, to succeeding eventually to her throne.

'The King,' wrote Bowes, 'attends how her Majesty will deal. The French and Papists look that he shall receive a dilatory answer, persuading him to provide otherwise for his standing and welfare. The well-affected must be comforted and sustained by her Majesty's kind dealing with the King, otherwise they shall be utterly cast down. The King and the realm can now be won or lost. I need not persuade the necessity of her Majesty's timely resolution, for the King's own necessity and the conditions of the time and personal causes will constrain the King and the realm to resolve speedily to provide for themselves without further trust to us.'[1]

But Elizabeth had now, as she supposed, the control of the situation. Mary Stuart and James were separated, and as long as they could be kept at issue, she conceived that she had them both in her power—that she could hold James in check by threatening to release his mother, force Mary Stuart into submission by proving to her that she was neglected by her son, and remain supreme arbiter of both their fortunes without risk, and still better, without cost.

She was the less disposed to favour James, as he had just given her special cause of offence. The Jesuit Gaspar Holt, after lying concealed for some weeks at Seton, had been surprised and taken. On his first examination he had confessed that 'there was a purpose in

[1] Bowes to Walsingham, May 8: *MSS. Scotland.*

hand between the Pope and the princes Catholic, for a war against England; that the pretext was to be religion and the liberty of the Queen of Scots, and that they held the enterprise easy, considering their own preparation and the factions at home.'[1] This was not enough. Elizabeth required further particulars as to these factions, and desired that either 'Holt should be substantially examined and forced by torture to deliver what he knew,'[2] or else be handed over to herself as an English subject. The second alternative meant Little Ease, the Tower Rack, and the Tyburn quartering knife; and Mendoza, in some alarm, could but pray 'that God would give Holt constancy that he might earn his martyr's crown, and confess nothing that would do harm.'[3] But the poor wretch was spared the trial. James, with some pity for him, ordered his prison door to be left unlocked. He escaped and went again into a safe hiding-place. Elizabeth had been very angry, and her resentment had not passed off when the Commissioners arrived in London.

The first difficulty, as Mendoza anticipated, was about the King's guard. The King would have been seized and carried off had he been left unprotected. It had been necessary—and the necessity continued—to keep 300 men-at-arms at the Court. 'The life of the cause depended on the guard,' yet the King had not a penny to pay their wages;[4] and unless something was done

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[1] Davison to Walsingham, March 4, 1583: *MSS. Scotland.*

[2] Walsingham to Bowes, April 16: *MSS.* Ibid.

[3] Don Bernardino to Philip, April 4: *MSS. Simancas.*

[4] Colville to Walsingham, May 7: *MSS. Scotland.*

immediately, they would disband in mutiny. Present temporary assistance was all that had been so far hinted at. The Queen stopped them at once with an absolute refusal. Declining to give a sixpence, she consented, only with extreme difficulty, that Sir Robert Bowes might, if he liked, lend the King 300*l.*

'I pray you,' said Walsingham, in informing him of her liberality, 'stretch what you may for the performance hereof, weighing the necessity of the cause, and how much it concerns her Majesty's service, that the guard should not as yet be discharged. If her Majesty should happen to leave the burden upon you, I will not fail to see you myself discharged of the same.'[1]

A fortnight then passed while the Queen was considering the reply which she should make to their main demands. The answer, when it came, would have been unfavourable without fresh provocation; but some one had whispered to her that Leicester, who had been planning a marriage for his son with Lady Arabella, had been feeling his way also towards finding a wife for James in one of his step-daughters. If there was a person in the world whom Elizabeth loathed it was the woman who had dared to become the wife of the only man that she had thought of seriously for herself. She was in such a fury when she heard of it that she said she would rather see James stripped of his crown than wedded to that she-wolf's cub. If there was no other way to check the pride of her and her traitor Leicester,

[1] Walsingham to Bowes, May 9: *MSS. Scotland.*

she threatened to publish her wickednesses and her husband's horns to all the world.[1] Her exasperation vented itself on the Scots. She told them at first she could make no treaty unless their Queen was a party to it, and that as for money she would give them none. She had supposed, she said, that the gratitude for past kindness and conformity of creed would of itself have secured the King's goodwill towards her. She was sorry to see that sordid considerations had such weight with him. If he was in absolute want she would lend him a small sum, if the large towns and 'chosen persons of the nobility of both factions would be sureties for the repayment.' The Lennox succession was under examination by lawyers, and the rents must remain sequestered till the right of aliens to inherit was decided. To the Lords who had risked life and fortune in the raid of Ruthven she refused to give anything at all.

Col. Stewart reminded her, with some resentment, 'of the promises of help in men and money, which were made at the beginning of that action.' The guard, he said, had been maintained at Court by the confederate Lords solely to keep the English party in power. At least, he expected that she would allow them two months' wages.[2]

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[1] 'La Reyna se encendió en la materia, de suerte que dixó que antes consentiria que el Rey le quitase su corona que verle casado con hija de una loba, y cuando se hallase otro medio para reprimir su ambicion y del traydor Leicester, ella la publicaria por tal mala muger por toda la X^dad^ y los cuernos de su marido.'—Don Bernardino al Rey, 11 de Junio, 1583: *MSS. Simancas.*

[2] Stewart and Colville to Walsingham, May 18: *MSS. Scotland.*

Then was then, and now was now. She complained to Burghley of the Scotch beggars, who were using religion as a pretext to rob her treasury.

June. Walsingham, with some warmth, tried to bring her to be more reasonable; but at times she had the very insanity of avarice. 'Her servants and favourites,' she said, 'professed to love her for her high qualities, Alençon for her beauty, and the Scots for her crown; but they all meant the same in the end. They wanted nothing but her money, and they should not have it.'[1]

Walsingham carried her refusal to Stewart. He said she would live to repent it, at a time perhaps when there would be no remedy.

Again and most solemnly he remonstrated. At last he brought the Queen to say that she would allow James half the pension which he had asked for—two thousand five hundred pounds—but not a farthing more could be extorted from her; and even this Walsingham doubted if she would really pay.[2]

The Commissioners did not waste time in endeavouring to move her further, and in fierce resentment returned to Scotland. James, accepting this second refusal either

[1] 'Le respondió que sus criados domesticos y favoridos profesaban amalla por sus buenas partes, Alençon por su persona, y los Escoceses por su corona, y si bien eran estas tres causas diferentes, venian todas á parar á un fin, que era pedille dinero, que ella defenderia.' — Don Bernardino al Rey, 4 Junio: *MSS. Simancas.*

[2] 'Thus you see, notwithstanding it importeth us greatly to yield all contentment to that nation, how we stick at trifles. I pray God we perform the rest of things promised. —Walsingham to Bowes, May 29: *MSS. Scotland.*

of the lands or their equivalent as a declaration against his succession, turned once more to the party from whom he had been for a time divided; and besides other tragical consequences soon to be related, Elizabeth had to spend thousands of pounds for every hundred which she had saved by her thrift.

She on her part, having shaken off her troublesome petitioners, turned to her treaty with the Queen of Scots, which was to save her from the effects of their displeasure. On the departure of Stewart and Colville, Secretary Beale, accompanied by Sir Walter Mildmay, went again to Sheffield to tell the Queen of Scots that the offers which she had made deserved consideration. They were directed to read them over to her that she might not afterwards pretend her meaning to have been mistaken. If she made no exception, they were to turn particularly to the Treaty of Edinburgh, and to ask by what authority she now undertook to ratify it for her son as well as for herself. Had she obtained her son's consent, or had the Act of Association gone secretly further than either she or he had as yet acknowledged?

The Queen of Scots, made acquainted perhaps with James's words to Sir Robert Bowes—at any rate, weary to death of her long captivity, and eager at any cost to be free, answered with extreme submissiveness. She acknowledged and expressed regret for her early faults, but she said she had been young and ill-advised. To the ratification of the Treaty, she thought that her son had consented. She had imagined that she might safely

undertake for him; but if the Queen wished, she would send to Scotland for the necessary powers. She accepted Beale's version of her promises as accurate, and repeated them as exactly and concisely as language would allow. She bound herself never to trouble Elizabeth more with pretensions to the crown; never to communicate with Jesuits or conspirators; and to leave the succession after the Queen's death to be decided by the English Parliament. She undertook never to meddle with the established religion. She declared herself willing to remain in England as an evidence of her good faith, and to take an oath in the House of Lords, if the Queen wished it, to observe the treaty. The Kings of France and Spain, the Duke of Lorraine, the Duke of Guise, would together be securities for her good behaviour. She would live in any castle or park which Elizabeth might be pleased to assign to her, and some nobleman or gentleman in the neighbourhood might be appointed to keep an eye over her actions; while for herself she would promise never to go more than ten miles from the place of her abode.[1]

These conditions were very much what Mendoza had sketched out for her. She was not to be credited with having abandoned any one of her purposes: but liberty was sweet, and relief by revolution was long in coming. The Catholic powers would gladly welcome a release from their responsibilities in an arrangement with which she could profess herself satisfied, and if they became

[1] Proceedings with the Queen of Scots, May 24 and June 2, 1583: *MSS.* MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

securities for her at her own instance, they would be unlikely to move actively again in her favour; but she and they would exchange a precarious hope for a moderate certainty, and the treaty would amount to an acquiescence in her future claim on the succession.

Elizabeth admitted that these proposals were now all that she could wish. She suggested some additions, as, for instance, that the Queen of Scots should pay her own expenses out of her French dowry; but she did not insist on it, and she held out hopes that something now would be really done. But it seemed as if her main object was satisfied, when she had induced both James and Mary Stuart to show their hands. When a decision became necessary, as usual, she was incapable of the act of will which would incline the wavering balance. She found that in a treaty she must recognize Mary Stuart as a Queen—a Queen in some sense or other—and to recognize her in any sense would threaten the internal peace of Scotland. The very intimation that she was likely to be set at liberty set every Scottish household in vibration. Walsingham bade Bowes feel the tempers of the leading politicians. 'If,' he said, 'the Queen of Scots' offers were accompanied with good meaning, with the cautions and restrictions proposed, he saw no inconvenience, but rather profit, likely to ensue from her liberty.' The doubt was of her sincerity. It was hard to obtain 'an impartial opinion' about her, 'the love and hatred that was borne her being either in the extremest degree.' 'It had been debated,' Walsingham said, 'whether she was to be sent to Scotland,

or kept in England. The conclusion for the present had been to keep her; but if she could be placed in Scotland without any dangerous alteration, England would gladly be rid of her.'[1]

The longer Elizabeth considered, the more excuses she found for refusing to proceed. The King of Scots must be a party to any treaty which would hold, as well as the other princes, and James, and the leading nobles, whatever their political sympathies, refused to allow Mary Stuart, in any shape or form, the title of Sovereign.[2] The difficulty might of course have been overcome, had Elizabeth seriously wished it; but the negotiation from her point of view had already answered its purpose. She had balanced one party against the other, and she meant to keep them there without gratifying either. 'I marvel,' said Sir Walter Mildmay, 'that finding the manners in Scotland so tickle, and this woman offering so much, there is no more regard of it. I doubt the death of Lennox has brought too great a security.'[3] But Elizabeth would not part with her money, and the release of the Queen of Scots was a measure which she preferred to hold in terror over James. When the lady at Sheffield was expecting to be established as a princess in England, free to correspond where she pleased, and to hold a second court of her Catholic admirers, she found after all that she

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[1] Walsingham to Bowes, June 12: *MSS. Scotland.*

[2] Bowes to Walsingham, June 29: *MSS.* Ibid.

[3] Mildmay to Walsingham, June 17: *MSS.* MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

had gained nothing, and was to remain where she was. She was informed that her offers were satisfactory, but that her son raised difficulties, which made her liberation for the present impossible, and that all her concessions had been in vain. After a few months' pause, the question was again brought up for consideration, but only again to be dismissed, and dismissed on grounds which, if valid at all, would be fatal against any treaty whatever. It was remembered that the Queen of Scots might disclaim the engagements into which she might enter, as she had disclaimed her abdication at Lochleven, on the plea that they had been forced from her in prison. She could escape with greater ease out of England, and her greater freedom if she was to continue there, would give life and hope to the disloyal Catholics. It would be an admission moreover that she had been detained hitherto unjustly. It would seem like an acquittal of the charge which had so far clouded her fame, and would otherwise be a confession of weakness. 'Her Majesty,' by releasing her, 'would give the world to understand that the Queen of Scots was not in her opinion culpable of the murder of her husband—otherwise she would not show her that favour.'

To require a ratification of the Treaty of Leith was a quasi acknowledgment that the Queen doubted her own title. If the treaty proceeded a clause would have to be inserted 'that her Majesty did not clear her of the murder, but left her to God and her conscience, and the trial of Scotland, being a matter committed where her Majesty had no jurisdiction;' and

October.

with this qualification the Queen of Scots would refuse her signature, and her friends abroad their sanction.[1] The council repeated their old opinion that 'the best and most sure way was for her Majesty to conclude with the young King;' 'so the treaty with the Queen would not be necessary, and she might remain as she was.'[2]

Elizabeth preferred to conclude with neither. She had money in abundance. She had half a million in bullion locked away as a reserve. But it was to be touched only in an extremity she could never believe to have arrived.[3] She had to choose, as Walsingham said, between her treasure and her safety, and she deliberately preferred the first.

The Reformed Calendar of Pope Gregory XIII. was published in the year 1582. Ten days were struck out of the computation, and the 5th of October was decreed to be the 15th. The Gregorian, or New Style, which was not accepted in England till 1752, was adopted at short intervals by countries in communion with the Holy See. In Spain the same 5th of October, 1582, became the 15th of October. In France, the 10th of December, 1582, became the 20th. In the Catholic States of Germany, and the Catholic Netherlands, the 22nd of December, 1582, became the 1st of January, 1583. The English and foreign dates therefore no longer corresponding, the English first of January being in France and Spain the eleventh, all important letters and documents hereafter quoted will carry a double date.

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[1] Whether it be fit to treat and conclude with the Queen of Scots, October 2: *MSS.* MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

[2] Ibid.

[3] Mendoza and Mauvissière both mention this.

CHAPTER LXVI.

EXPULSION OF MENDOZA.

THE visit of the Duke of Alençon to England proved an expensive one. The Queen had hoped to escape her suitor and to save her money. She had flung him off to croak, as she said, in the Dutch canals, but she had been compelled to gild his departure. She had prevented his return upon her hands by subsidies, which were almost as much wasted as if they had been buried in the sand-banks of the Scheldt; and those subsidies were so large that if expended on the objects which the most eminent of her council had so often pressed upon her, they would have given order and good government to Ireland, and secured Scotland ten times over to the friends of England and the Reformation. The kiss bestowed at Greenwich with so much precipitancy cost at once sixty thousand pounds. Before six months was over the sixty thousand had grown into three hundred thousand, and in the year 1582-3 three hundred and fifty thousand in addition were

wrenched out of her unwilling hands.[1] At no less price was she allowed to redeem the slight which she had passed upon the brother of the King of France. The war which she so much dreaded would not have been a heavier burden, and she failed after all in the object at which her manœuvres had been aimed, of embroiling France and Spain in an open conflict.

It was impossible indeed for the Duke of Alençon to undertake the protectorate of the King of Spain's insurgent subjects without in some degree compromising his brother. Philip was patient of affronts, and preferred to punish the House of Valois rather by intrigues than arms; but the Catholic powers remained divided, and Elizabeth bought off her lover's indignation and kept her alliance with France unbroken. So far her artifices had not been ineffectual, nor her treasure wholly thrown away. Had she taken her place as the leader of Protestant Europe, had she held out her hand and her purse to the struggling defenders of the Reformation in France, and Scotland, and the Netherlands, the result might have been as much grander as her course in itself would have been more honourable and straightforward. In the opinion of Burghley the path which she preferred was at once the most dangerous and the least effective, and those among her council who most encouraged her were those who secretly desired her ruin.

Yet on the other side it is to be remembered that both Burghley and Walsingham held their places only

[1] A brief of the Duke of Anjou's receipts from May 1, 1581, to October 31, 1583: *MSS. France, Rolls House.*

through their mistress's pleasure. It was Elizabeth alone who enabled them to accomplish any fraction of their policy; and a government by majorities, an omnipotent House of Commons, elected by household suffrage, would at any moment have condemned them to obscurity or the scaffold. That she might have done more is not absolutely certain, and were it certain, does not deprive her of credit for the much which she did. The right cause is not always the strongest, and had France and Spain once combined, the Reformation, which had been made possible by their quarrel, might have been ended by their premature reconciliation.

So at least it seemed to Elizabeth. She saw no reason to risk her throne for a cause for which at best she had but a cold concern. She preferred to lie and twist, and perjure herself and betray her friends, with a purpose at the bottom moderately upright; and nature in fitting her for her work had left her without that nice sense of honour which would have made her part too difficult.

Alençon was thus installed in the Netherlands with a French army, paid jointly by Elizabeth and France. The States accepted him for the advantages which his presence promised. He was an unprincipled fool, but he was placed under the guidance of the Prince of Orange; and the Prince, who understood that he was saddled upon them to save the Queen from a husband, prepared to please her by making the best of him.

Orange was well understood to be the soul of the revolt. Could Orange be removed, Philip feared little

either Alençon or any other person, and as all efforts to gain him over had been tried in vain, his life had been sought for some years past by the indirect means which are either murder or legitimate execution according to the character of the victim.[1] Bothwellhaugh, who killed Murray, had been employed to assassinate him in 1573, and party after party of English Catholic officers had tried it afterwards. In 1579 a youth introduced himself to Don Bernardino, in London, with a letter of credit from a merchant of Bruges. He said that he was in possession of a poison which if rubbed on the lining of a man's hat would dry up his brain and would kill him in ten days, and if the ambassador approved, he was ready to try its effects upon the Prince of Orange. Don Bernardino, not expecting much result, yet gave him his blessing, and bade him do his best.[2] Other experiments more promising were tried afterwards, but none had hitherto succeeded. Finally Philip declared the Prince outlawed, and promised a public reward to any one who would put him out of the way in the service of God and his country. The King's pleasure being made known, Don Pedro Arroyo, father of one of the royal secretaries, announced that he knew a man who would make the venture. Philip offered eighty thousand dollars, with the Order of St Iago; and the reward being held sufficient, Don Pedro gave

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[1] The English Government had bought the head of Desmond. In our own time a reward has been offered for Nana Sahib, dead or alive.

[2] Don Bernardino de Mendoza to Philip, February 26–March 8, 1579: *MSS. Simancas.*

in the name of Gaspar de Anastro, a Spanish merchant at Antwerp. A formal contract was drawn out and signed,[1] and Anastro watched an opportunity to strike the blow.

Finding however that he could get the job done cheaper, and clear a sum of money without peril to himself, the merchant pretended that 'his courage was weak,' and asked if he might employ a substitute. Philip had no objection; provided the Prince was killed the means were of no consequence, and he left Anastro to manage as he pleased. In his house was a lad eighteen years old, the son of a sword cutler at Bilbao, named Juan Jaureguy. Ignorant, superstitious, undersized and paltry-looking, Jaureguy was known to the cashier, Don Antonio Venero, to be a boy of singular audacity; and a present of three thousand dollars, and the persuasion of the chaplain, a Dominican priest, worked him into a proper state of mind. An Agnus Dei was hung about his neck; a wax taper and a dried toad were stuffed in his pocket, and he was told that they would render him invisible. A Jesuit catechism was given him for his spiritual comfort, and Parma promised that if the charms failed, and he was taken, he would compel his release by the threat of hanging every prisoner in his hands. Thus equipped and encouraged, and commending himself and his enterprise to the Virgin and the angel Gabriel, he prepared for the deed.

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[1] Confession of Don Antonio, a Spaniard, cashier to Don Anastro, March 21–31, 1582: *MSS. Holland, Rolls House.* Cf. Motley's History of the Dutch Republic, vol. iii.

The qualifications for successful political assassins are singularly rare. Jaureguy however possessed them all.

March 18–28. Sunday the 18th—28th of March was Alençon's birthday. Antwerp was to be illuminated in the evening, and the streets and squares were expected to be crowded. Some little jars had been felt already between the States and the French. Alençon was known to be impatient of the Prince's control, and the Spaniards calculated that if the murder could be accomplished when the people were collected and excited there would be an instant suspicion of treachery, and that an attack upon the French and a universal massacre of the citizens in retaliation by their allies would be a not improbable consequence.

The plot was ingeniously laid, and had all but succeeded. The Prince had dined in his own house. He had risen from the table, and had passed with his son, Count Maurice, and a few friends into another room, where he was seated on a low chair. Jaureguy had introduced himself among the servants, pretending that he wanted to present a petition. He approached Orange so close as to be able to touch him, and then snatching a pistol from under his cloak fired it full in the Prince's face. At the moment of the shot the Prince was rising from his seat, and happened to be turning his head. The ball entered under the right ear, passed through the roof of his mouth, and went out below the left eye. He staggered and fell. The assassin tried to draw a dagger, and finish his work, but he had overloaded his pistol, which had broken his thumb in the recoil. An instant

later, and before he could speak, half a dozen swords were through his body. All was immediately confusion. A cry of horror rung through the city. Suspicion fell, but too naturally, where the Spaniards expected. Shouts were heard of 'Kill the French, kill the French,' and had Jaureguy waited till night when the fête had commenced, Alençon and his suit would have probably been slaughtered on the spot.[1] Orange himself had swooned, and was at first supposed to be dead. He recovered consciousness however in time to allay the worst alarm. Believing that he had but a few minutes to live, and anticipating the direction which popular fury might assume, he sent for the burgomaster, and assured him that to his certain knowledge it was the work not of France but of Spain. The assassin was identified by papers found about his person. Anastro, when the police went for him, had fled, but Antonio Venero was taken, and at once confessed, and before darkness fell the truth was known throughout the city.

The Prince lay in extreme danger, and but for his extraordinary calmness, the wound would have been certainly mortal. One of the large arteries of the throat had been divided, which the surgeons were unable to tie. Again and again the bleeding burst out, and his death was every moment expected. Daily bulletins were sent to England, and the delighted Ca-

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[1] 'Si bien afirman todos que si el moço aguardaria dar el pistoletazo á la noche en un gran banquete que hacia el Alençon, le mataran á él y á cuantos Franceses habia.'—Don Bernardino al Rey, 1-11 Avril, 1582: *MSS. Simancas.*

tholics watched eagerly for the news which was to make their satisfaction complete.

April. 'The Prince was gasping when the post left,' wrote Mendoza on the 4th—14th of April. 'The physicians gave no hope, and the Queen hears that all is over. We may assume his death as certain, and we can but give infinite thanks to God that he has thus chastised so abominable a heretic and rebel.'[1] 'We have news from Antwerp of the 9th—19th,' he wrote a week after. 'The Prince was still alive, two surgeons holding the wound closed with their fingers, and relieving one another every hour. On the 7th—17th, conceiving that in human reason it was not possible for him to live, they laid open his right cheek in the hope of reaching the injured vein. We may suppose it to be the good providence of God to increase his agonies by prolonging his life. The pain which he suffered, they say, is terrible. In the opinion of those here, a few hours must now bring an end.'[2]

Mary Stuart's gratification was no less than that of the Spanish ambassador. 'I have heard,' she said, 'that an artery is cut, and that the Prince is in danger. I praise God for this his mercy to the Church, and to the King my brother, the Church's chief protector.'[3]

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[1] Mendoza to Philip, April 4—14: *MSS. Simancas.*

[2] Mendoza to Philip, April 11—21: *MSS.* Ibid.

[3] 'J'ai eu advis du danger auquel estoit dernierement le Prince d'Orange par le grand flux de sang que luy estoit survenu d'un artere, dont je loue Dieu en consideration du bien qu'en reviendroit à son Église et au Roy mon bon frère, aujourd'huy principal protecteur d'elle.'—Marie Stuart à Don Bernardino, Avril 22—Mai 2: *MSS.* Ibid.

Equally great was the consternation in Protestant England, and beyond all in the Queen. Ill as it had pleased her to use him, none knew better than she the value of William of Nassau. Her own life had been threatened as often as his, and his fate, when he was thought to be dying, appeared but a foretaste of her own. The first news entirely overwhelmed her.[1] The realm had its own fears. The very thought of a sudden vacancy of the throne was simply appalling; and in the midst of her terrors, Burghley had to remind her of the duty which she had so long refused to perform of naming a successor.[2] In her first excitement, her thoughts turned into the stereotyped track. She swore she would send for Alençon and marry him; and Walsingham, who knew what would follow, and feared that a fresh affront to France might be fatal, prevented her with difficulty from sending a gentleman of her household to recall the Duke into the realm.[3]

Both hopes and fears were this time disappointed. The Prince's fine constitution and admirable courage gave him a chance of recovery when a weaker person must have died. Once more Philip had failed, but he nursed his purpose; and the Catholic faith, which has

[1] 'Se anichiló aquel dia tanto como le hubieran quitado la corona.'—Mendoza al Rey, 1—11 Avril: *MSS. Simancas.*

[2] 'Entiendo que el Thesorero le ha persuadido muy de veras estos dias hiciese cierta prevencion para declarar el successor deste Reyno, si las vidas, hijos y bienes de sus vasallos no queria que se perdieren.'—Ibid.

[3] 'El Walsingham, por estar cierto que no piensa casarse, teme que será parte semejante demostracion tras las pasadas para iritar al de Francia, perdiendole de todo punto.'—Ibid.

influenced human character in so many curious ways, was singularly productive of men who would risk their lives to deliver the Church from an enemy.

May. On the 2nd—12th of May, Orange returned thanks for his recovery in the Cathedral at Antwerp. The commonwealth unfortunately was sick of diseases which were less easy to cure. In all countries the noble part of the people is but a minority, and the trials of a protracted war bring the baser elements into prominence. The Catholics of Brabant and Flanders, weary of a freedom which brought with it religious toleration, were sighing for reabsorption into Spain. The presence of Alençon and the French was an excuse to the States to relax their own energies. They conceived that they had fought long enough and spent money enough, and that their allies might now relieve them of the burden. Peculation and corruption, the besetting sins of commercial communities, were rife among them. Sixteen thousand officials intercepted and consumed the revenues, while the English volunteer army, under John Norris, was left unpaid. Elizabeth found money for them, but with more right than usual resented the States' neglect. Alone, Norris could do but little service, yet Alençon neither helped him nor appeared to be conscious that he was in the country for any object except to sit still. Everywhere and in everything there was confusion of purpose, heartburning, and jealousy. Parma meanwhile was pushing forward slowly but irresistibly. Town was falling after town; and though his success was checked once in a brilliant action

before Ghent, in which, after the States troops had fled, Norris and his English sustained and repulsed an attack of the whole Spanish army, a single defeat did not affect the advance of the Spanish conquest, and by the end of the summer the States frontier had been pushed back, till all that they held of Flanders was the coast from Dunkirk to Ostend, and the great towns of Bruges, Ghent, Alost, and Brussels, which formed a line covering Antwerp. Alençon laid the blame on the States, and the States upon Alençon. The towns, fearing that Alençon was betraying them, began privately to treat with Parma, while Alençon, suspecting treachery on their side, was meditating a grand surprise as an employment for his hitherto idle army. He was plotting to seize simultaneously upon Ghent, Bruges, and Antwerp; and thus holding Flanders in his hand and master of the situation, either to hand it over to his brother to be incorporated with France, or to fall back upon his mother's second policy —buy Philip's pardon by the restoration of his Flemish provinces, and offer his precious hand to the Infanta. September.

Either he kept in his hands the money which he received from Elizabeth, or it was insufficient for the maintenance of his forces. At any rate, he exasperated them against the States by leaving them without their wages and pretending that they were robbed. He sent for reinforcements from France, and when Orange remonstrated with him for increasing his army when he could not maintain what he had already, he pretended that he was acting for the Queen of England; that he had her sanc-

tion as well as his brother's for what he was doing; that she was his wife in the sight of God, and could not abandon him. By representations of the same kind, he borrowed large sums of private persons,[1] and being thus supplied with men and finances, he came to a private understanding with the Catholic factions in the cities which he was preparing to surprise. The French garrisons were quietly increased: his principal camp was brought close to the walls of Antwerp, and the soldiers were told that as their wages were withheld they should have an opportunity of paying themselves. Their plan was to rise at nine or ten places on the same day, overpower the burgher guards, and make themselves masters of Flanders. Secrecy was admirably observed, and in the smaller towns they were completely successful. On the 5th—15th of January, they took possession of Dunkirk, Ostend, Dixmuyde, Dendermonde, Alost, and Vilvoorde, without striking a blow. At Ghent, Bruges, and Antwerp, fortune was less propitious. Ghent proved too Spanish to be attempted; at Bruges the citizens had received information, and

1583. January.

[1] 'Él de Orange tratando con Alençon la sospecha que tenian los Estados de que hiciese venir tanta gente tras no tener con que pagar la que se hallaba en ellos, le habia respondido que en tanto que él fuese ministro de la Reyna de Inglaterra su lugarteniente cap^tn general en aquella empresa, no le faltarian dineros, assistiendole juntamente el Rey de Francia su hermano para la paga de tantos soldados los quales no venian sin su licencia y particular consentimiento; asegurandole que esta reyna era delante de Dios y del mundo su muger, y que no podia abandonarle en aquella guerra sin mayor peligro de su persona y reyno. Que asimismo el duque de Alençon se habia servido del nombre de la Reyna para sacar dineros de algunas personas aficionadas á sus cosas.'—Mendoza al Rey, 16—26 de Enero, 1583: *MSS. Simancas.*

were on their guard; at Antwerp, where the Duke commanded in person, his own imbecility made his defeat more absolutely fatal. He had waited to hear of his success elsewhere. The delay brought notice to the Prince from Bruges, and he had leisure to prepare. The French camp contained four thousand men, trained soldiers all of them. The Provost of Antwerp was in Alençon's confidence, and had promised, so far as lay in him, to betray his trust. The Prince, saying nothing, made an excuse for calling the city guard under arms, and bidding them hold themselves in readiness to form at a moment's notice, went frankly to the Duke for explanations. The Duke swore, with seemingly equal openness, that he was absolutely innocent of any bad intentions whatever. He disclaimed all knowledge of what had happened at Bruges, and professed himself a faithful and loyal servant of the States. The Prince was not satisfied. The city remained all night on the alert. In the morning he went again with a deputation of the magistrates to request that the camp should be withdrawn to a greater distance from the gates. The Duke agreed, still swearing that no harm was intended. He occupied a palace inside the walls, and the Prince asked him to prove his sincerity by remaining within the gates for the day. He gave his word only to break it: he remained quiet till the afternoon, that the French might do their work under cover of the early darkness, and then galloping out to them, where they were drawn up waiting for his coming, he pointed to the city and bade them go in and take it. The gate

from which he had issued remained open. A party of horse plunged forward, killed the sentinels, and held the end of the street, while their comrades swarmed after them with shouts of 'Vive la messe! Vive le Duc d'Anjou! Vive la messe! tuez! tuez! tuez!' The affair did not last half-an-hour. As they dashed into the narrow streets, barricades rose as if by magic behind them. Maddened by the terrible recollections of the Spanish fury, and exasperated at the treachery, the citizens flew out on their false allies from alley and cross-way, while tiles, stones, and boiling water were rained upon their heads from the parapets. Before the night fell in which they had promised themselves a surfeit of lust and plunder, two hundred and fifty officers and fifteen hundred men lay dead on the pavement. Two rows of corpses, piled ten feet high, were at the gate where they had entered, and which they were trying in vain to recover. Of the whole number, about half escaped at last by springing from the walls, plunging into the ditches, and so miserably groping their way back into the camp. Alençon, craven as well as traitor, had not trusted his own precious person into danger. Not daring to abide till the morning, he started at once for Dendermonde, under cover of the darkness, followed by all of his men that were able to march. The alarm outran him: the citizens of Mechlin cut the dykes, and another thousand of the miserable wretches were drowned. Never had treachery encountered a more immediate or more absolutely disastrous retribution.

Whatever else might follow, the catastrophe was

utterly fatal to Elizabeth's diplomacy. Alençon had only been borne with for her sake; and one universal cry rose over the whole province that they would submit to Spain rather than allow him to remain any longer among them. With her card castle all in ruins about her, she first fell on the wretched Duke himself. Orange made haste to tell her that the Duke had many times threatened to be revenged upon her for jilting him;[1] and that be his other objects what they might, it was quite certain that he meant no good to England. She spoke 'abominations' of him. She said 'he was a false villain like his mother;' that 'he kept faith neither with God nor man,' and she flew out at every one who had advised her to marry him.[2] The first impression was that Alençon must have been in secret alliance with Parma. Mendoza hinted that it might be part of a plan between Alençon and Orange for a partition of the Low Countries. Walsingham, not professing to understand Alençon's motive, and offering no conjecture 'what might have happened if so desperate an enterprise had succeeded,' yet conceived that he saw but too clearly what was likely now to follow. 'He feared, with too much reason, that France and Spain

[1] 'Siempre habia entendido de Alençon en platicas que con él habia tenido él de Orange el tener gran rencor contra la Reyna, y deseo de satisfacer la injuria que le habia hecho, rehusandole por marido.'—Mendoza al Rey, 16—26, 1583: *MSS. Simancas.*

[2] 'Entiendo que está desabridisima con la nueva, y que dice abominaciones de Alençon, y de cuantos le persuadian su casamiento por ser un tirano y sin ninguna fee como su madre por no guardarla á Dios ny á las gentes.'—Ibid.

would unite for the subversion of the Low Countries, and the overthrow of religion. Monsieur would marry the King of Spain's daughter, and then would come nothing else but what he had long looked for.'[1]

But the thing which Elizabeth considered policy very soon resumed its place with her, and her anger turned from Alençon to the States. Antwerp and Bruges, in anticipation of her changed humour, had thrown themselves at once prostrate before her, deprecating her displeasure. She refused to hear them, and insisted that the Duke should be recalled. She blamed Norris, who had been in Antwerp at the attack, for the miseries of Alençon's retreat. She said that he ought to have protected her dearest friend, and she ordered him either to place himself at Alençon's disposition, or instantly to leave the States. Norris pleaded that he had taken no part against Monsieur. When he heard the French cry, 'Vive la messe,' and 'Kill the heretics,' he had simply looked to the safety of his own people, as he conceived himself to have been bound to do. He would obey her Majesty's pleasure if she persisted; but he said plainly, that in obeying, 'he would cause that to follow which her Majesty would not like of; the people were in that humour they would undoubtedly treat with the Spaniards.'[2] The Prince wrote to ask whether, if France made war on the States in revenge for the slaughter, Elizabeth would stand by them? She

[1] Walsingham to Cobham, January 17—27: *MSS. France.*

[2] Norris to Walsingham, February 3—13, February 8—18: *MSS. Holland.*

replied by a demand that Alençon should be replaced in the Protectorate; and the Prince, not wishing to add France to the list of his enemies, with Elizabeth in her present humour, did his best to please her. Negotiations were opened, in which Monsieur March. was alternately insolent and cringing, and Elizabeth, at a loss what to do, was tossed to and fro in uncertainties. Alençon said truly that he had involved himself in the quarrel of the Low Countries only for her sake, and that she was bound to adhere to him. He wished to be rid of Norris, and he boasted that if the English were sent away, he could soon settle with the States.[1] The Queen despatched Sir Arthur Darcy to apologize for Norris's behaviour. Darcy, with half-a-dozen of Alençon's suite, went to Norris to tell him that it was his mistress's pleasure that the English contingent should immediately withdraw. It seems however that she had sent a private message along with her order that he need not comply. Norris, with an affectation of bluntness, replied that he was a second son with not a yard of land in England; that he had taken an oath to the States, and would not desert them without an order under the Queen's hand.[2] She abused him in public: she said in private that he had answered well.[3] Mes-

[1] 'Alençon embió á pedir á la Reyna que pues desea tanto su acrescentamiento y tener su partido contra todo el mundo, mande luego salir los Ingleses que estan en los Estados, que como él quede solo con Françeses se avendra muy bien con los Estados.' —Mendoza al Rey, 7—17 Marcio, 1583: *MSS. Simancas.*

[2] Ibid.

[3] 'Diciendo malas palabras del dicho Norris en publico y en secreto bien.' — Mendoza al Rey, 18--28 Marcio, 1583: *MSS. Simancas.*

senger was despatched after messenger to bring about a reconciliation. The Prince of Orange exerted himself so earnestly as to throw suspicion on his patriotism. The English commander received fresh orders to remain at his post, but to be exclusively under Alençon's authority. But nothing could heal a wound so envenomed with treachery. Norris, knowing well that if mischief happened through the English contingent the blame would be laid on himself, declared that if he was to continue his command he would take his orders only from the States.[1] He had doubtful gentlemen in the service who would be ready for any villany on which Alençon might choose to employ them. Even as it was, the town of Alost, a few months later, was sold by an English officer to the Spaniards.[2]

April.

Thus baffled, and false as he was cowardly, the Duke addressed himself to Parma, and attempted to bargain for the towns which he had succeeded in securing. But this paltry practice failed also. His garrisons were obliged to withdraw, and on the 28th of June, deserted, disgraced, and broken with disease and disappointment, the petted instrument of Elizabeth's political genius went back to France, not yet utterly cast aside—she could not wholly part with him—but disabled for further action, and with his miserable part in the world's drama played out.

Meanwhile, the cause of the Low Countries appeared to be totally ruined. The friendship

July.

[1] Norris to Walsingham, April 28: *MSS. Holland.*

[2] Norris to Walsingham, November 27: *MSS.* Ibid.

of France was gone. The spirit of the people, thus scandalously abandoned after their splendid struggle, was broken. The Prince of Parma, who alone, of all the parties interested, saw his way clearly, and had his work definitely cut out, pushed forward slowly but irresistibly. The towns which Alençon would have sold he recovered easily by force. On the sea-board he took Dunkirk, Gravelines, and Nieuporte, places which were of vital moment to him when England's turn came to be attacked. On the other side, Ipres, Zutfen, and afterwards Bruges surrendered. Almost everything which had been gained by the great revolt of 1576, was again lost, and once more a languid despondency palsied the policy of England. The effects of the raid of Ruthven had been undone by the rejection of Col. Stewart's overtures. Scotland had again fallen under anti-English influences, and was reopened to the designs of the Duke of Guise. On all sides the cause of freedom, which so many times had been all but won, seemed finally collapsing; and some general compromise—something equivalent to a universal submission, by which the revolted Provinces would be restored to their master, and the Queen of Scots released and recognized in Parliament as heir-presumptive in England, appeared now inevitably approaching.

Under these circumstances, Elizabeth reverted to the purpose which she had begun to execute in 1576. In the expected crash, she wished to be able to say that she had been no friend to the revolted Provinces. If she assisted in their overthrow

August.

she might claim a voice in the disposal of them; at all events she might recover part of the treasure which she had lavished on the wretched Alençon. It will be remembered that six years before, the States had borrowed twenty thousand pounds from her, and she had made herself afterwards security for forty thousand pounds in addition. The debt had never been paid. As she held the jewels of the House of Burgundy in pawn, the States had thought no more about the matter. But she may have possibly reflected that these jewels would have to be given up to Philip after the reconquest, and either for this or some other reason she determined, while the States had still a corporate existence, to repay herself both principal and interest. Notwithstanding the war, an extensive trade continued between the United Provinces and Spain. Their merchant fleet was expected in the Channel on its return from Cadiz. She proposed quietly to take possession of it.

'The causes of the loans' were first formally 'set down,' as Elizabeth pleased to describe them.

She had justified herself, from the first, for assisting the States, on the ground that she could not allow them to be annexed to France. She still maintained the same position, distinctly denying that she had been influenced by hostility to Spain.[1] 'Hard it is,' said the

[1] 'I have set down,' said Walsingham's secretary, 'the causes of those loans. Her Majesty doubted that one or the other would follow, if they were not holpen. My master directed me to name those causes, though in truth I do not see how it will stand with honour et fœderum fide. I could wish they were spared, and some other colour set upon the matter. The States in all intendment of her Majesty are taken as

secretary who was employed upon the duty, 'to deal in these causes that are so perplexed, especially to such as are not accustomed to swim between two waters. The care that is to be taken is that her honour may be preserved, and yet her turn served in this her pleasure.'[1]

She had her own notions of honour and of the means to preserve it. Once more—and this time in serious earnest—she sent orders for Norris and the volunteers to leave the Provinces,[2] while she directed Captain Bingham, an officer of her own navy, to go out into the Channel and there seize the best of the ships of the States as a punishment for their want of gratitude, 'considering the extraordinary favours which she had shown them.'

'You will apprehend,' she said, 'any ships which you may discover to be richly laden, either passing westwards or returning homewards; you will encounter with them and assail them, yet without force if it conveniently may be. Assure yourself beforehand what substance is in any ship or ships, so as the prize may countervail the debt, and also all such other charges as may in justice be demanded. The interest now amounts to thirty-five or thirty-six thousand pounds. If you

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the King of Spain's subjects. She never otherwise liked of any of their proceedings, and from time to time in her own writings, taketh and nameth them so.'—Lawrence Tomson to Mr Hammond, August 13: *MSS. Holland.*

[1] Ibid.

[2] She offered Norris the marshalship of Berwick, as a reward for his past service, but thrifty in her liberality, she required five or six hundred pounds for it, and the bargain was too hard for him.—Norris to Burghley, September 13: *MSS. Holland.*

are not certain of the value, you shall, on first boarding, search, pretending that you are to look for certain notorious traitors escaped out of England. Be sure to capture the entire fleet: let not one escape you.'[1]

Ingenuity may invent excuses for Elizabeth. There may have been secret circumstances or secret intentions which might make her conduct not wholly indefensible; yet the reverting a second time to the same resolution on the recurrence of the same circumstances, indicates a principle and a policy. She would have protected the United Provinces at all times, had she seen her way to it without open war; but war, with its certain costs and uncertain issues, she did not choose to encounter; and if the States were to be conquered, she hoped, by assisting Philip, to obtain a moderating voice in the terms of their submission, and a share at any rate in the spoils.

The good genius of England stood between its Sovereign and discredit, and the bad purpose was left unexecuted. Three months later the Prince of Orange was again Elizabeth's dearest friend. Hopes of compromise had vanished, and the war which she had waded through so many manœuvres to avoid, stared her in the face. She was convinced, perhaps for the first time, that if Philip conquered, her own deposition was to be a condition of the pacification of Europe; and again without a blush she sought the friendship of the only allies on whom she could rely.

[1] Instructions to Captain Bingham, August 18, 1583: *MSS. Holland.*

The raid of Ruthven and the expulsion of Lennox had disconcerted the plot which had been first formed for the invasion. In the original programme the Duke of Guise was to enter Scotland as the ally of the King, and with the consent of the party in power there. Savage as James had shown himself on his capture, he had been persuaded to make another trial of Elizabeth's goodwill. De Mainville, La Mothe Fénelon's companion in the French embassy, was Guise's friend and confederate, and had laboured to persuade the King that his English prospects depended on the Catholics. But so long as he had hopes of an English pension, and of being recognized as successor in preference to his mother, he had held aloof, giving hesitating answers. He had declared his intention of remaining a Protestant, and evidently, if Elizabeth had been willing to meet his wishes, was prepared to take his chance at her side. De Mainville therefore, while Colonel Stewart was still unanswered, had returned to Paris with an opinion that Scotland was not to be relied upon; that the Kirk was too strong, and that Protestantism had too firm a hold upon the country. The Duke of Guise in consequence, not abandoning his enterprise, but changing the direction of it, turned his eyes upon England itself. The Jesuits assured him that the people were ripe for insurrection. He had about him a knot of young English gentlemen, cadets of Catholic families, who were in regular correspondence with their friends. Mendoza's six noblemen, though refusing to move alone, were waiting only for help from

September.

abroad; and the Queen of Scots, while she was affecting to treat with Elizabeth, had agents in Paris, between whom and herself there was a constant interchange of ciphered letters. The most active of these were Charles Paget, son of Henry VIII.'s minister, and younger brother of Lord Paget, who was perhaps one of the six; William Parry, who, pretending to be a spy of Burghley's, was in fact betraying him; Charles Arundel, brother of Sir Matthew Arundel of Wardour; and a person who was afterwards the unwilling cause of the Queen of Scots' execution, named Thomas Morgan.[1]

[1] In the natural exasperation of the Catholic conspirators, when their plots were defeated and exploded, Morgan was suspected of treachery. He was seized, carried to Brussels, and examined by Parma, to whom he related his history. As he became a person of so much consequence it is worth recording. He was the son of a Welsh gentleman, and was born in 1543. When he was eighteen he was put into the household of the Bishop of Exeter, and became afterwards secretary to Young, Archbishop of York, with whom he remained till the Archbishop's death in 1570. These two prelates, he said, were violent Calvinists. He was himself a Catholic, but had concealed his creed, and had received church preferment from them, though a layman, worth four thousand crowns a year. When Young died, excited by the rising of the North, he resolved to devote himself to the service of the Queen of Scots. Lord Northumberland and the Earl of Pembroke recommended him to Lord Shrewsbury, and in the loose custody in which the Queen of Scots was held, he was soon able to be useful to her. He managed her correspondence, and as Shrewsbury's secretary he was able to read and communicate to her whatever passed between his master and the Court. When her rooms and boxes were to be searched he had notice beforehand, and concealed her papers. After three years of this employment, he was discovered, and sent to the Tower under a charge of having been acquainted with the Ridolfi conspiracy. There he continued ten months, and the most suspicious circumstance about him was that at the end of that time he was dismissed unpunished. The Tower gates, he admitted, were rarely opened to Catholic prisoners, except on condition that they turned traitors. Many

These gentlemen agreed in representing the enterprise against England as offering no serious difficulties, and the noble families as eager to rid the country of the disgrace of heresy. On the 24th of April (May 4) Baptista de Tassis spoke of Guise as almost ready, and as endeavouring meanwhile to find some one who would do what Alva always recommended as a preliminary step, that is, shoot or stab Elizabeth.[1]

Beyond the general resolution however there was still great uncertainty, and wide divergence of opinion. At a consultation at the Nuncio's house at Paris in June, the Duke of Guise announced June.

Catholics, he confessed, had escaped in that way, and had afterwards become servants of the Government. He denied however entirely that he had himself purchased his release by treachery. Lord Burghley, he said, had interceded for him, he knew not why. He retained and deserved the confidence of the Queen of Scots, whose most trusted instrument he ever after remained. She recommended him to Guise and the Archbishop of Glasgow. He lived at Paris, where she allowed him 30 crowns a month out of her dowry. He managed her ciphers, and corresponded for her with the Pope, the Nuncio in France, the English Catholics at home and abroad, with Allen, Sanders, and every other person concerned in the conspiracies against Elizabeth. The Queen of Scots entrusted him with her deepest and darkest secrets, and though her connection with him proved fatal to her, there is no doubt of his genuine fidelity. — Cargas contra Tomas Morgan, fecho en Brusselas en doze de Hebrero, 1590: *MSS. Simancas.*

[1] 'La traça en que andaba Hercules (Guise), y que apunté á V. M. á 4 de Mayo, era un hecho violento contra esa señora.'—Juan Baptista de Tassis al Rey, 14—24 de Mayo: TEULET, vol. v. Three sets of conspirators besides the Jesuits were meditating the Queen's murder at that very moment: Somerville and Arden in Warwickshire, Thomas Morgan and his friends at Paris, and a third party, whose names were unknown.—See the trial of the Earl of Arundel: *State Trials*, vol. i. It is uncertain to whom de Tassis referred. Opposite de Tassis's words Philip wrote, 'Así creo que lo entendimos acá, y con que lo hicieran ellos no fuera malo, aunque habian de prevenir algunas cosas.'

that Duke Albert of Bavaria would take a part in the invasion, and supposing the King of Spain to approve, but to be unwilling to appear in the matter personally, he said that he was ready himself to cross immediately to the coast of Northumberland with four thousand of his own people. His brother the Duke of Mayenne would land with as many more in Sussex, and if Parma would allow the use of Dunkirk, Duke Albert would pass from thence to Norfolk with five thousand Germans. This plan appeared to him to be on the whole the most desirable. It could be executed at once; the danger of discovery from delay would be avoided; while France itself could provide arms and men.

From this proposal, prompt and decisive as it was, the English Jesuits dissented. Their leanings were entirely Spanish, and although they were ready to accept Guise as their leader, they wished him to act only under Philip's directions. They made objections to a triple combination. They said that unless the King of Spain was supreme, they would quarrel among themselves—one party would think only of re-establishing religion, another of placing Mary Stuart on the throne, while a third would be for letting Elizabeth remain, and for giving the Queen of Scots only the succession. Again, supposing Mary Stuart Queen, the Scots, they said, would look to have precedence at Court, to which the English would never yield. Catholic England was ready to take her as its Sovereign, but only as the representative of Philip. The people were strongly attached to their old alliance, and could only be relied on to rise if Spain was

distinctly in the field. Father Allen, who was present, recommended strongly that the force employed should be Spanish and Italian, and not French. The Pope might gratify France by appointing the Duke of Guise to the command. The King of Spain need not appear, but must keep the control of everything in his hand. Four thousand men, Allen thought, would be sufficient, with arms for those who would join them, and money to pay their way, that they might not have to prey upon the country. Volunteers would crowd to the standard. Allen himself offered to go first and take possession of the See of Durham, to which the Pope had appointed him. God, he thought, could be relied upon for the rest.

As Allen drew the picture, de Tassis admitted that it was a tempting one. Guise was ready to sacrifice his own scheme, if the other was preferred. The invasion it was thought ought not to be postponed beyond the coming September at latest, but 4000 men might be sent off with no great difficulty. In the interests of England, of France, of Flanders, of all Europe, de Tassis recommended Philip to consent, at all events he pressed for an immediate answer. All were agreed on the danger of delay. If Allen's plans were disliked, Guise and Mayenne were ready to fall back upon their own.[1]

Promptitude was an element of human success which Philip II. neither commanded nor understood. The fitness of the Duke of Guise to conduct the English in-

[1] Tassis to Philip II. April 24—May 4, June 14—24: TEULET, vol. v.

vasion had been canvassed for years; yet now, when the enterprise was on the eve of execution, he preferred to reconsider the whole question. When de Tassis's letter of the 4th of May reached him, he sent Guise word that he was glad he was so well employed, that he wished him success, and would give him money; but he desired first to learn particularly what he meant to do—while, as it was contrary to Spanish political tradition to allow a Frenchman to gain a footing in England, and as de Tassis was under Guise's influence, he wrote to Mendoza to send him a confidential opinion.[1]

Mendoza's answer throws admirable light on the complications which embarrassed the Catholic cause.

July. 'Your Majesty asks me,' he wrote, 'what I think of the Duke of Guise: whether his coming to England is open to the objection which we entertain generally against the introduction of the French into the island; and whether it will be sufficient to help him with money, or if your Majesty should do more. I have many times insisted to your Highness that if the French invade Scotland or England in the interests of the Queen of Scots, and if they gain entire control of the situation, this much is certain, that the island will not be recovered to the Catholic faith. The French care little enough for it at home. Religion with them is but an accessory of politics, as they have shown in their transactions with the Low Countries. You can consider therefore the inconveniences which

[1] Philip to de Tassis, June 6; Philip to Mendoza, June 6: TEULET, vol. v.

will arise. The English will be in a frenzy, the French being their natural enemies, and when so just an object is pretended as the conversion of the people, and the rights of the Scottish Queen, your Majesty will be unable to interfere on the Queen of England's behalf.

'Well then, to obviate this, and to neutralize the jealousy which cannot but arise between France and Spain, if either of them attempt alone the conquest of England, God has been pleased to introduce the Queen of Scots as a neutral person between us. Other causes besides religion make it desirable both to us and tc France that the Queen of Scots should have this crown. She will put a stop to the mischief which the English have done, and are doing, in Flanders and France also; only there must be a clear understanding that whoever comes hither at the head of an army, comes with no other object but to set her at liberty, and replant religion. I do not know what is passing between the Catholics here and the Duke of Guise. They say nothing of it to me; but the Duke knows them of course —being what they are—to wish well to himself and his house; and they know him to be the defender, with your Majesty's help, of French orthodoxy. I cannot think therefore that inconvenience can arise from his coming, either to this country or to Scotland. Rather, I think, we should invite him to undertake the enterprise, there being no other person in whom so many advantages concur. He is the Queen of Scots' near kinsman, and possesses her fullest confidence. He will be himself interested in preventing France from gain-

ing too strong a hold here. His concern will be for the imprisoned Queen, from whom we have so much to expect in the way of service to God and your Majesty. The Duke will take charge of her interests. He will see that the son does not supplant the mother in England as he has done in Scotland. From the son, until he be reconciled to the Church, there is nothing more to be looked for than from any other Scot or heretic. The Catholics will not admit him here while he is unconverted. They will not even accept his mother except in concert with and under the authority of your Majesty, and it is on your Majesty assuredly that the Queen of Scots will lean. She knows the hatred borne to her by the Queen-mother, and the animosity between her kinsmen the Guises and the Houses of Bourbon and Montmorency. As to the form and quality of your Majesty's assistance, I can advise nothing till I know more of your Highness's intentions. It must depend on whether your Majesty means to declare yourself openly—whether the King of France is to take a part, or whether it is to be left to his Holiness and the Duke of Guise, your Majesty reserving a power to interpose if the French go too far. As to the amount of force, you remember what the Duke of Lennox asked for when the invasion was intended through Scotland. Baptista de Tassis and the Nuncio have talked over matters since that time with the other parties concerned, but I know not what they have resolved. If England is to be invaded immediately, I should like to know in what strength the Duke calculates the Catholics here

will join him. He may either come over with three or four thousand thoroughly trusty men, or he may come with a large army regularly appointed. If the first, your Majesty will do well to provide him with a number of experienced officers. Some of those in Flanders may seem to quarrel with the Prince of Parma, and be turned adrift to seek service elsewhere. If the second, and if your Majesty will not commit yourself by sending Spaniards, the army ought to consist of Italians and German Catholics, wholly devoted to your Majesty. The Duke of Guise will make no objection, for he will be assured that your Majesty will ensure him a safe return to France, and will guarantee him against his rivals during his absence. The realm is ripe for revolution. It is full of sects and factions. The people will not bear control, and the doings of the council and clergy are scandalous. There is every reason therefore to expect success. The French ambassador tells them that the Queen of Scots may count on the help of Alençon. For the honour of God, let your Majesty beware of this false and ambitious Prince. If you mean to do anything here do it promptly, and trust only to Guise. Do not let Alençon fancy that you will allow him to conduct the enterprise, or give him time to hinder it if he is refused. Guise alone can be safely trusted. It is not for your Majesty's interests that any other Frenchman should come hither, unless indeed for every hundred of his countrymen he bring as many Spaniards also. If they are coming to restore religion, your Majesty's soldiers are as zealous as they. If they have

ulterior objects, it will be well to have our own people on the spot to share the game.'[1]

Scotland, it will be seen, was now dropped out of the scheme of invasion. Scotland, and with it the interests of Scotland's young King, who had been intriguing with the other side, and as long as he was unconverted, was to be excluded from further advancement. But James and the politicians with whom he was surrounded had no intention of being thus thrust into the shade. The English succession was the loadstar on which James's eyes were permanently fixed. He had hoped to secure it for himself over his mother's head; he had offended her and the Catholics, and he had as yet obtained nothing. He might still wait humbly, and so at last hope to propitiate Elizabeth. On the other hand Guise might come over, and the Catholics might rise and make a revolution, and his chances would be forfeited for ever. Could he but have commanded the second sight of his countrymen, how easy would have been his course! If he turned Catholic prematurely, and after all the Protestants won the victory, he was lost equally that way. It was a tremendous position, but the scoundrels who surrounded him were equal to it. The first step was to beg his mother's pardon for having coquetted with Elizabeth. Colonel Stewart had brought his orders with him to London, and instantly that he and Colville were dismissed, with their requests refused, he found means of communicating with Sheffield, and

[1] Mendoza to Philip, July 6—16. Abridged: *MSS. Simancas.*

telling the lady that her son had acted under constraint. In Scotland preparations were made swiftly and secretly to undo the effects of the raid of Ruthven, shake off the English Lords, and place the country once more at the disposition of the conspirators at Paris, if they cared to use it. Gowrie himself, blinded by the phantom of the succession, and exasperated at the broken promises of Elizabeth, imagined that he had no more interest in holding James prisoner. John Maitland lent abilities to the new intrigues, which were second only to his brother's. Colonel Stewart came back from London with as keen a hatred of the English alliance, as he had carried thither a desire to make it perpetual.[1] The Catholic noblemen were burning to recover their ascendancy. The King was at Falkland in charge of Angus and Mar, and a plot was rapidly formed, with James's privity, to rescue him. Young Seton stole off to France to tell de Tassis that a revolution was coming, and that Scotland would soon be Spanish again.[2] Warnings were sent to Huntley, Montrose, Crawford, and others of the Catholic faction, to hold themselves in readiness, and on the 7th of July[3] the King and Colonel Stewart slipped away to St Andrew's, and shut themselves up in the castle there. The two Earls followed in

1 'Col. Stewart est retourné d'Angleterre, où les choses luy sont si mal succedées qu'il n'a peu choisir meilleur party que de se ranger du côté du Roy et abandonner l'aultre faction du tout, de sorte que le Roy mesme est beaucoup refroydy.'—Letter from a nobleman at St Andrew's to M. de Maynville, July 3—13: TEULET, vol. iii.

2 Tassis to Philip, June 29—July 9: TEULET, vol. v

3 New Style.

haste, but Huntley had the start of them. St Andrew's was swarming with Gordons, the King was in the midst of his mother's friends, and they were obliged to retire as they came. A second messenger went off to Paris with the news, and with a promise that the work so well begun would soon be finished, that Gowrie, who had been made a tool of, would be shaken off, and that the Catholics would have Scotland at their feet. It was the rebound of the stone of Sisyphus. After years of anxiety and miracles of diplomatic adroitness, the neglect which had destroyed Morton had been repaired. The cards had been once more in Elizabeth's hands, she had flung them in the face of her friends, and they, as usual, were left to perish, and her ministers to begin their ever recurring and ever hopeless toil.

Utterly discomfited, Mar, Angus, and Lindsay could but sit still. They knew not what to do, or in which direction to turn. Only the ministers saw their way clearly. A deputation from the Presbytery at Edinburgh came over to St Andrew's, demanded an interview with the King, and warned him against 'new courses.' James, whatever his shifts of politics, had never wavered in his hatred of the Kirk. He turned fiercely on them. 'Never king in Europe,' he said, 'would have borne at their hands what he had borne.' David Fergusson, one of the party, coolly answered that he had been well brought up, and they did not wish him to be like other kings. If they saw occasion to speak to him they intended to speak, whether he liked it or not. 'There was not the face on flesh that they would

spare, if they found rebellion to God, whose message they carried.' He might despise them, but his contempt would not alter facts. 'There was never one in that realm that prospered in authority after the ministers began to threaten him.'[1] It was disrespectful language from a subject to a Sovereign—disrespectful and, as some might think, vain and absurd—yet no more, after all, than the literal truth. Nothing in the history of these times is more remarkable than the correctness of the political judgment of John Knox and his successors. They believed that the world was governed by justice and truth, and not by intrigue and chicanery; and the event proved that they were right.

Meanwhile it was the enemies' day. Every officer, either of state or household, known to be attached to England was removed, and those who had been in exile for fidelity to the Queen of Scots were recalled and promoted. When Sir Robert Bowes remonstrated, he was taunted with his mistress's parsimony. When he asked if they would accept the pension which she had offered the King, he was told that sooner than the King should disgrace himself by accepting so vile a sum the Lords would subscribe double the amount for him themselves.[2] An agent of Walsingham's sent word that if the Queen interfered with force, France would take it 'as if she had declared war;' the King had distinctly told him so;[3] and perplexed and penitent too late

[1] CALDERWOOD.

[2] Bowes to Walsingham, July 13—23: *MSS. Scotland.*

[3] ΔΔ (sic) to Walsingham, July, 1583: *MSS.* Ibid.

Elizabeth flew from counsel to counsel, cursing the changeableness of the Scots, as if she had given them cause for constancy. Secretary Beale went again to Sheffield, carrying proposals, ignominious now because extorted by fear, to go on with the treaty. Elizabeth might have spared herself the humiliation. In the exulting confidence of expected triumph the Queen of Scots refused now to be bound by her past promises. If she was to ratify the Treaty of Leith, she must have her right of succession recognized by Act of Parliament, or at least by private deed under Elizabeth's hand and seal. She declined to pledge herself against alterations of the established religion. She would consent to remain in England—it was part of the scheme which she had arranged with Guise and Mendoza—but she required the free use of the Catholic ritual for herself and her household, free access to her person from all parts of the world, and the title of an English duchy.[1] Walsingham cynically advised that his mistress should go even further and replace Mary Stuart in Scotland, and when reminded of his past objections, answered that times were changed and that wise men must change with them.[2] 'You are not so resolute there,' he wrote

[1] Mauvissière to the King of France, July 21—31: TEULET, vol. iii.

[2] 'Le Sieur de Walsingham a dict que il luy sembloit que l'on debvoit contenter ladicte Royne d'Escosse, et qu'elle demeureroit par-delà, avec asseurance de la Royne d'Angleterre pour demeurer seurement en son Royaulme sans que luy feust faict ny mal ny desplaisir. Aulcuns luy ont respondu qu'il n'avoit pas tousjours tenu ce langage ny esté de ce conseil. Il a respondu que aussy voyoit-il qu'il se falloit accommoder et changer selon les temps.'—M. de Castelnau à la Reyne mère, 31 Juillet—10 Aoust, 1583: TEULET, vol. iii.

to Bowes, 'as we are irresolute here.'[1] Sir Walter Mildmay, who had been with Beale at Sheffield, was ordered to prepare to accompany Lord Hunsdon to the Scotch Court,[2] while Bowes, on the same day, was bidden renew for the twentieth time the as often broken promises, look out the noblemen affected to the English crown, and promise them help in arms and money if they would again combine.[3]

Frightened off this course by fear of France, Elizabeth directed the ambassador to remonstrate sharply with the King. In a second letter she bade him 'not reproach, but rather expostulate.' Next she resolved to do nothing, expecting 'that the King would do what was right of his own mind.'[4] Finally, after a violent scene with Walsingham, she insisted that he should go to Scotland himself, and either by persuasion or by any means that he could find, undo the effects of her own neglect of his advice. Walsingham said 'that he would most willingly have used his travail therein if the Queen did embrace and go through with things as effectively as she should do.'[5] As it was he received his order 'with as ill a will as ever he undertook any service in his life.' He 'feared he could do little good.' He 'would most willingly have avoided the journey if he could have done it without her Majesty's extreme displeasure,' and not choosing to be the means of tempting

[1] Walsingham to Bowes, July 22—August 1: *MSS. Scotland.*

[2] Walsingham to Bowes. July 10—20: *MSS.* Ibid

[3] Ibid.

[4] Walsingham to Bowes, July 27—August 6: *MSS. Scotland.*

[5] Walsingham to Bowes, July 27—August 6: *MSS.* Ibid.

Scotch noblemen to rely upon promises which he knew would not be observed, he sent word to the Earl of Mar, who had applied for advice to Sir Robert Bowes, 'to follow the way of counsel that might be best for his own safety, without further regard to England.'[1]

August. He was curious to see James however, and form his own impressions about him, while Elizabeth prepared the way by a letter of condescending and contemptuous superiority, which, however truly it might represent the essential relations between herself and the young Prince, was not calculated to make the latter unwilling to quarrel with her.[2] She said she intended to deal as an affectionate sister with him. With how much truth may be inferred from Walsingham's unwillingness to go. She intended in fact to tempt him to forsake his new friends, with vague assurances which might or might not be realized after her death, but for which he would certainly receive no value till the grave had closed over her. She said she would enlarge his pension if the sum which she had offered appeared too small, but he must replace in office the

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[1] Walsingham to Bowes, August 6—16: *MSS. Scotland.*

[2] 'My dear brother and cousin,—It moveth me much to moan you when I behold how diversely sundry wicked spirits distract your mind, and bend your course to crooked paths, and like all evil illusions, wrapped under the cloke of your best safety, endanger your estate. You deal with one whose experience will not take dross for good payment, and with one who will not easily be beguiled. No, no, I mean to set to school your craftiest councillors. I beseech you proceed no further in this course till you receive an express messenger, a trusty servant of mine, by whom I intend to deal as an affectionate sister with you.'—Elizabeth to James, August 7—17: *MSS. Scotland.*

Lords of the English party, and send their opponents away. For Lady Lennox's estate, which was the symbol of the succession, and the point therefore of especial soreness, she bade Walsingham say that she had suspended her answer for his own sake. She could not consent till the opposing claims had been heard of the Lady Arabella, and as the issue might be such as would offend him she preferred to leave it undecided.[1]

How far evasions of this kind were likely to influence James in his present mood, or how far Elizabeth's admonition was likely to work favourably on him, may be gathered from a letter which he now wrote to the Duke of Guise. He was infinitely delighted with himself for having recovered his liberty. He assumed that Guise was ready as ever to use Scotland as his stepping-stone to England, but was anxious to let him know that he claimed for himself a right to a share in the enterprise.

'Your proposal to send troops here is most agreeable to me,' he said. 'I will accept or not accept it as circumstances shall require. I hold myself happy in having so brilliant and distinguished a kinsman, the first captain of his age, ready to take arms in my behalf. M. de Mainville, you tell me, has been pleased to speak *of the virtues and rare qualities which God has bestowed upon me.*[2] I am the more bound to imitate the ever-memorable deeds of my ancestors of the noble

[1] Instructions to Walsingham, August 13—23: *MSS. Scotland.*

[2] This letter is preserved in a Spanish translation, sent by de Tassis to the King of Spain. The words in italics were underlined by Philip, who remarked upon them 'a modest young gentleman' ('bien las confiesa de si').

House of Lorraine. If there be anything in me deserving praise it is to that House, from which through my mother I derive my origin, that I attribute all. Had I, at the receipt of your letter, been in the condition in which M. de Mainville left me, you would have excited in my breast an ardent desire of liberty; but God be praised I had already extricated myself by my own prudence and patience. I am now free, and eager for an opportunity to revenge myself. My mother, in a letter which I have just received from her, refers me to you for directions. You propose, I understand, to set her free and establish our united right to the English crown. I admire your object. I approve of the means which you intend to use, and which have only to be handled with dexterity. I will send you my opinion in a few days. I have much of great consequence to say to you, which I dare not commit to paper except in cipher.'[1]

The writer of such a letter as this was not likely to take patiently a lecture upon his pliancy to evil. While it justifies Elizabeth's extreme distrust of his character, it shows also the imprudence of trifling away the control over him which the raid of Ruthven had placed in her hands. Having a more slender estimate of James's abilities than he had formed for himself, Guise was not anxious to take him into partnership. The escape of the young King was so recent, and the changes had been so many and so sudden, that the scheme which he had

[1] James VI. to the Duke of Guise, August 9—19, 1583: TEULET, vol. v.

formed originally with Lennox no longer seemed advisable. The Scotch Protestants were evidently very strong; it was enough if for the present they could be neutralized. England was the point to strike at, and to strike at with speed. Guise's position at home was critical. The King feared him. Catherine de Medici hated him. His personal safety, as he told Mendoza, required the support of an army. Action somewhere was a necessity to him, either in France or England, and he preferred to transfer the miseries of war to a foreign country.[1] Philip, after due consideration, had decided against an over-trust in the French, and on himself supplying at least part of the force which was to be employed. Parma could easily spare four or five thousand men, and it had been settled that a Spanish fleet was to hold the Channel to protect the crossing. For the fleet, and for the fleet only, Guise was now waiting. All else was ready. Notice had gone round to the principal houses in the northern counties in England to be on the alert. The Queen of Scots was prepared either to fly or to defend herself. The 'principal noblemen,' Northumberland, that is, and the Earl of Arundel, had sent word that her friends were prepared.[2] The Earl of Westmore-

[1] 'Dióme el clerigo particular cuenta en nombre de Hercules de la resolucion hecha, y juntamente de que á él le habia de ser fuerça y á su hermano, por el termino con que procedia con ellos el Rey de Francia tomar las armas en aquel Reyno ó en Inglaterra.'—Don Bernardino al Rey, 9–19 Agosto: *MSS. Simancas.*

[2] 'Habiendo escrito la Reyna de Escocia y dado aviso los principales señores de aquel reyno que las cosas estan muy bien dispuestas, principalmente hacia los confines de Escocia, donde debe descender la armada de España, tanbien se ha hecho resolucion que bastará que el Rey Catolico embie una armada de

land was in Flanders, waiting for the moment to return to his tenants. Durham was reported ready to welcome Allen as Bishop. A brother of Leonard Dacres, who now claimed the title, undertook for Gilsland and the English Border. Lord Wharton, the Earl of Cumberland, and the Percies had promised six thousand horse between them; Fernihurst and Maxwell, three thousand Scots from Teviotdale and Dumfries. It was calculated that twenty thousand men at least would take arms on the instant that Guise was known to have landed. The Earls of Rutland, Arundel, and Worcester, Lord Montague, and several others had promised to declare themselves when the insurrection was once in motion. The plan had been minutely arranged. Mendoza was to remain quietly in London till the last moment, and then to slip away to Dunkirk. Guise and Allen were to join him there. Parma was to supply the troops. They were to run down the French coast, double the Land's End, and land in Morecambe Bay, where they would be least expected. The Pope had prepared a Bull, declaring that the King of Spain and the Duke of Guise had undertaken the execution of the Church's censures against Elizabeth. Allen, as Nuncio, was to issue it immediately that they were on shore, while the Duc de Mayenne, with a second army, was to throw himself on the coast of Sussex, where Lord Paget and Arundel of Wardour had engaged to receive him.

The arrangements being thus forward, Guise was

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cuatro mil buenos soldados,' &c.—Instruccion por los negocios de Inglaterra, 12—22 de Agosto: TEULET, vol. v.

naturally restless. The ships from Spain were long in coming, and to employ the time he sent Charles Paget privately across the Channel to arrange with his friends the exact spot where Mayenne should land, and to remove at the same time any lingering alarm which they might feel of danger to English liberty, by assuring them that he and his brother were coming over merely and simply to re-establish the faith of Christ, and make Mary Stuart Queen;[1] that when these objects were obtained both French and Spaniards were to withdraw from the country, and that if the Spaniards hesitated he was prepared to compel them.

The murder scheme had failed. The unknown person whom Guise had employed had gone to England for the purpose, but had made no progress, and at last gave up the business, returned ineffectually to the Continent, and with a rare conscience for an assassin restored his reward.[2] Mendoza concluded with a sigh

[1] 'Y para poner la Reyna de Escocia pacifica de la corona de Inglaterra, la cual de derecho le pertenesce.'—Instructions of the Duke of Guise to Charles Paget, August 18-28: TEULET, vol. v. These instructions were not intended for Philip's eye. De Tassis however copied, translated, and sent them to him. He underlined the words referring to the Queen of Scots, writing on the margin an 'Ojo,' to draw special attention to them. He was not at all sure after all that he wished Mary Stuart to be Queen. He was quite certain that he did not mean James to be King. He knew that Guise aspired—on the failure of the House of Valois—to the French crown. Guise, if a Catholic, was a Frenchman, and it was of as much importance to Philip to divide England from France as it was to Elizabeth to keep France apart from Spain.

[2] 'Á la persona que escrivi á V. S. en mis antecedentes se le ha ordenado por un caso accidental no vaya adonde esta la otra, por lo cual él ha vuelto á dar lo que se le habia entregado, diciendo que no quiere engañar á nadie, pues falta ocasion,

that it was not God's pleasure that this easy method should prosper. Paget's errand answered better. He went over to the coast of Sussex in disguise, accompanied by one of the Throgmortons. He saw the Earl of Arundel, and he saw also the Earl of Northumberland, gave Guise's message, and obtained all the assurances and all the information which Guise desired. He took soundings in Rye harbour. He fixed apparently on Rye as the most appropriate landing-place, and returned safely to France, having been seen and suspected, but having escaped arrest or identification. No more could be done till the coming of the fleet. Guise wrote to Mendoza asking him candidly for his opinion as a soldier how far the English Catholics were to be depended on.[1] He apparently was satisfied with the answer, and waited only till Philip sent the means to carry him over.

While the mine was thus dug under her feet, and on the point of explosion, Elizabeth was totally unconscious that she was in unusual danger. Rumours had reached her of intended mischief, but such only as she had been accustomed to hear every day for twenty years. She was uneasy about Scotland, but rather for the ultimate consequences of the revolution there than for any mis-

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que es muestra de que procedia con llaneza y que Dios no quiere que se haga el negocio en aquella manera.' —Autograph of Don Bernardino to Secretary Idriaquez, August 19—29: *MSS. Simancas.*

[1] 'Me pedia le advirtiese precisamente como soldado lo que se podria esperar de los Catolicos de Inglaterra y parciales de la de Escocia, con lo cual él se satisfaria, y no con relacion de otra ninguna persona.' — Don Bernardino al Rey, 19 de Agosto, 1583: *MSS. Simancas.*

chief to be immediately apprehended. Notwithstanding Alençon she was on good terms with the French Government. Catherine de Medici had written affectionately to her after Alençon's return from the Low Countries, regretting that the marriage had come to nothing, but expressing a hope that the friendship between the two Crowns might remain unbroken,[1] and that then and always they might act together in the interests of Christendom.[2] Even Walsingham was satisfied that nothing was to be feared from the King and the Queen-mother,[3] and as to Guise and his brother, a small subsidy to the Huguenots would find them occupation at home.[4] In Scotland Elizabeth recognized that mischief was working, but she had played into Guise's hands by the way in which she had dealt with it. Her letter to James 'mightily stirred the coals.'[5] The more angry she showed herself the less he regarded her admonitions. The Queen of England, he said, ruled her subjects, and he intended to rule the Scots. Confident in Guise and in the expected invasion, he no longer thought it necessary to carry a fair face to Gowrie. He proceeded to call to account both him and all the others who had been concerned in the raid, and insisted that if they were not to be punished they should

[1] Catherine de Medici to Elizabeth, July 16—26: *MSS. France.*

[2] Walsingham to Cobham, August 6—16: *MSS.* Ibid.

[3] Walsingham to Bowes, August 20—30: *MSS. Scotland.*

[4] 'La Reyna con la libertad del Rey de Escocia ha juzgado ser lo que mas le importa, es remover guerra en Francia, en la cual de por fuerça se han de ocupar los de la casa de Guisa.'—Don Bernardino al Rey, 19 Agosto: *MSS. Simancas.*

[5] Bowes to Walsingham, August 20—30: *MSS. Scotland.*

apply for their pardons. Gowrie, whose eyes were soon opened to his mistake in letting the King escape, at first refused. 'He was brought into such a passion,' wrote Sir Robert Bowes, 'that he cursed the time that he obeyed the King's letters to come to him—seeing promises had been doubly broken with him—and also accused himself of great beastliness,[1] by the which those mischiefs were suffered to spring, wishing himself rather banished than accept pardon for the act which his conscience testifies to be good.'[2] Afterwards seeing that he was in real danger he made a sullen acknowledgment of his fault, and withdrew from the Court. The ministers, as usual, stood their ground. They were required 'to condemn the act of Ruthven.' They said that the King himself had admitted it to have been good, and to have delivered religion from great perils; the Kirk had approved it in general assembly, and the judgment of the Kirk was law. They were threatened, but they stood to their word. 'Sundry barons and chief burroughs' were seen to approve of their answer, and the King, not wishing to provoke a further quarrel till Guise had arrived, controlled himself, and let them go.

September. It was at this moment, when Guise was watching for the Spanish sails, and Paget had stolen over upon his secret errand, that Walsingham was started at last upon his journey to the Scotch

[1] *Bêtise*, folly.

[2] Bowes to Walsingham, August 17—27: *MSS. Scotland.*

[3] Bowes to Walsingham, August 22—September 1, August 25—September 4: *MSS.* Ibid

Court. His dislike of his mission made him ill; and he lingered long upon the road. Believing France to be secure, and that Guise could not move without his master's consent, he would have preferred to see James 'go his own way and taste the fruits of his folly.'[1] 'The Court was ruled by those who were devoted to the King's mother, directed by her counsel, and hated by the people,'[2] 'and was wholly bent upon a violent course;' but the ministers of the Kirk could be relied upon; 'the burroughs, who lived by traffic, and were grown wealthy by long-continued peace with England, would not willingly hear of a breach;' 'the existing state could not long continue,'[3] and if neither France nor England interposed, Walsingham thought the Scots might be safely left to settle their own differences.

He found James at Perth. The Earl of Arran was now his first favourite as Lennox had formerly been, and by Arran and Colonel Stewart he was ruled. When Walsingham was introduced, the King began with complaints. The Queen, he said, found fault with his councillors; what had she to do with his councillors? he made no objection to hers. Walsingham, out of humour already, told him that 'if he made so little account of her Majesty she would leave him to his own direction;' England had no need of his friendship, nor had he come to seek it; he was sent 'to charge him

[1] Walsingham to Bowes, August 20—30: *MSS. Scotland.*

[2] Walsingham to Burghley, August 30—September 9: *MSS.* Ibid.

[3] Same to the same, September 6—16: *MSS.* Ibid.

with unkind dealing, and to require satisfaction, excuse, or reparation.'

Excuse was not considered necessary, and reparation was not intended. Arran and Stewart affected innocent surprise. Walsingham would not listen to them, and on the whole formed a worse opinion than he had even expected, both of them and their master. 'I have no hopes of the recovery of this young Prince,' he wrote to Burghley. 'If his power may agree with his will he will become a dangerous enemy.' He described James as 'full of contempt for her Majesty, into which he had grown altogether by the advice of his mother, who put him in hope of a great party in England.' His mother had told him 'that the more alienated he showed himself from her Majesty, and the more inclined to change the religion,' the more his party would increase. He was evidently 'depending on Spain and the Pope,' and 'showing himself bent by degrees to follow that course.' At times perhaps he hesitated; 'but if he procceded not as was meant he should, his mother, who was the layer of the plot, would work his confusion; and, though she could not live many years, yet before their end would see his overthrow.'[1]

Walsingham remained a week, and was then going; when James, not wishing to be utterly defiant while there was still a chance of the non-appearance of Guise, made a faint attempt at conciliation. He assured the English minister that he was really anxious to please the

[1] Walsingham to Burghley, September 11—21; To Elizabeth, September 11—21, 12—22: *MSS. Scotland.*

Queen, and that if she desired it he would say no more of 'the raid of Ruthven;' he was ready to pass an act of oblivion, and to replace the English Lords in the council. Walsingham, not trusting him, said coldly, that he had been ill-advised in surrounding himself with so many passionate ambitious young men; he was treading in the steps of the English Edward II., and might come to the same end; the execution of Morton had been a bad beginning; princes fancied themselves absolute, but princes were as much bound to rule justly as subjects were bound to obey, and if they broke the law they were no longer kings but tyrants.[1]

But James had spoken fairly, and to try his sincerity, Walsingham sent him a note of his offers in writing, and asked if he had understood his meaning. 'A dark and ambiguous answer' was returned. It was obviously idle to depend upon him; and Walsingham being on the spot consulted with the old friends of England on the feasibility of some new raid, and of 'forcing' James, whether he would or no, to depend on her Majesty's favour. Gowrie, Angus, Mar, Lindsay, were all willing, provided that this time the Queen would give them a definite sum of money to work with. Walsingham neither would nor could make promises, but he said that he would write to his mistress, wait at Durham for her answer, and send them word.[2] He was

[1] Heads of a conversation between Secretary Walsingham and the King of Scots, September 12—22: *MSS. Scotland.*

[2] Walsingham to Elizabeth, September 15—25: *MSS.* Ibid.

afraid that she would prove impracticable,[1] and the event proved to be as he expected.

Money Elizabeth would give none. She was incredulous of the danger with which she was threatened. She probably believed that the Scotch Protestants would move on their own account without her interposition. Walsingham's letters were ineffectual; and his personal arguments, when he returned to London, were equally powerless. He could prevail neither with his ministers nor with Burghley, and he sent word to the Lords that they must provide for their safety and not depend on England, in the hope that the message would reach them in time to prevent them from committing themselves. They had been over-sanguine and had gone far; not only Gowrie, Angus, and Mar, but Glamys and the Earl of Rothes, had been in consultation. Angus had laid a plot to carry off James when hunting. Rothes, though unwilling 'to be an executor in the action,' had consented to join afterwards. The rest were more seriously compromised. Glamys and Mar fled to Ireland, and lay concealed at Knockfergus. Gowrie and Angus imagining, as it proved untruly, that they had not been discovered, remained at home waiting till circumstances again compelled Elizabeth to espouse their cause.[2]

[1] 'If the answer I receive from our Court be not such as was to be wished, and the necessity of the present times requires—whereof I stand in some doubt, for security did never more possess us than at this present—I would have you retire from thence with as convenient speed as you may.'—Walsingham to Bowes, September 25—October 5: *MSS. Scotland.*

[2] Bowes to Walsingham, December 29—January 8: *MSS.* Ibid.

Meanwhile another overture of no less consequence had been made to Elizabeth from France. Mendoza had said that she meditated rekindling the civil war there as a counterpoise to the change in Scotland. It was at all times an easy process, but if the war would kindle without her assistance, she naturally preferred to be a spectator. The French King, lying between the two factions of Catholics and Huguenots, was neither able nor particularly anxious to keep the peace between them; and the King of Navarre and the Duke of Guise raised armies, occupied towns, and enforced or suppressed the edicts of toleration where each happened to be strongest. As Alençon's health failed, and the accession of the house of Bourbon to the crown became more probable, the bitterness between them became naturally aggravated. The Duke of Guise, to spare France from being the battle-field of the rival creeds, became more impatient every day to be moving, knowing that to overthrow Protestantism in England and Scotland was to overthrow it everywhere. The King of Navarre was equally aware that the liberator of Mary Stuart and the conqueror of England would be a rival, whose power and popularity it would be idle for him to attempt to resist.

In September therefore, while Walsingham was in Scotland, Navarre sent his secretary, M. Ségur, to London, to lay before the Queen once more the scheme for a Protestant alliance which waited only for her consent to organize itself. M. Ségur pointed out to her, what her own ministers were weary of repeating, that the

Protestants in France and the Low Countries had so far saved England from a joint invasion by the Catholic powers. The Prince of Orange and the King of Navarre had been fighting her battle as well as their own, and the assistance which they had received from her had so far been almost nothing. She imagined that she had done wonders for them. In the last thirteen years, her solitary contribution to the Huguenot cause had been a loan of sixty thousand crowns, for which the King had given her jewels of five times the value as a security. He hoped that now, with the Low Countries almost at the last gasp and the Catholics everywhere recovering the ascendancy, she would see her way to a more liberal co-operation with those who were her best if not her only friends. Nothing, he was convinced, but inability would hold her back at such a time. If it could not be, M. Ségur was instructed to request the restoration of the jewels on payment of the sum for which they were pledged.[1]

Some intention of encouraging Navarre may have passed over her mind among her shifts of purpose; but, as the reader has seen, she had fallen off like a vessel unable to contend against the wind. Her thoughts were once more of compromise, and Captain Bingham was waiting for his final orders to make an end of the commerce of the Hollanders. 'Such,' wrote Walsingham on his return from Scotland, 'as are at Court for the King of Navarre, to solicit an associ-

October.

[1] Memorial of M. Ségur, 1583: *MSS. France.*

ation for the common defence of religion, will be dismissed I doubt with no very good satisfaction, and yet was there never more cause to embrace such a motion than now.'[1] Dismissed they were. Slight as was the goodwill with which struggling Protestantism was regarded by Elizabeth, the Huguenots had earned her special disfavour by turning upon her at the occupation of Havre. She had assisted Alençon when Alençon was their leader, but rather for his sake than for theirs. The King of Navarre, as Ségur said, had been one of the supports on which her throne had rested, but she recognized her obligations but lightly. She was not contented with rejecting his suit. She declined to restore his securities. Acquisitiveness of precious stones was a kind of madness with her. She had already collected (and there is no sign that she had parted with them) the crown jewels of three countries—of Scotland, which had been sold by Murray; of Burgundy, which had been pledged by the States; of the House of Braganza, which she had manœuvred out of Don Antonio. The Navarre diamonds were a brilliant addition. The rights of the case cannot be decided, since there is but Ségur's statement on one side and the Queen's contradiction on the other. It is only certain that Burghley was in favour of the King of Navarre and against his mistress.[2] Either she credited the King with part of the money

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[1] Walsingham to Bowes, September 25—October 5: *MSS. Scotland.*

[2] 'J'ai esté bien adverti qu'il n'a tenue à vous que la Reyne n'ait rendue au Roi de Navarre ses bagues.'—Ségur to Burghley, October 9—19: *MSS. France.*

which she had advanced to Alençon, or she calculated interest against him by tables of her own, as she had done against the States. Ségur at any rate insisted that she had lent his master but sixty thousand crowns. Elizabeth said that he owed her three hundred thousand. Ségur demanded either that the diamonds should be given up to him or that they should be valued and that she should let his master have the surplus. Elizabeth contended that there was no surplus, that the diamonds were hers, and that she would keep them.[1] The friendship of the King of Navarre, as M. Ségur well said to Burghley, was of more importance to her than a thousand diamonds; at least, he said, she ought to be contented with her lawful debt without extorting five times the amount of it. He left England in supreme indignation, and before long the Queen found reason to reconsider the wisdom of what she was doing. A letter of extravagant flattery from the King of Navarre to her in the following December, shows that, as far as he was concerned, she had repented of her sharp practice.[2]

Guise meanwhile, himself chafing with eagerness,

[1] 'Au lieu de cela sa Ma^te^ se laisse persuader qu'elles sont engagées pour deux cent cinquante ou trois cent mille escus, et le Roy de Navarre croit qu'elles ne sont tenues que pour cinquante ou soixante mille. Voila pourquoy j'escri à sa Ma^te^ à ce qu'il luy plaise faire averer pour combien elles sont engagées, à fin que le sachant j'en donne avis au Roy de Navarre, qui trouvera moyens de les desengager; ou si la Reyne les veut retenir, je la supplie les vouloir faire priser et m'en vouloir faire delivrer le surplus de la juste valeur desdictes bagues que le Roy de Navarre entend estre employé comme le reste qu'il a entre mes mains pour la conservation de l'Eglise de Dieu.' — Ségur to Burghley, October 9—19: *MSS. France.*

[2] The King of Navarre to Elizabeth, December, 1583: *MSS.* Ibid.

was reproached day by day for his inaction by letters from the Queen of Scots, and vexed with the fretful pleadings of the Jesuits and refugees. 'Hours,' wrote de Tassis, 'appear like years to those poor afflicted creatures, pining as they are for deliverance.'[1] Nothing could be done without the Spanish ships, and no Spanish ships appeared. Instead of them came letters preaching patience, and insisting on elaborate preparation as a condition of success. The days wore away. October passed, and with the broken weather the season for action passed also. Philip promised everything in the spring, but the Pope had now grown suspicious. He was still ready to issue Bulls, make Allen Nuncio, and give his blessing to assassins. He was less liberal about money, and contracted miserably the extent of his contributions. The Duke of Guise, weary of his dilatory allies, turned his thoughts once more to Scotland, and had resolved to use the fishing boats of Normandy, and make a sudden descent on the coast of Fife. But his English friends again interposed. They represented to him that a French army invading from Scotland would irritate the national sensibilities, and that the patriotism of the Catholics would prove stronger than their creed. Unwillingly the Duke consented to wait till the spring. Too many persons had been taken into confidence under the impression that the invasion would be immediate, and the English, as experience had proved, were ill keepers of dangerous secrets.

[1] De Tassis to Philip, November 5—15: TEULET, vol. v.

Walsingham had apostate priests in his service, who had saved themselves from the Tower rack by selling their souls. Some of them were in the seminary at Rheims, some were still prisoners in English dungeons, sharing the confidence of their comrades by seemingly partaking of their sufferings. Others were flitting in the usual disguises about country houses, saying mass, hearing confessions, and all on the watch for information; and a number of curious notes from unknown hands, written or signed in cipher, survive as evidence of the hundred eyes with which Elizabeth's secretary was peering into the secrets of the enemy. It was not for nothing that de Tassis and Guise had recommended haste. So furnished, and with such instruments, it was scarcely possible that a secret of so much magnitude could for many months escape Walsingham's knowledge.

Among the Catholics themselves too there were differences of opinion, which were indicated rather than openly expressed in the conference of the conspirators at Paris. Some were for James, some for Mary; some had looked to Henry III. and Alençon; some considered the Valois King to have inherited a poison from the English King after whom he was named, and 'to have been appointed of God to be a scourge to religion in other countries as King Henry VIII. had been in England.' Allen, Parsons, and the Jesuits were intensely Spanish, while still more curiously the English layman's contempt of the clergy survived in the Catholic camp. Charles Paget and Thomas Throgmorton had set themselves to thwart and contradict Parsons, 'liking not

that gentlemen should be directed by priests.'[1] The longer the invasion was postponed the more these divisions widened, and with them grew also the peril of discovery. Towards the end of 1583 an account of the plot was sent in to Walsingham, so accurate that it must have been furnished by some one who knew every part of it. The King of Scots, some informant said, was secretly practising with the Duke of Guise and the Jesuits for the invasion of England; whether the descent would be first in England or in Scotland was uncertain, but he gave in a catalogue of the English confederates, and the names of the Earls of Cumberland, Rutland, Northumberland, Arundel, and the Pagets, agree accurately with the lists of de Tassis. He mentioned Charles Paget's coming to England, as well as his interview with the Earl of Northumberland.[2]

A little after a warning came that Lord Morley was about to leave England, to be out of harm's way in some expected convulsion.[3] Lord Morley went without permission asked or given, and so far confirmed the story; and one more, Sir Edward Stafford, who had succeeded Cobham as Ambassador at Paris, heard a rumour there that England was to be invaded through Scotland, and that the dockyard and ships at Chatham would be set on fire at the same time.[4]

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[1] Miscellaneous notes in 1582, 1583, scattered through the Domestic MSS. of those years, and through the collection referring to the Queen of Scots.

[2] MS. endorsed 'Extracts from B.'s letters,' August and September, 1583: *MSS.* MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

[3] Ibid.

[4] Stafford to Walsingham, October 27—November 6: *MSS. France.*

Reports of this kind however were so frequent that on Elizabeth they had ceased to produce much effect. She was personally fearless even to callousness. Disaffected English gentlemen had been leaving the realm for many years past, and the Queen had encouraged them by refusing to let the Act of Parliament be put in force, and by allowing them to draw the rents of their estates. Even Sir Francis Englefield, the most restlessly mischievous of all the refugees, had lived in luxury at Brussels or Madrid for twenty-five years on the income of his English property. Those who went abroad merely in search of priests and masses were in no danger of molestation, and all were considered innocent of further ill intentions till they were proved to be guilty. Lord Morley wrote to say that he had gone to join his mother, and his excuse was accepted. Not much else of a positive kind had transpired which could be definitely noticed. Orders were given indeed for a more extensive and frequent training of the militia, but the militia was a double-edged weapon, on which the conspirators were calculating. Many a magistrate who would call out men for the defence of the realm was expected by the Jesuits to carry them over to the camp of the invader.

At the beginning of October one of the half-dozen plots exploded, which have been already alluded to, for the murder of the Queen. The attempt of Jaureguy, which had so nearly succeeded, had quickened the imagination and spurred the ardour of the would-be regicides. While Guise lingered, one blow boldly struck for Holy Church would place Mary Stuart on

the throne; and the carcase of the Jezebel cast, as she had deserved, to the dogs, the faith of Christ would be reinstated in its old supremacy. So for ever sang the Jesuits, and many a youth was found to listen wistfully, and dream of writing his name among the chivalry of heaven by one brave shot or dagger-stroke.

The Ardens of Park Hall, in Warwickshire, were among those who were waiting for the good time which was so long in coming. They kept a priest, of course —his name was Hall—who lived with them disguised as a gardener, and was an eloquent preacher of this kind of wickedness. Among his most attentive hearers was the son-in-law of the house, a certain John Somerville, who had married an Arden, and resided in his father-in-law's family. This young gentleman had a friend at Coventry, who had seen the Queen of Scots when she was brought thither by Lord Huntingdon in 1569, had done her a service there, and had been rewarded by a couple of gold buttons, which he wore ostentatiously in his doublet. The buttons excited Somerville's emulation.[1] The priest fed him with the pamphlets of Allen and Parsons and Sanders, till he had come to look on Elizabeth as the spawn of a devil and a witch.[2] He began to talk of killing her at old Arden's table, and

[1] Examination of Somerville in the Tower, October 6—16, 1583: *MSS. Domestic.*

[2] 'He admits that he was moved to that wicked resolution touching her Majesty, being moved to hatred of her by certain speeches of one Hall, a priest, which touched her Majesty, and also by certain English books, containing exhortations to that wicked enterprise.' — Somerville's Confession, October 31—November 10: *MSS. Domestic.*

Arden said nothing to forbid him. Then he took his friends into confidence; he told them he was going to London 'to shoot the Queen with his dagg, and he hoped to see her head set upon a pole, for she was a serpent and a viper.'[1]

Though Guise's emissary had failed, there was no real difficulty. The only requisite was courage. Never was princess more easy of access than Elizabeth, or more entirely regardless of the dangers to which she knew that she was exposed. Nor was escape, though unlikely, at all impossible. There was a danger, of course, of being killed upon the spot, but the Royal Household was full of friends of the Queen of Scots, who might try to please her by saving her champion. Half the Babington conspirators were connected with the Palace. Even Hatton—the spoilt and petted Hatton—though not false to his mistress, had a second loyalty for the lady who was likely to succeed her, and had sent Mary Stuart word that on the instant of Elizabeth's death he would go down to Sheffield with the guard and take charge of her person.[2] Somerville had studied Jaureguy's exploit, and notwithstanding his fate, imitated him in his preparations. He too assumed an Agnus Dei for an amulet, and confessed and received the sacrament from Father

[1] Examination of R. Cross, Thomas Sanders and others, before John Doyley of Merton, October, 1583: *MSS. Domestic.*

[2] 'Hatton luy a faict divers bons offices, luy offrant par la Contesse de Shrewsbury que la Reyne d'Angleterre venant à deceder, il seroit prest de venir trouver la Reyne d'Escosse avec la garde.'—MS. endorsed 'Nau's private notes of reminiscences,' November, 1584: *MSS.* MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

Hall before setting out on his journey;[1] but he was a loose-tongued blockhead, and betrayed himself on the road by idle speeches. Some one by whom he was overheard sent notice to the council. He was intercepted and carried up to the Tower, where the rack, or the threat of it, made short work with him. He was craven, and made a full confession. He denounced his father-in-law as his accomplice, and the priest as the instigator of his crime. They were all three tried, found guilty and sentenced to be executed. Somerville strangled himself in his cell; Arden was hanged at Tyburn, and his head and Somerville's were set on London Bridge beside the skull of the Earl of Desmond. The priest was spared, having paid, it is easy to see, the only price by which he could have saved himself, and undertaken to be a spy.

The affair had been of spontaneous growth, unconnected with the main conspiracy. Nothing had come out which connected it with ulterior designs, and de Tassis, when he heard of the story, flattered himself that the Queen was on the wrong scent, and that the principal secret was still safe. He was congratulating himself too soon. Accident, immediately after Somerville's death, revealed the whole mystery. November.

The Cheshire Throgmortons were among the stoutest partisans of Mary Stuart in England. Sir Nicholas, a politician chiefly, had saved her life at Lochleven, and as long as he lived had defended her and her title. His

[1] MS. endorsed, 'Mr Wilkes touching the cause of Somerville,' November 7—17: *MSS. Domestic.*

brother, Sir John, being required to take an oath after the coming in of the Jesuits, and being unable to comply, had forfeited an office which he held in Cheshire, and had thereupon become malcontent with the rest of his family. Sir John's second son, Thomas, was with Charles Paget at Paris, and, as has been seen, had come over with him into Sussex in September. Francis, the eldest, had also spent a year or two on the Continent, and had been, among other places, at Madrid, where he had discussed the invasion of England with Englefield. His father, to whom he wrote, 'seeing no probability of success, had dissuaded him from further meddling.' On his way home he had met Morgan in Paris, who, seeing that he was of the right metal, had admitted him to share the honours and the dangers of the great conspiracy. He had a house in London at Paul's Wharf, to which he returned, and became the medium through which Morgan communicated with the Queen of Scots, and the Queen of Scots with Mendoza. The secret police observed him frequently leaving the Spanish ambassador's house. He was watched. Other suspicious circumstances were noted, and an order was issued to seize his person and search his rooms. When the constables entered he was in the act of ciphering a letter to Mary Stuart. He darted up a staircase, destroying the paper on his way. He had time to entrust a casket of compromising letters to a maid-servant, who carried them to Mendoza. But a list was found of the Catholic English confederates, plans of harbours sketched by Charles Paget, and described as suitable for the landing

of a foreign force, treatises in defence of the Queen of Scots' title, and 'six or seven infamous libels against her Majesty, printed beyond seas.' With these he was taken to the Tower, and the council prepared to examine him.

This time they had struck the true trail, and the party in Paris were in dismay.[1] Throgmorton found time before he was carried off to cipher a few hasty words on the back of a playing card and to send them with the casket to Mendoza. He said that he had denied all knowledge of the papers, and had explained that they must have been left in his house by some one who desired to injure him. He bade the ambassador have no fear for his constancy; he promised to die a thousand deaths before a word should be wrung from his lips.[2] But the rack, Mendoza well knew, was a terrible persuader. He thought it not unlikely that Guise, on the news of the arrest, would hesitate no longer, and either go at once to Scotland or fling himself desperately into Sussex. He sent to entreat him to pause, but he doubted whether Guise would listen to him, and he wrote to the Queen of Scots, bidding her keep up her courage, and above all not to let distress make her ill, as if her friends moved her life would be in danger, and she would need all her energies.[3]

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[1] De Tassis to Philip, December 12—22: TEULET, vol. v.

[2] Mendoza to Philip, November 16—26: *MSS. Simancas.*

[3] 'Yo he escrito á la señora presa el suceso, animandola no le de pena que cause daño en su salud, negocio que es de temer por el peligro que correra su vida si se vienen aclarar de todo punto los que platican en Francia.'—Mendoza al Rey, 16—26 de Noviembre: *MSS. Simancas.*

There was still a hope that Throgmorton might remain firm. But his fortitude was not equal to the trial. Interrogated in the gloomy cell which had rung with the screams of the Jesuits, the horrid instrument at his side, with the mute executioners standing ready to strain his limbs out of their sockets, his imagination was appalled, his senses refused to do their work. He equivocated, varied in his story, contradicted himself in every succeeding sentence. Pardon was promised him if he would make a free confession. He still held out, but he could not conceal that he had much to tell, and the times did not permit humanity to traitors to imperil the safety of the realm. The Queen gave the necessary authority to proceed with 'the pains.' 'Her Majesty thought it agreeable with good policy and the safety of her person and seat, to commit him to the hands of her learned council, to assay by torture to draw the truth from him.' Again he was offered pardon: again he refused, and he was handed over 'to such as were usually appointed in the Tower to handle the rack.'[1]

His honour struggled with his agony. 'On the first racking he confessed nothing;' but he could not encounter a second trial. When he was laid again upon the frame, 'before he was strained to any purpose, he yielded to confess everything that he knew.'[2] Sitting in wretchedness beside the horrid engine, the November light faintly streaming down the tunnelled windows into the dungeon beneath the armoury, he broke his pledged

[1] Throgmorton's treason. Official narrative, June, 1584: *MSS. Domestic.*

[2] Ibid.

word, and broke his heart along with it. The accuracy of his narrative can be tested by the letters of de Tassis and Mendoza, and a comparison between them proves, if not the lawfulness, yet the tremendous efficiency of the method by which Elizabeth's statesmen baffled the conspiracies of the Catholics. All was revealed: the spot where Guise or the Duc de Mayenne was to land; the force that was coming over; the names of the noblemen and others whose assistance had been promised. Then came the past history of the plot, the correspondence between the Jesuits, the Pope, the King of Spain, the Queen of Scots, and the two Spanish ambassadors; then Charles Paget's visit, the particulars of which he knew from his brother, who had come up secretly to London at the time, and had brought with him the plans of the harbours. He acknowledged the sending the casket to Mendoza. It was past recovery, but the general contents of it were admitted to be traitorous He confessed that Mary Stuart had been consulted upon every detail: he described the plans which had been formed in England for her rescue as soon as the invaders should have landed: he told how Mendoza was to communicate 'with sundry recusants, being in the commission of the peace, to raise the Catholics when the Duke of Guise should arrive, under pretext of her Majesty's levy, afterwards to use them against her Majesty.'[1] Then at last, when all was out, and there was nothing more to reveal, he drew himself up upon his seat

[1] Throgmorton's treason, June, 1584: *MSS. Domestic.*

and sobbed in misery, 'Now I have disclosed the secrets of her who was the dearest Queen to me in the world, whom I thought no torment could have drawn me so much to have prejudiced. I have broken faith to her, and I care not if I were hanged.'[1]

Hanged the poor wretch naturally was: a free confession would have secured him a life of shame. A confession on the rack did but sentence him to the death which he desired, and left him so much of the honour which he thought that he had lost, as was equivalent to the torture which he had borne. He was detained a few months till his evidence could be of no more service. He was then tried, and executed, as usual, at Tyburn.

Meanwhile he was known to have sunk under the test, and as an instant effect, there was a flight of Catholics over the Channel, thick as autumn swallows. It was a race between the fugitives and the officers of justice. Suspected persons everywhere were either sent to prison or ordered to keep their houses under surveillance. Mendoza calculated that by the middle of the winter eleven thousand were under arrest in one form or other. Lord Paget escaped to France, writing, on his way to Burghley, that he found life unendurable without free enjoyment of the sacraments. The Earls of Arundel and Northumberland, who had arranged the landing-place for Guise with Lord Paget's brother, were

[1] Throgmorton's treason, June, 1584: *MSS. Domestic.*

taken and sent to the Tower. They swore they were innocent; and historians whose business has been to make the Government of Elizabeth odious, insist still that there was no shadow of proof against them. If proof was wanting, it was not from the falsehood of the charges. Two servants of Northumberland were arrested; one of them his secretary. 'If these men confess,' Mendoza scornfully said, 'as easily as English prisoners generally do, it will go hard with their master.'[1]

The revelations of Throgmorton startled Elizabeth at last out of her dream of security. The visions of compromise faded away, and with them her intentions of assisting in the collapse of the miserable Netherlands. She recognized, for a time, that her wrestle with Spain was a mortal one, and that she must win or perish. She had suspended her extravagant orders to seize the ships of the States; if they knew what she had meditated they had remained prudently silent. But they had seen themselves abandoned—had taken counsel with despair, and were preparing to surrender to the Spaniards. 'They do not even care for religion,' wrote M. Busenval to Walsingham from Middleburgh, 'so they may have their lives in peace. If the Spaniards come they will send their ships to receive them.'[2] Three months earlier, the Queen had persisted in calling them Spanish subjects. Now, excusing her neglect on the score of their past un-

[1] 'Tan bien han prendido dos criados del Conde de Northumberland, y el uno su secretario, que si confiesan con la facilidad que lo hacen los demas Ingleses, haran harto á su amo.'—Don Bernardino al Rey, 8—18 Enero, 1584: *MSS. Simancas.*

[2] November 4—14, 1583: *MSS. Holland.*

thankfulness, she allowed Walsingham to tell St Aldegonde that 'Spain was revengeful;' that no safety was 'to be looked for that way,' and that sooner than 'they should come to an accord with Spain,' she would reconsider the possibility of assisting them.[1]

1584. January. Her own danger was still most imminent; any morning might find Guise upon the coast, and swarms of French pouring into Kent or Sussex. Stafford reported from Paris that there had been another consultation at the house of the Nuncio; that Guise was present, and that the conspirators had separated in high spirits and full of hope and enthusiasm. The King of Scots, they were satisfied, was for them: the Earl of Shrewsbury, they believed, was Catholic at heart, and would protect Mary Stuart; and very soon they looked to have 'beau jeu' in England.[2]

The English council was divided in opinion: Walsingham, as usual, was for the straight course—an open alliance with Orange and the Scotch Protestants. Others were for making terms with James only. Conditions were sketched out which James 'would have liked well, by reason they were a direct answer and good' to all his demands. Archibald Douglas, who was in London in James's interests, was bidden to prepare to go down to Scotland and tell his master that the Queen was willing to recognize him.[3] 'This resolution continued hot

[1] Instructions for Ed. Burnam, November 13—23: *MSS. Holland.*

[2] Stafford to Walsingham, January, 8—18, 1584: *MSS. France.*

[3] MS. endorsed by Burghley. 'Copy of Archibald Douglas's letter to Scotland,' January 23—February 2: *MSS. Scotland.*

for a 'certain space.' But there came news from Scotland that the Protestant Lords were conspiring again, that the country was in confusion; that 'the proudest there was ready to make friends with the Queen of England; so that she was persuaded that she held the balance in her hands, and could smooth over matters with fair words,'[1] 'and as usual nothing was done.'

The navy however was sent to sea—not now on the unworthy errand intended for it in the autumn, but to lie in three squadrons—in the Downs, in the Isle of Wight, and at Scilly, to guard the coast. 'The strength of the realm' was called under arms, and Catholic or malcontent officers were weeded out of the service. The forts and bulwarks were repaired, the arms were looked to, and drilling and training went forward in town and village. A visitation was instituted of the Inns of Court, the legal profession being still constant to precedent and the old faith, and in consequence, a most dangerous stronghold of disloyalty. Conformity in religion was made henceforth a condition of admission to the bar. Commissions were issued in every county to examine suspected magistrates on their allegiance; and if they gave uncertain answers, to remove or imprison them. There were, or were believed to be, still five hundred Jesuits and seminary priests in England. A great many had been seized, and batches had from time to time been executed. The council ordered that every priest now under arrest in any house or gaol,

[1] MS. endorsed by Burghley. 'Copy of Archibald Douglas's letter to Scotland,' January 23—February 2: *MSS. Scotland.*

should be examined on the authority of the Pope; and that those who would not swear without reserve to be loyal to the Queen, should be condemned as traitors. 'As many as should be thought requisite should suffer death;' others should be banished 'with judgment to be hanged if they returned;' others 'should be straitly imprisoned' where they could infect no one with their doctrines; 'while the charge of their diet' was to be furnished out of the forfeitures of the recusants.[1]

Under these instructions, seven priests—Oxford converts most of them—of the same race as Campian, were immediately executed; five at Tyburn and two at York. Each martyr's death was counted a victory of the faith; and spiritual triumphs, of which the Jesuits could not be deprived, were the more welcome as their secular prospects were again clouded. In the training of these happy or unhappy youths, Allen had been thoroughly successful. He had desired to compel Elizabeth into persecution, and he had provided willing victims who had forced her to sacrifice them. They perished as he hoped and intended, and their heroic deaths were now trumpeted over Europe with all the hideous details to stir rage and hatred against the Antichrist of England. The reproach was felt, felt the more keenly as Elizabeth had tried so hard to avoid giving occasion for it. So loud was the clamour, and so sensitive the Queen, that Burghley took pen to reply to it, and the publication of the libels was the occasion of an elaborate and noble

[1] Memoranda of resolutions of Council, December 2, 1583. Burghley's hand: *MSS. Domestic.*

defence of Elizabeth's Government, containing the entire history of her relations with the Catholics, her steady forbearance to retaliate for the Marian persecution, her resolution that at no time and under no circumstances should any one of her subjects suffer for persevering in the faith of his ancestors. In this spirit she had begun her reign, and in this spirit Lord Burghley said she would have continued, had not the Pope forced a change of policy upon her by making treason a part of his creed. The principle of the administration remained unchanged. He repeated what he had declared many times already, that no Catholic had been or would be punished for his opinions on the Christian mysteries; but, with a just disdain, he refused to recognize the pretence that the Pope could make rebellion a religious duty, or could elevate men into martyrs who had suffered deaths for conspiring against their Sovereign.

Equally decided was the course taken with Don Bernardino de Mendoza. Four times the experiment of a resident Spanish ambassador in Protestant England, had evidenced the reluctance of the old allies to drift into hostility. Four times the separative tendencies of the creeds had proved too strong for the efforts of statesmanship. The chief obligation which devolved upon the representatives of Spain was to encourage the Catholics to persevere in recusancy, to sustain their spirits, to hold out indefinite prospects to them of better days that were to come; and it was a duty which lay so near conspiracy that the step from one to the other was

almost inevitable. The Bishop of Aquila had escaped expulsion only by death. De Silva, a layman and a gentleman, had managed better, but he too had found his position become intolerable. He had seen the Catholic nobility made restless by the presence in the realm of the Queen of Scots. The emissaries of the Pope had been too strong for him. The ferment had gathered under his eyes towards the first insurrection, and de Silva made an excuse to demand his recall to escape a quarrel in which he foresaw that he would be involved. Up to this time, Philip had laboured loyally to prevent the Catholics from embarrassing Elizabeth with insurrection. Don Guerau de Espes represented a different policy. Pope Pius having excommunicated her, though against Philip's wishes, the King was drawn reluctantly into acquiescing in her deposition. Under the advice of the Duke of Feria and the Archbishop of Toledo, he allowed Vitelli to undertake to assassinate her, and directed Alva to invade England. The intention was discovered, the Duke of Norfolk was executed, and Don Guerau, who had been the soul of the conspiracy, was driven out with infamy. Philip, shrinking from war, again acquiesced in the insult, and relapsed into his attitude of expectation. The embassy was suspended, and Spain was represented in England only by a commercial factor, Don Antonio de Guaras. But the same necessity made de Guaras the focus of insurrection. Elizabeth, who always reserved alternatives on which she could fall back in extremity, took de Guaras more than once into her confidence; more than once talked

to him about her relations with Philip, and her desire to be on more cordial terms with so old a friend. But the Queen of Scots and the priests drew de Guaras, like his predecessors, into the charmed circle. He too, after a severe and protracted imprisonment, was desired to leave the country and never to return.

War would then have followed but for the great revolt of the Low Countries, which tempted the ambition of France and united the circle of the Provinces against the Spanish Sovereign. The breach with England was indefinitely postponed; a fifth representative, a soldier, a statesman, and a Mendoza, was despatched to renew the efforts at conciliation. An English Minister was allowed with impunity to insult the Grand Inquisitor at Madrid. The services of the volunteers in Flanders, and the piracies of Drake, were condoned or passed over with a faint complaint. The honour of Spain was trailed in the dirt to prevent Elizabeth from allying herself with the Prince of Orange. It was all in vain. The Jesuits had stirred the fire till the flame could no longer be kept under. Once more a grand combination had grown up for invasion, rebellion, and regicide: once more a Spanish ambassador was at its heart. Mendoza foresaw what must follow when he heard that Throgmorton had confessed. On the 9th—19th of January, the Queen sent to tell him that the council were in session at the house of Lord Chancellor Bromley, and had a message of importance to deliver to him. Mendoza replied that when Ministers of State desired to speak with ambassadors, their usual

January.

practice was to repair themselves to the ambassador's residence. Since the collected Cabinet wished to speak to him, however, he would wait on them and hear what they had to say.

The party which he found assembled consisted of the Chancellor, the Earl of Leicester, Lord Charles Howard, Lord Hunsdon, and Walsingham. Burghley for some cause was absent. They rose as Don Bernardino entered, raised their hats gravely, and withdrew with him into an inner apartment, where they sat down and motioned him also to a chair. Don Bernardino spoke English imperfectly, and Walsingham, as the spokesman for the rest, addressed him in Italian. 'The Queen,' he said, 'regretted that he had given her serious cause to be dissatisfied with his conduct. From the time that he had come to England to reside, he had troubled the quiet of the realm. He had connected himself with the Queen of Scots, had written to her, encouraged her to rely for support on Spain, and contrived plans for her escape. He had fomented the discontent of the Catholics. He had corresponded with Charles Paget, with the traitor Throgmorton, and with the Earl of Northumberland, and had concerted plans with them for bringing in the Duke of Guise. His house had been the rendezvous of conspirators, Jesuits, seminary priests, and other disaffected subjects. It was now her Majesty's pleasure that he should leave the country, and leave it within fifteen days.'

Mendoza had been careful in his communications. He knew that Francis Throgmorton was the only wit-

ness that could be produced against him, and that Throgmorton's confession had been extorted by the rack. He answered boldly that the council were dreaming. The Queen of Scots was heir-presumptive to the crown. What, he asked, had she to gain by conspiring? or he by conspiring with her? She would but ruin her prospects, forfeit her French dowry, and throw the cost of her maintenance on the King of Spain. Experienced men did not hatch treason with boys like Throgmorton; and with the Earl of Northumberland he swore that he had never exchanged a word.[1] He challenged Walsingham to prove his charges. What had he said, and when, and to whom? How had he planned the Queen of Scots' escape? Her Majesty found fault with him. She should look rather to what she had done herself. She had lent money to the revolted States, and three thousand English under English officers were serving at that moment in the Low Countries. She had assisted Don Antonio. She had supported the Duke of Alençon. Again and again and again she had taken possession of treasure belonging to Spain, and had always refused redress. If she wished him to depart he declared that he was ready to go; he had no desire to remain where he was unwelcome; but

1 Telling the truth in this, as he explained to Philip, all his communications with the Earl having passed through Mary Stuart. 'Como es verdad, no he hablado jamas al Conde de Northumberland, por haber procedido siempre en estas materias con gran recato y de manera que no me pudiesen clarificar nada dellas, no habiendo platicado con persona fuera de la de Escocia de particular ninguno, sino fuese escribiendo ella que confidentes suyos me advirtiesen dellos.'—Mendoza al Rey, 16—26 Enero, 1584: *MSS. Simancas.*

uncertain whether the council were in earnest, he said that he must first inform his master, and receive an answer from him.

The council swiftly convinced him that they were serious. They again rose from their seats while Walsingham said for them that delay could not be allowed. The ambassador must leave the country at once. He had done ill service to the King of Spain, and he had cause to congratulate himself that her Majesty had not ordered him to be chastised.

The blood of the Mendozas flamed up at the word chastisement. Starting on his feet also, and, as he admitted, bursting with passion, he replied that he would answer for his conduct to his master alone. None else should touch him unless sword in hand. Chastisement was a fool's word. Let the Queen send him his passport, and he would begone. She was quarrelling with her best friend, but being a woman she was acting after her kind. As he had not pleased her as a minister of peace, he would endeavour for the future to satisfy her better in war.[1]

Not feeling quite certain whether Philip would approve of his violence, he said in his report that he had been so angry that he could not control himself. To be sent away thus suddenly was supremely inconvenient.

[1] 'Pues no le habia dada satisfaccion siendo ministro de paz, me enforçaria de aqui adelante para que la tuviese de mi en la guerra.' The ambassador was proud of the vigour of his expression: 'palabra,' he adds, 'que han rumiado ellos entre si despues acá, baptizandola por muy sacudida y preñada.'—Mendoza al Rey, 16—26 Enero, 1584: *MSS. Simancas*

He had swarms of foreigners on his hands,[1] whom he would have to carry away with him. 'He could not leave them on the horns of the bull.' The Channel pirates would probably catch him if he attempted to sail for Spain. He must go to France, and he distrusted his reception there. His exchequer was embarrassed, and the expense would ruin him; while so great, he said, was the fury of the people in London, that he was like to be torn in pieces. He was charged publicly in the churches, and even by a Court preacher in the presence of the council, with having conspired against the Queen's life.[2].

'The insolence of these people,' he wrote to Secretary Idriaquez, 'so exasperates me, that I desire to live only to be revenged upon them. I hope in God the time will soon come, and that He will give me grace to be an instrument in their punishment. I will walk barefoot over Europe to compass it. His Majesty, I am certain, will send them the answer which they have deserved.'[3] 'God,' he wrote to Philip himself, 'has made your Majesty so great a Prince, that you cannot overlook such insolence, though they offer you all the world to forgive them.'

He was obliged to go, leaving Northumberland in

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[1] Come over probably to take part in the expected rising.

[2] 'Teniendome todos tanta indignacion, que se ha acrecentado mucho mas con la fama que han echado de que me mandan salir por haber tratado de matar á la Reyna, lo cual dixó un ministro en sus predicas en la misma corte adelante de todos estos consejeros.'—Mendoza al Rey, 16—26 Enero, 1584: *MSS. Simancas.*

[3] Mendoza á Don Juan de Idriaquez, 16–26 Enero: *MSS. Simancas.*

the Tower, where Arundel, who had been released after his first arrest, speedily rejoined him, the conspiracy dislocated, and the chance of overthrowing Elizabeth by surprise finally gone. He applied for a Queen's ship to carry him across the Channel. He was told that such courtesies were for friends, and not for those who had concerted revolutions. He sued no more, but took his leave with Castilian haughtiness. 'Don Bernardino de Mendoza,' he said to the officer who brought him the message, 'was not born to revolutionize kingdoms, but to conquer them.'[1]

Unwilling to give the dismissal of the ambassador a character of abrupt defiance, Elizabeth sent Sir William Wade to Madrid to explain the causes of it. Philip refused to admit Wade to his presence, or to listen to any justification. A second and more pressing application for an audience was equally unsuccessful. The English ambassador, like Mendoza, was directed to depart, and was told also, 'in dark and doubtful terms,' 'that he was favourably dealt with, and might have looked for worse entertainment.' He returned as he went, and the diplomatic relations between Spain and England were at an end.[2]

War sooner or later was now inevitable; but, between the 'leaden foot' of Philip and the Pope's unwillingness to part with money, it was likely to be rather later

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[1] 'No podia dexar de decille que Don Bernardino de Mendoza no habia nacido para revolver Reynos, sino por conquistarlos.'—Mendoza al Rey, 20—30 Enero: *MSS. Simancas.*

[2] Mission of Sir William Wade, 1583—4: *MSS. Spain.*

than sooner. The assassination of Elizabeth alone would certainly precipitate the convulsion. On this therefore the eyes of the crew at Paris were fastened with deadly earnestness. As one plot failed another grew in its place, and in their first rage of disappointment they sent over a chosen instrument of villany carefully disciplined for the work, whose history is peculiarly illustrative of the character of the time.

Among the correspondents whose letters from abroad to Burghley and Walsingham are preserved in the Record Office, one of the most regular was William Parry. He had been educated in the palace, and for many years had held an office about the Queen's person; he had attracted her notice, and was on terms of easy intimacy with her. Being a ruffling scoundrel, he had some discreditable quarrel with a gentleman of the Temple, whom he attempted to run through the body. He was tried, found guilty, and left for execution, but was saved by his mistress's interference. He went abroad in July, 1582, with permission to remain till his crime was forgotten; and to recover favour, he proposed to Walsingham to make himself useful, by collecting information, and sending it home to the council. He had no particular principles. The Court was the most lax of all places in England in its religious observances. The Queen chose that half the household should be Catholics. Every one was left, in consequence, to his own conscience, and Parry had not 'communicated' for twenty years. In this condition he fell an easy victim to the Jesuits. He was secretly 'reconciled'

in Paris. From thence he went to Milan, where he 'justified himself' before the Grand Inquisitor. In the warmth of conversion he desired to do something great for the cause which he had espoused. Meditating much on the afflictions of the English Catholics, and pondering how he could deliver them from 'captivity,' he thought for himself of the obvious means, which his knowledge of the Queen and Court would give him special opportunities to execute, and he consulted a Jesuit acquaintance at Venice. The Jesuit commended his devotion, introduced him to the Nuncio as a chosen vessel, and sent word of him to Pope Gregory. He returned in the autumn (1583) to Paris, where, being a Welshman, he fell in with his countryman Thomas Morgan. The two worthies were not long in understanding each other. The assassination was a constant subject of conversation between them; but Parry, professing conscientious scruples, desired the opinion of certain learned divines. If his doubts could be resolved, he promised to undertake the business. He was aware already of the opinion of the Jesuits, but accident brought him across a priest of the old school; and there were clergy still with antiquated notions, to whom murder was still a crime, and regicide was sacrilege. This man strongly condemned what Allen as warmly commended, and, distracted between his counsellors, he agreed at last to refer the question to the Vatican. If the Pope would sanction his purpose, and give him absolution for it beforehand, he promised to be satisfied. Morgan took him to the Nuncio at Paris. The Nuncio

undertook to lay the case before his Holiness, and meanwhile to remember him in his prayers.

Other influences however were brought to bear upon him—persuasion, possibly—if he was the person alluded to by de Tassis—from the Duke of Guise. Before an answer came from Rome, he had started for England, resolute, as he professed, for the deed, and due preparation was made on the Scotch border and elsewhere to take advantage of the confusion when the Queen should be known to be dead. He landed at Rye. He assured himself of access to Elizabeth's person by writing word to her that he had brought information of consequence to communicate. It was at the moment of the discovery of the plot. He knew that she would send for him to London, and he had made up his mind that she should not escape his hands alive. January.

The age was a theological one, and crimes were curiously balanced. There was a peculiar baseness in taking advantage of the Queen's unsuspicious nature, and of her regard for and kindness to himself. But dishonour was not among the offences which were graduated by the canon law, and the special facilities which he possessed appeared rather indications of Providence that he was elected to do service to the Church. But murder in itself was one of the seven mortal sins. He was never weary of talking to priests about it. Their opinions differed, and to mistake might be damnation. An English confessor once more shook his resolution. He saw Elizabeth alone. He came to her with a pur-

pose half overthrown. He left her, if not penitent, yet unwilling, till his scruples could be removed, to proceed further, and he wrote to Morgan to tell him so.[1]

February.

[1] The letter was found among Morgan's papers at Paris, and is beyond doubt in Parry's hand.

'London, Feb. 24, 1583-4.

'Good Mr Morgan,

'I do most heartily thank you for your friendly letter of the 6th, and am glad that by your and my dear friend Mr Charles Paget's example I may so safely send to you. I have not been careless of the debt undertaken, but being meanly satisfied before my departure from Paris, I laboured by conference with a singular man * on this side to be fully informed what might be done with conscience in that case for the common good. I was very learnedly and substantially in reason, policy, and divinity overruled, and assured it ought not to fall into the thought of a good Christian. The difficulties besides are many, and in this vigilant time full of despair. The service you know did never pass your hand and mine, and may therefore with more ease and less offence be concealed and suppressed. I am out of doubt that the divine with whom I had conference in Paris by your appointment is secret and honest. If you will travail *to satisfy the greatest* and to retain my better sort of friends in good opinion of me, I shall hold it for a singular pleasure, and if you can use me in any other possible service on this side for you and yours, be bold and assured for me. I have not been careless of the Lord Paget and his brother. Neither do I yet, notwithstanding the proclamation, see any great cause why they should be hasty or overforward in seeking or embracing foreign entertainment. I find the Queen very calm, and heard that she termed some cormorants for their greediness in seeking men's livings. Mr Charles Arundel is condemned to have dealt unthankfully with the Queen, unkindly with his friends, and unadvisedly with himself. I write thus much of them to you to the intent you may make them privy to it, for I know you do honour and love them all.

'Read and burn. W. PARRY.'

The '*greatest*' who was to be satisfied was either Guise or, more likely, the Queen of Scots. Philip evidently knew what was intended, and so did other Spanish statesmen. Writing to Count Olivarez of the discovery of the general conspiracy, he adds, 'Siento mucho lo que padescen, y quiera Dios no se acabe de descubrir lo principal.'—El Rey al

* This was probably William Crichton. See Holinshed, vol. iv. p. 572.

To gain her confidence, and to explain his coming over, he had the audacity to tell her that overtures had been made to him to kill her, concealing indeed nothing of the story but his own assent. According to his own story, he wished to frighten her into a change of policy.[1]

'The Queen,' he says, 'took it doubtfully.' She told him that no Catholic who would live as a loyal subject 'should be troubled either for religion or for the supremacy;' but her manner was cold and stern, and 'he departed with fear.' Soon after this the answer came from the Vatican. The Cardinal of Como wrote in the name of the Pope to bid him at once and for ever lay aside his needless scruples. The father of Christendom sent his benediction, with indulgences and remission of sins for the faithful son who would do the Church so great a service, and promised not only favour in heaven, but substantial acknowledgments upon earth.[2] Thus encouraged, Parry resumed his half-

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Conde de Olivarez, 10 Hebrero: *MSS. Simancas.*

[1] All these circumstances, and Parry's whole history, were related by himself on his trial: *State Trials*, vol. i.

[2] 'La Santità di N. S. ha veduto le lettere di V. S. con la fede inclusa, e non può se non laudare la buona dispositione e risolutione che scrive di tenere verso il servitio e beneficio publico, nel che la Santità sua l' esorta di perseverare con farne riuscire li effetti che V. S. promette: et acciochè tanto maggiormente V. S. sia ajutata da quel buon spirito che l' ha mosso, le concede sua Benedittione, plenaria Indulgenza e Remissione di tutti li peccati secondo che V. S. ha chiesto, assicurandosi che oltre il merito che n' havera in cielo, vuole anco sua Santità constituirsi debitore a riconoscere li meriti di V. S. in ogni miglior modo che potrà, &c.—Di Roma, a 30 di Gennaro, 1584.'—Trial of William Parry: *State Trials*, vol. i.

abandoned purpose. He was allowed to remain at the Court. He saw the Queen continually, and again and again endeavoured to screw his courage to the striking point; but he was made of the wrong material, and he found or made excuses for delay. Once, when March. he was about to stab her, he was appalled by her likeness to Henry VIII. At last he decided that he would not do it till other means of working upon her had been tried and failed; he would obtain a seat in the next Parliament, and appeal in behalf of the Catholics to the representatives of his country.[1]

While 'the principal matter' was thus halting, the conspirators abroad were in no good humour with each other. Every post from England brought news of arrests and imprisonments of their friends in England. The leaders, on whose assistance they had calculated, were disarmed and confined. Guise and the Pope blamed Philip. Philip defended his caution by appealing to the evident fact that the English Catholics were weaker than they had pretended. He had himself collected ships and troops. He had even thought of accompanying the expedition in person, to secure the benefit of the expected conquest.[2] He described himself as being as much mortified as Guise, and as anxious to find means of repairing his disappointment. He felt but too sure that, after the expulsion of Mendoza, Elizabeth would ally herself in earnest with the Nether-

[1] Parry's Confession: *State Trials*, vol. i.

[2] Roger Bodenham to Burghley, from Seville, May 8—18: *MSS. Spain.*

lands. But if he had sent the handful of men which Guise had asked for, the Catholics, he said, who were now in prison, would all have been in their graves.[1]

His fears about the Netherlands seemed likely to be realized. St Aldegonde, in reply to the message sent by Walsingham in November, had answered that the States were at the last extremity. They could not hold out beyond the following summer without help, and if England continued to keep aloof, there were but two alternatives before them. If the whole of the States, including Holland and Zealand, would consent to be annexed to France, the French, notwithstanding the accident at Antwerp, were still ready to risk a war for the acquisition; otherwise necessity was a law of iron, and they must submit to Spain.[2]

It was hard to say which of these two results would be most unwelcome in England. It was a received political axiom that the acquisition of the Provinces by France would be fatal to English independence, while for Spain to recover the seaboard of Zealand, with a war impending, was equally formidable. The States, St Aldegonde said, were ready to contribute 60,000 crowns a month if England would add 30,000. Fifteen thousand men could then be kept in the field, or maintained in garrison, and would suffice to hold Parma at bay for ever.[3] The sum was not large in itself, but the ex-

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[1] Philip to Olivarez, January 31—February 10, 1584: *MSS. Simancas.*

[2] St Aldegonde to Walsingham, December, 1583: *MSS. Holland.*

[3] Roger Williams to Walsingham, January 26—February 5: *MSS. Holland.*

penses of war were usually undercalculated, and thousands often grew to tens of thousands. Not wholly trusting St Aldegonde, Elizabeth sent over a favourite of her own, Sir Edward Dyer, to learn the real condition to which the States were reduced. Dyer reported that 'the cause was panting, and all but dead.' It was not yet utterly desperate, but the moments were running away. Sir William Wade returned from Spain while the Queen was hesitating, with news that Philip would not see him, and she allowed Dyer to tell the Prince of Orange that her fleet should unite at once with that of Holland to hold the seas against Spain, and that she would listen to proposals for the joint defence of the two countries.[1]

Many a shift of purpose lay yet between resolution and performance; but Orange, sanguine always, believed that his long-cherished hopes were at last about to be realized. A hearty alliance with England, a bold defiance of Pope, Spain, and devil, had been his dream for fifteen years. France might then be sent to the winds. He 'blessed God that He had opened the eyes of the Queen.' He undertook to keep twenty good ships in the Channel, besides defending his own waters. Holland, Zealand, and Utrecht, he said, now that their spirits were revived, would alone maintain 12,000 men,[2] and if

[1] 'Sa M^te trouve necessaire pour obvier aux forces de mer du Roy d'Espagne, joindre forces avec celles de ces Pays semblablement par mer. 'Sa Ma^te desire avoir l'advis de Son Excellence à ce qui est le plus expedient de faire proceder en mutuelle defense.'—Articles presented to the Prince of Orange by Mr Dyer, March 3—13: *MSS. Holland.*

[2] Answer of the Prince of Orange: Ibid.

her Majesty would accept them for her subjects, were still eager to become part of the English Empire. The Queen perhaps fancied that she was in earnest. Perhaps she had other thoughts, which she did not like to acknowledge. She retained her coolness, at any rate, and chose to stand prepared for all contingencies. She despatched Secretary Davison to say that she compassionated the Prince's condition, and was anxious to help him; but she had 'not forgotten the Protestants in France, who, after embroiling her in war, made their own peace, and then turned against her.' 'Her Majesty had been cooled towards them'—towards the Huguenots, and towards all others in the same position 'from that time forth.' If she went to war for their sakes—and it pleased her to pretend that her motive was purely disinterested—she said 'she must have assurance.' She could not accept the States as subjects, but she was willing to be their protectress on condition that Flushing, Brill, and Enchusen were made over to her to be occupied by English garrisons.[1]

A few months before, the Queen of England was on the edge of becoming an open enemy. These three towns were the keys of the States' independence, and it was possible, though blasphemy to dream of it, that she might be nursing some secret purpose of making terms with Philip for herself by betraying them. The negotiation not unnaturally 'cooled a little.'

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[1] Davison to Walsingham, April 3–13; Burnam to Davison, April 21—May 1: *MSS. Holland.*

May. It was a peculiarity of Elizabeth that no matter how great her danger, or how obvious her interest in a straightforward and open course of action, she exhibited always the same obliquities. She could not write an English sentence without the most intricate involutions. Like animals which move only sideways, she advanced, when she advanced at all, in zigzag lines, with her eyes everywhere except directly in her front. She never adopted a policy, she never ventured on an action, where her retreat was not secured, or where she had not some unexpected and crooked reason to allege in its defence. To become an ally of the revolted States on the ground of a common religion, was to furnish her own Catholic subjects with a justification of a revolt against herself; and to call on Parliament to grant subsidies for a war in a cause which half England abhorred, might provoke the Catholics' patience beyond anything which she had hitherto ventured. She intended, if she again moved for the States, to maintain her old position. The safety of England required that they should not become French. She demanded the towns as a guarantee for the repayment of her expenses, meaning to use them also for such further purposes as the turn of events might make necessary.

It was a dangerous manœuvre, for meanwhile 'the grass was growing.' The circle of Brabant which held out against Parma was narrowing day by day. Ghent had submitted, Brussels had submitted. Of all the Belgian provinces the narrow strip of coast from Ostend to the Scheldt alone remained besides Antwerp. Antwerp

was now threatened. There was a large peace party in Holland, which, if Antwerp fell and Parma gained a footing among the Islands, would immediately make itself felt. 'A general revolt' was not impossible while Elizabeth was haggling; and as 'a long and severe war,' in the opinion of all intelligent people, was hanging inevitably over England, the narrowest prudence recommended her to strike in before the States were further weakened and disheartened.[1]

Nor was this her only or her most pressing peril. The irony of fate had flung on Elizabeth, who disdained the name of Protestant, the task of defending the Reformation in the countries where Protestantism was most pronounced. The prim, self-satisfied Anglo-Catholic prided himself on the gulf of separation which divided him from the Calvinist. The Anglo-Catholic had his Apostolic succession, his episcopate, and his sacraments. He fasted twice in the week, he gave tithes of all that he possessed. He was not as Knox or Beza, and was clamorous in his demand to be distinguished from them. He was a thing of vapour, but he depended for his existence on the Protestantism which he despised. Elizabeth had been taught already, and the lesson was to be repeated till it was learnt, that the cause of the Re-

[1] 'Si les malcontents ou les Espagnols, par subtilité, ou par gaigner aulcuns Seigneurs ou Capitains, prennent deux ou trois villes, soit en Holland ou Zealand, il est à craindre ainsy que l'on cognoit bien ceux de Holland, non pas les Seigneurs mais le comun peuple, qu'ils feront sortir le Prince d'Orange hors du Pays, et accorderont avec le Roy d'Espaigne, car ils ne vouldront point combattre comme ils ont faict cy-devant.'—MS. endorsed by Burghley, 'Advice to make an army in Brabant, May, 1584:' *MSS. Holland.*

formation in Scotland was identical with her own cause. If she was to escape herself from being dethroned, it was necessary for her to uphold the Assembly against King, Bishop, or Jesuit, as the Assembly had upheld her.

January. Notwithstanding the completeness of his success, and the defiant tone which he had assumed, the young King was not altogether satisfied. The fixed idea of his life was the English crown. With his mother or without his mother, before, or if not before, then after her, he had fastened his hopes on this one prize, and he meant to have it; and it was with no easy feelings that he had learnt the modification of the first plan of the Duke of Guise, and the substitution of England for Scotland as the point where the invasion was to be made. Under the original arrangement he was to have come forward as the champion of his mother, to have demanded her release, and to have invited the co-operation of his cousin. Carried out thus, he could not have been cheated of the profits of the enterprise. The direct invasion of England was a different matter. His first act on his escape from Gowrie had been to invite Guise over, and no notice had been taken of him. Were Guise and the Spaniards to throw themselves into Sussex or into Northumberland, were a Catholic insurrection to follow, and were Elizabeth to be dethroned, his mother would become Queen; but after the double play in which he had been engaged, he began to fear that his own subsequent succession need not necessarily follow. It was of no great moment that his conversion

would be insisted on—James was not a youth who would lose a crown for a confession of faith—but Philip would have the controlling voice; he knew that Philip did not like him; and a conversion after the event might not be accepted. In Scotland, also, it was no less clear that on his mother's elevation he would have to descend to the position of a subject. He had broken with Elizabeth; he had refused her pension, and turned his back upon her minister; yet he did not wish absolutely to quarrel with her. He wished so to act that whatever happened, and whichever party was uppermost, he should himself still be the winner. He dared not at once declare himself a Catholic, for the Catholics might fail after all, and then he would be ruined. He wished to avoid committing himself, and yet to secure the Catholic support. He was now not perfectly sure that he wished Guise to come over at all; but if he came it was all important that he should come first to Scotland. His position was a very difficult one. The cunning which he displayed was altogether beyond his age, and must be attributed to the counsels of the Earl of Arran.

The arrest and confession of Throgmorton having disarranged for the moment the plan for invading England, he sent off Seton to Paris to see Guise, and tell him that Scotland was still at his service; and by Seton's hands he sent two letters, one to his cousin, and the other through his cousin to the Pope. To Guise he wrote that, following his advice, he had now thoroughly espoused his mother's cause, and had separ-

ated himself from the English connection. The Queen of England, he said, desired to revolutionize Scotland, to imprison him, perhaps to take his life from him, or his honour, which he valued more. He besought Guise therefore to intercede in his behalf with the Holy Father, and to bring the Catholic Powers to his aid. Support from them and from his good friends in England would enable him to conquer his difficulties. Guise, he promised, should be his guide in everything, and he would take his place definitively at his side, in religion as well as in policy.[1]

February. The letter to the Pope is even more curious, and deserves particular attention. Whether it was the composition of James himself, or of the subtle heads with whom he was surrounded, there is no evidence to show.

'The affection and goodwill,' so the letter runs, 'which your Holiness and your predecessors have always borne towards this Crown and my ancestors, together with the fatherly care which the Holy See has exercised over the Queen, my most dear mother, have emboldened me to address your Holiness at this present. I desire as well to thank your Holiness for your exertions in my mother's behalf, as to explain the

[1] 'Si par vostre moyen je puis obtenir quelque bon secours, j'espere, aidant Dieu, qu'avec l'assistance du bon nombre de serviteurs que j'ay, tant en ce mien Royaulme qu'en Angleterre, je sortiray bien tôt de ces difficultez, et lors j'en serois en plein liberté de pourvoir embrasser vostre bon conseil et advis en toutes choses, *tant de religion que d' estat*, comme je desire tousjours de me ranger en tout ce que sera raisonable.'—James of Scotland to the Duke of Guise, February 9—19, 1854: *MSS. Simancas.*

difficulties in which my having placed myself in the position towards her which my duty requires, has involved me. The prejudices of my education, the temptations of ambition, the advice or pressure of those who are more masters of my dominions than I am myself, combined to lead me into another course; but I have preferred rather to be guided by the laws of God and nature, and the advice of my near and loving kinsmen of the House of Guise, whom I understand to be devoted to your Holiness. Thus it has come to pass that the faction who expelled my said lady and mother, who made use of my young years as the veil and shield of their own tyrannous appetites, seeing that I was beginning to comprehend their evil deportment towards their natural princes, have now banded themselves together against me, and with the help of my neighbour, the Queen of England, who has encouraged every bad enterprise attempted in this country throughout her reign, they intend if they can to destroy me altogether. I confide however both in your Holiness's prudence, and in your love for my mother. I have myself as yet deserved nothing at your hands, but it shall not be always thus.[1] Those under whose advice I am now acting have told me always to look to your Holiness rather than to any other Prince. My extremity however is such that if I receive no help from abroad, I see that I soon may be forced to play into the hands of your Holiness's worst enemies and mine. Traitors,

[1] 'Sans que jusque à present j'ai encore rien merité, que je ne permettray pas qu'il en soit ainsi.'

abusing my youth and my authority, have taken possession of my government, of the revenues of my estates, of the chief fortresses in the realm. They have deprived me of every means of defending myself, or of delivering my mother, or recovering the rights which she possesses, along with myself, in the realm of England.[1] How best to remedy these things I shall be advised by my dear cousin of Guise, by whose counsel I am at present acting, in undertaking the defence of my dear and honoured lady and mother. I look also to satisfying your Holiness in all other things, especially if in this my great necessity your Holiness stands my friend.[2] I must beseech your Holiness to let no one know that I have written to you. Should it get abroad, it will embarrass my position, and may prove my utter destruction, so weak am I, and so powerless to defend myself if I am assailed at once by my rebels, and by my neighbour of England. God grant your Holiness health and a long and happy life, with all spiritual graces. From my palace at Holyrood, February 19, 1584.

'Your Holiness's most humble and affectionate

'JAMES R.'[3]

In forwarding this letter to the Vatican, the Duke of Guise, through whom it was sent, added

[1] 'Pour deliverer ma dame ma mere et recouvrer le droit qu'elle et moy avons au Royaulme d'Angleterre.'

[2] 'J'espere aussi de pouvoir satisfaire à Vostre Santité en toutes aultres choses, principalment si je suis secouru en une si grande necessité par vostre Santité.'

[3] *MSS. Simancas.*

his own entreaties that Gregory would espouse the cause of 'the poor young man.'[1] But 'the poor young man's' cause was complicated by cross politics and purposes extremely difficult to reconcile. Spain and France, while jealous of each other, were neither of them anxious to facilitate the union of Scotland and England. The English Catholics were Spanish in their sympathies. The Scotch Catholics were French. The Duke of Guise, whose views had been already turning again towards Scotland, responded to James's invitation. He insisted to Allen and de Tassis on the military advantages of landing in a friendly country. If he invaded England out of Scotland, he would be able to take James along with him,[2] present him to the English people as heir to the crown, and introduce him as having come thither to redress the wrongs under which the Catholics were suffering.[3]

On the other hand, there were many Catholics in England, whom even the prospect of the restitution of the faith could not reconcile to a conquest by a Scoto-French army. They were ready to accept a Scotch princess as their sovereign, but their own arms, or the

[1] Guise to the Pope, April 5—15: *MSS. Simancas.*

[2] 'Sospecho que tienen intencion de que lleve el Rey de Escocia el ejercito en persona y entre con el en Inglaterra.'—Tassis to Philip, April 8—18: TEULET, vol. v.

[3] 'The title of the crown was of great efficacy with the English nation. Whenever any prince did govern evil, if the successor did take upon him to remedy the same, never any to whom the succession did belong did at any time take arms to reform the government but he had good success.'—Discourse on the Invasion of England, found on Crichton, the Jesuit, May, 1584: *MSS. Domestic.*

arms of Spain, must place her on the throne. England, if the crowns were united, expected to remain the superior. In the dread of being overborne by Scotland and France, the party represented by Allen and the Jesuits intended, after Mary Stuart became Queen, that she should remain inseparably connected with Spain. Guise had undertaken through Charles Paget that if Spaniards accompanied the invasion, they should be compelled to retire when it had succeeded. Allen insisted through de Tassis that there should be no invasion unless the Spaniards bore a part in it, and that a Spanish force should remain in the country after the conquest had been completed, and the Queen of Scots was on the throne.[1]

April. A subtle divergence of opinion divided the whole party. The choice of Guise to lead the enterprise had diminished, but had failed to remove, the national rivalries and suspicions. De Tassis said that if James was to accompany the Duke into England he must first declare himself a Catholic.[2] It was answered that many English Protestants favoured the Scotch title, and that to alienate them prematurely would be unwise. The objection being still maintained, Lord Seton applied to Catherine de Medici, and held out 'the direction and disposition of the cause' as a temptation to

[1] 'No quieren Ingleses otro patron que V. M. No solamente tienen ojo á que V. M. les remedie á la primera entrada, pero que aunque se les constituya Reyna la de Escocia, no les desampara tan presto hasta tener todo aquello bien asegurado.' —Tassis to Philip, May 17—27: TEULET, vol. v.

[2] Tassis to Philip, April 9—19: Ibid.

the French crown independent of Spain altogether.[1]

Mauvissière, who had been the minister of the Anglo-French alliance, and had hitherto clung to Elizabeth, had begun to doubt her stability, and to hint that James's star was perhaps the rising one. 'The Queen of Scots,' he wrote to Catherine, 'is a thorn in this Queen's foot. Every moment she suffers from it, but she cannot pluck it out. She lost Scotland when she lost Morton. None but he could have mastered the young King; and the young King means to be monarch of this island, as one day he will and must be.'[2]

Rumours reached de Tassis that the conspirators, weary of his master's delay, were turning their thoughts in a direction mischievous to Spanish interests, and he made haste[3] to send word to Philip. Mauvissière's prophecy was right, but the day of its fulfilment was still far distant, and the jealousies which had so long protected Elizabeth continued to paralyze her enemies. Both Spain and France, it was thought, could have agreed to trust the Duke of Guise, but opposite policies and opposite principles ravelled out the coalition as fast as it was woven. The King of Spain, like de Tassis, insisted on the immediate conversion of James, and perhaps was not anxious at heart that James should comply.

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[1] Words of Lord Seton to the Queen-mother, April 9—19, 1584: TEULET, vol. iii.

[2] Mauvissière to the Queen-mother, March 30—April 9; TEULET, vol. iii.

[3] 'Melino ha me dicho en confiança que andan entre los Escoceses enfadados de la dilacion platicas, de ver si seria posible guiar este negocio por otras manos que las de Vuestra Majestad.'—J. B. de Tassis al Rey, 17—27 de Maio; TEULET, vol. v.

He feared James's connection with France, as he had feared his mother's; and though, like the Jesuits, he was willing that Mary Stuart should reign if she would lean on Spain to uphold her, he coveted, as became afterwards clear, the reversion of the title for himself.

Meanwhile in Scotland itself James was going merrily forward. In his letter to the Pope he had been more desponding than the occasion called for.

Disconcerted by Elizabeth's backwardness, Gowrie and his friends had attempted to make their peace with the King and Arran. They had been met coldly and ambiguously. Angus's plan of seizing James when hunting had been betrayed. The King had held his tongue, in fear of provoking England prematurely, but none the less it was clear that he knew something, if not all. The confession of Throgmorton may perhaps have made Elizabeth more encouraging. Sir Robert Bowes, at any rate, reported in January, as a thing which she would be pleased to hear, that a conspiracy was again on foot which would soon be executed. 'The chief instruments,' Gowrie himself among them, were said to be 'hanging back,' and 'showing much faintness;' but they were provided with unlooked-for allies in the two Hamilton brothers, Lord Claude and Lord John, the natural chiefs of the Catholic faction, who had been deprived of their estates by Morton, and had been kept out of them to feed the avarice of the Earl of Arran. In lending support to men who had suffered for their fidelity to Mary Stuart, who had fought for her at Langside, who had murdered Murray and Lennox to please her, Elizabeth

could not be accused of partisanship. The brothers undertook, if she would restore them, to break up the present faction which ruled the King. She sent them down to the Border, and made a show of collecting a force at Berwick. Mar and Glamys stole back from Knockfergus, and an unnatural alliance was secretly formed between the chiefs of the Protestant faction and the sons of the Duke of Chatelherault. Gowrie, Rothes, Angus, and several others undertook to surprise the King, and deal with him as might afterwards be found convenient. If they failed, or if they could find no convenient opportunity, their plan was to fall back upon the Border. The Hamiltons were then to join them, and their united parties were to march on Edinburgh, drawing supplies from Berwick, and perhaps attended by an English fleet.[1]

Elizabeth's promises however were still ambiguous. She gave good words in plenty, but neither from her nor from Sir Robert Bowes could the Lords obtain a

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[1] Mauvissière, writing on the 23rd of April, says distinctly that they looked for help from England, but they were purposely misled by Sir Robert Bowes, whose instructions were to tempt them to commit themselves while evading a distinct engagement on the part of his own Government.

'By such discreet messengers as I employed,' he wrote, 'I satisfied the chief solicitor in this cause and the rest of the party, of his late letters sent to me. In this I have advised to behold the goodwill showed in like matters in time past, whereby they may have good experience that neither the good cause nor the well-affected have been abandoned in time of necessity. I have not nor dare not write any particular promise or comfort to them otherwise than by words and effects rehearsed with like generalities, to continue them in good hopes, without any bond or promise from me.'—Bowes to Walsingham, April 4—14: *MSS. Scotland.*

definite engagement in writing; and experience of her conduct on other occasions was less encouraging than Bowes would have had them believe. He perceived the thing 'to lie coldly on their stomachs,'[1] and either he or some one else in the secret intimated that the Queen was waiting for them to do something decisive for themselves. England, he sent them word, could not interpose till there was an open ground for interference, and an open party to be helped. The Queen had sent an army to Berwick to save Morton, but none of the Scots took arms for him, and she was obliged to withdraw with shame. They ought to be up and doing. If they had written to England for advice 'before Davie was slaughtered, or the Queen taken prisoner, neither of those things could have been done,' but the Lords knew 'how well they were taken afterwards.' It was time 'to draw sword,' and not 'to be hanging on uncertainty.'[2]

Translated into plain language, these words meant that the Lords were to venture something decided, at their own risk, and that if they succeeded Elizabeth would accept the benefit of their enterprise. The allusion to the capture of the Queen of Scots was an unhappy one, for relieved from danger by the Queen of Scots' deposition, Elizabeth had sought credit with other established governments by threatening to chastise the instruments of it. Morton's skull over the Tolbooth gate was a grinning evidence of the value of these mis-

[1] Bowes to Walsingham, April 4—14: *MSS. Scotland.*

[2] Letter endorsed by Burghley, 'Mr Colville;' and in another hand, 'Copy of my last letter to Scotland, April 16—26:' *MSS. Scotland.*

leading promptings; but Gowrie's fate was coming upon him, and he allowed himself to be persuaded. Angus and Mar undertook the capture of the King. Gowrie pretended that he was going over into France, and went down to Dundee, intending to cross by water to Tantallon, where Lord Lindsay, the two Hamiltons, and, as he hoped, the English had agreed to join him.[1] As it was with Guise and the invasion of England however, so it was with the plots against James. There were too many confederates. There had been too much talk beforehand, and the secret had been betrayed to the Earl of Arran. Stewart, who had been in England with Colville, followed Gowrie with a party of horse to Dundee, captured him, and carried him off to Holyrood. Angus and Mar were more successful. They missed James, but accompanied by Glamys, they surprised and captured Stirling Castle, and sent out a proclamation inviting the country to rise and join them. 'The King,' they said, 'was abused by persons of low estate.' He was surrounded 'by a young and insolent company of Papists, atheists, and furtherers of the Bloody Council of Trent.' 'The fearers of God'[2] were in danger of massacre, and had taken arms in the King's interests, and their own. Couriers flew to Lindsay at Tantallon, to the Hamiltons at Berwick, and on to London to the Court, to entreat for help. The conditions were fulfilled

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[1] Bowes to Walsingham, April 4—14: *MSS. Scotland.*

[2] 'Effect of the petition delivered by the credit of Mr Colville, in the names of the Earls of Angus, Mar, and Glamys, entered into the action of Stirling, April, 1584:' *MSS.* Ibid.

which the Queen had required: a distinct party was in arms with a public cause. If she would but order her ships to the Forth, to intimate by their presence that she favoured their enterprise, if she would check Maxwell and Fernyhurst on the Border, and give or lend a little money, the three Earls, notwithstanding Gowrie's capture, were confident of success.

Half Scotland was waiting to see what England would do. Had Gowrie escaped, the Queen's interference would perhaps not have been needed. His capture had so far inclined the scale, that many who had promised their assistance hung back till they saw for certain that they might depend upon Elizabeth.

There was of course the usual difficulty, the treaty of non-intervention, which had been tacitly formed with France. Mauvissière objected in the name of his Court, and the established battery of traitorous or timid counsels was brought into play. That the movement had been undertaken at Elizabeth's instigation, or at least with her knowledge, consent, and approval, passed for nothing. Her first impulse was to send the couriers back with the answer that she could not comply with the Earl's requests. A few days later, Secretary Davison was despatched with directions to give fresh encouragement and to threaten the King into moderation; and she sent a thousand pounds to the Border to be used in the service of the confederates. But it was too late. The first refusal had decided the fate of the rising. The Earl of Arran, promptly collecting a few thousand ruffians, marched at their head to Stirling, and the

Earls, believing themselves deserted, escaped before his arrival to Berwick. The Edinburgh ministers followed, conscious of the vengeance that they had provoked, and knowing that it would not now be delayed. Fernyhurst, seeing the English motionless, rose with the Kers and the Humes; and Tantallon, which was to have been the rallying-point of the confederates, was changed into Lindsay's prison. Stirling Castle surrendered, the captain and his chief followers were hanged, and the only effect of the conspiracy had been to raise James at last into an absolute sovereign.

May.

There was a moan of indignation, heard, alas! too often in Scotland, at Elizabeth's broken faith. Sir Robert Bowes, the instrument of their deception, did not seek to conceal his own shame and humiliation. He covered his mistress in public by taking the blame upon himself; but to Walsingham he did not scruple to describe the Earls 'as foully abused and betrayed.'[1] The friends of the Queen of Scots, on the other hand, sent her exulting word of her son's victory, bidding her remind him that now was the time for vengeance, and tell Guise to be quick in coming.[2]

The Queen of Scots needed no urging. Morton, Gowrie, and Lindsay, were the three noblemen who had extorted the abdication at Lochleven. Morton was gone, and Gowrie's turn had come. There was no ques-

[1] Bowes to Walsingham, April 27—May 7: *MSS. Scotland.*

[2] 'Madame, escrivez au Roy d'avoir souvenance du temps passé. Oultre, Madame, advertissez M. de Guise d'accelerer toutes choses pour mettre fin à ces énormités.'— —— to the Queen of Scots, April 26—May 6. Decipher: *MSS.* MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

tion that he had conspired a second time against the person of his Sovereign. When he saw that all was over he made a free confession, and in a natural resentment at his desertion, he said, perhaps untruly, perhaps half truly, that if he had succeeded this time, and if he had listened to English overtures, both the King and his mother would have been put to death.[1] If he hoped to save himself by the revelation, he was mistaken. He was carried to Stirling immediately on the surrender, and a court was extemporized for his trial, of which Colonel Stewart, who had taken him prisoner, was President. Argyle, who had been his friend, declined to sit; even Huntly, though he was present, did not vote; but of his literal guilt, if guilt could be said to attach to any kind of political action in the anarchy of

[1] 'Le feu Conte de Gowry estant l'an passé sur le poinct d'avoir la tête tranchée pour la mesme conspiration que ces seigneurs Escossoys, deslors complices du dict Gowry, ont à present executée, déposa et conferra voluntairement au maistre de Gray, qui m'en advertist par lettres encores extantes, qu'en Angleterre (je ne veulx nommer par qui) il avoit esté faict projecte et arresté de nous faire mourir moy et mon filz en ung mesme jour.'—Marie Stuart à M. de Chateauneuf, 8 décembre, 1585: LABANOFF, vol. vi. When it is considered how extremely convenient James's death would have been, how many misgivings he had caused and was still causing to English statesmen, how bitterly both countries had suffered from Elizabeth's interference to save Mary Stuart, how universal had been the expectation that James would not emerge alive out of the confusions of Scotland, it is not unlikely that this way out of their difficulties had presented itself to more than one eminent politician, and that small inquiry would have followed had it been reported that the young King had died of some sudden disorder. Beyond doubt this would have been his fate, and the Queen of Scots' fate also, everywhere in Europe in any previous century. Times were changing, but the traditions of the old ways survived, and many a wistful eye might be cast back at them.

Scotland, there could be no question. The forms were hurried over, and execution instantly followed. Angus and Mar were proclaimed traitors, and their estates confiscated. The forfeiture of lands followed the sentences; Lady Gowrie and her children were turned adrift to starve; and the vast inheritances of the Douglases, the Erskines, and the Ruthvens were divided between Arran, who was already gorged with plunder, and the young Duke of Lennox, whom James had sent for from France.[1]

Lindsay only now remained of the three. On that wild evening, when Mary Stuart was brought in a prisoner from the field at Carberry, she swore to Lindsay that she would one day have his head, and oaths of this kind she was not apt to leave unfulfilled. Now that he was in James's power, she required peremptorily that his treatment of her should not be forgotten; and James, eager to atone for his refusal of the association by the sacrifice of an enemy of his own, promised that not Lindsay only but every one of the confederates that he could catch should receive exemplary chastisement.[2] So good an intention was not to be allowed to cool. She sent her son a present of a sword. She bade him go forward boldly, and above all not spare Lindsay.[3]

[1] Davison to Walsingham, May 11: *MSS. Scotland.*

[2] 'Sans aultre recommandation de vostre part, la sympathie et conformité de noz complexions avec le sentiment que j'ay des injures et trahisons commises à l'endroit de vous par My Lord Lindsay, m'avoit ya tout resolu d'en faire punition exemplaire; comme j'espere de ses semblables, sans qu'il m'en eschappe un seul de ceulx que je pourray attraper.'—The King of Scots to Mary Stuart, July 23. Decipher: *MSS. Scotland.*

[3] 'Pour Lindsay le Roy obeira à

He laughed as he girded on her gift, telling the bearer that he would be his mother's true knight, and that before many days the heads of Lindsay and others besides him should prove how religiously he would observe his oath.[1] The confederate Lords had risked their lives in a wild belief that Elizabeth would be true to them. As they had failed, she was not content with leaving them in Scotland to James's vengeance; but, with a repetition accurate as an automaton's of her behaviour to Murray, she endeavoured to prove that she had never been in any way connected with them, by hard treatment of Angus and Mar and the other fugitives who had taken refuge in Northumberland. Outward displeasure, had it gone no further, might have been politic affectation, but the Court had veered round with the altered prospect, carrying Elizabeth with it, and the opposite policy was in the ascendant altogether.

June. 'The poor gentlemen that are retired into this realm,' wrote Walsingham, 'are like to receive but cold comfort, having fewer favourers than I looked for, and such become their enemies as neither the authority of their place nor the care they ought to have of her Majesty's safety doth make allowable in them. But it agrees with the course we now hold here in displacing and depriving the best affected ministers.[2]

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ce que la Royne luy en mande à la premiere occasion, n'attendant que preuve et proces contre luy.'—Instructions secretes de M. Fontenay, August, 1583: *MSS.* MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS. Incorrectly dated in the *State Papers*, January, 1583.

[1] Fontenay to the Queen of Scots, August 15: *MSS.* MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS. Decipher.

[2] Several Puritan clergy had been just prosecuted under the Act of

I look for no better fruits from them that use religion for policy, and many here do abuse it for faction.'[1] And again, a few days later: 'The noblemen receive no great comfort, and as for the poor ministers retired into the realm, who have shown themselves good instruments for entertaining the amity between the Crowns, they are but hardly thought of here, and therefore not likely to be used with the kindness that either Christianity or policy requireth. I write this with extreme grief, for that I hold it a presage of God's judgment towards us.'[2]

For the few weeks which followed the arrest and confession of Throgmorton, Elizabeth had almost resolved to take a decided part at last. She had dismissed Mendoza, imprisoned the Catholic noblemen, held out her hand to the Low Countries, and had invited her party in Scotland to take arms and make a revolution. But a purpose of this kind never long resisted influences which combined to undermine it. There was no longer a French marriage for the Queen to fall back upon, but there was still a French alliance. The Court at Paris feared the ascendancy of the Duke of Guise almost as much as England feared it; and Mauvissière, in London, represented the principles of compromise so dear to Elizabeth, by which moderation and good sense were to control the passions of the opposing creeds. It was possible that Catherine de' Medici might be tempted by

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Uniformity, and deprived of their benefices.

[1] Walsingham to Davison, June 3—13, 1584: *MSS. Scotland.*

[2] Walsingham to Davison, June 17—27: *MSS.* Ibid.

the offers of Lord Seton, but her preference was still for the alliance with Elizabeth, if that alliance could be maintained. Her own and her son's influence in Europe, and even their authority in France, depended on the continuance of the balance which had hitherto been hardly preserved. If once the Protestants combined, and the war of religion broke out, the chieftainship of the two great parties must devolve on Elizabeth and Philip, and the temporizing uncertain House of Valois would be inevitably shipwrecked. Philip had still to settle with Henry for Alençon's proceedings in the Low Countries, and the day of reckoning would assuredly come with the completion of Parma's reconquest. The object from the French point of view therefore was a triple union between France, England, and Scotland, to which Mary Stuart and James should be parties in opposition to Spain and to Spanish influences. Mauvissière, from the first moment of the troubles of Scotland, had never ceased to urge this solution of the situation. He undertook himself to reconcile all quarrels there if the Queen would allow him to go to Edinburgh. Alençon, though not yet dead, was notoriously dying; and if the completion of the treaty with the Queen of Scots and her consequent release was to be one condition, the recognition of the King of Navarre as heir-presumptive in France was to be another.

There was much to be said in favour of such a policy, especially when the alternative was a gigantic convulsion of which no one could foresee the end. Could Mary Stuart and James be depended on, no pru-

dent Sovereign would prefer the chances of the sword. The French Court itself undertook to become responsible for the Queen of Scots, and the state of Scotland was less unfavourable than it might have seemed. The Earl of Arran, by whom the King was now controlled, was a hard, clear-headed, and entirely unscrupulous villain, to whom creeds appeared fools' playthings, and power and wealth the only concern of a reasonable man. His title and his estates depended on the exclusion of the Hamiltons, and the Hamiltons had deserved too well of the Catholic cause to be left dispossessed of their patrimony in the event of a religious revolution. On the capture of Gowrie and the flight of the Lords to England, Arran had made advances therefore to Lord Hunsdon at Berwick, in the spirit of Mauvissière's proposals to Elizabeth. It was hinted that if there was to be a general reconciliation, the Earls of Angus and Mar might be allowed to return, supposing the Queen of Scots would intercede for them. The settlement of Scotland, on the English episcopal pattern, was held out as a further temptation, and it was through these considerations that Gowrie had been sacrificed, and the resolution had been ultimately arrived at to abstain from interference by arms.

Spain was hopelessly slow—Throgmorton had confessed—discovery and disappointment had clung like a shadow to every plot in which Philip had borne a part. Mary Stuart, afraid of what might follow to herself, were Elizabeth to be forced finally into open war, had written to Mauvissière, expressing sympathy with the

policy which he advocated. She consented eagerly to his proposed mission; she empowered him to assure Elizabeth, on her word of honour as a princess, that if the treaty were renewed and completed, she would compel her son into compliance.[1] She called God to witness, in a letter to the Queen, that if the English succession were secured to James, she would herself remain for the rest of her life in retirement. To accept these advances would gratify France, rivet afresh the Anglo-French alliance, and, without war or expenditure of money, throw a diplomatic shelter over the Low Countries, and secure England from all danger of invasion on the northern border. Mauvissière assured Elizabeth that his master's wish 'was to compound matters in Scotland in a reasonable course,' to persuade the Queen of Scots 'to give counsel to her son to her Majesty's best liking,' 'to unite the Crowns of England, Scotland, and France, in good perfect friendship and amity.'[2]

Elizabeth trusted these fair words only so far as she knew them to represent her brother of France's interests. Mauvissière, on the other hand, trusted Elizabeth not a jot further: an experience of twenty-five years had taught him, he distinctly said, that the English Queen would promise anything, and was utterly indifferent to the performance of what she promised. Could she be

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[1] The Queen of Scots to Mauvissière, March 21—31, 1584: LABANOFF, vol. v.

[2] Points contained in the French Ambassador's letter of May 13—23: *MSS. Scotland.*

assured otherwise of Scotland, she would care for no Power in Christendom.[1]

But Elizabeth could not afford to quarrel with France, and Catherine and Henry were equally concerned in preventing a revolution which would make over England and Scotland to Guise and Philip. Permission therefore was given to Mauvissière to go down and do his best in Scotland; the treaty, which had become almost a jest, was reopened with Mary Stuart, and the Queen of England appeared once more in the position of a suitor to her prisoner.

So abrupt a change of attitude could hardly be executed without ungracefulness. The Paris conspirators had avowedly calculated on the support of Lord Shrewsbury: he was expected if not to join the insurrection, which was to break out on Guise's landing, at least to secure the safety of his charge; and in the short interval, when a bold course was half resolved on, the removal of the Queen of Scots into the custody of some firmer person, had been part of the general scheme. Elizabeth herself had informed Shrewsbury of Throgmorton's confessions, and of the double part which she had ascertained that the Queen of Scots had been playing.[2] She had sent the Queen of Scots a threatening message, that she must abandon conspiracies if she ever hoped for favour. Sir Ralph Sadler had been selected as her

[1] Mauvissière to the King, April 26--May 6: TEULET, vol. iii.

[2] Elizabeth to the Earl of Shrewsbury, March 8—18: *MSS.* MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

future keeper, and on the 26th of March a commission had been issued to Sadler and Sir Henry Neville to take charge of her person, to carry her to Melbourne Castle in Derbyshire, to allow no excuses, and to use force if she refused to move.[1]

The order had been suspended till the intended 'practice' in Scotland should be executed, and on the confederates' failure, had been abandoned with the policy to which it belonged. A M. Mason came over from France in April to see the Queen of Scots on business connected with her dowry. The news of Angus's and Mar's flight had just reached London, but was perhaps still unknown at Sheffield. The occasion was used to send down Wade as Mason's escort, with orders to reopen negotiations for the treaty with as much dignity as circumstances would allow.

May. It was no very easy task. They arrived at Sheffield on the 23rd of April,[2] and the next day were introduced to the lady. As was hoped, she had heard nothing recently from Scotland. She began to talk to Mason in French. She knew that Shrewsbury was ignorant of it, and, trusting that the rest were in the same condition, said something imprudent. Wade struck into the conversation in a way that showed his easy familiarity with the language. He irritated her by doing so, and she exploded into one of her passions. She asked after her son, observing, satirically, that she had no other means of hearing whether he was alive or

[1] Commission to Sadler and Neville, March 26—April 5: *MSS.* | MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

[2] May 3.

dead. She was eloquently pathetic about France. Then turning upon Wade, she said that she had humbled herself before Elizabeth into the very dirt, and had been cheated after all of her reward.

'I told her,' said Wade, 'her son's conduct was the cause, and it appeared that she had sought to amuse her Majesty with the treaty to give her son time to work that alteration: it was time for her Majesty to break off when the foundation failed.'

Quoting the words once written with a diamond by Elizabeth on a window, when imprisoned by her sister,

> 'Much suspected by me,
> But nothing proved can be,'

she ran fiercely over the story of her wrongs, 'using bitter speeches of her misery.'

Wade replied that her treatment was regarded abroad 'as one of the rarest examples of singular mercy and good inclination that was ever heard of, considering the provocation her Majesty had received.'

She flamed out at the word mercy. She said she was an absolute prince as much as her Majesty. She was no inferior of hers. She had been a Queen from her cradle, and had been afterwards 'Queen of France, the greatest realm in Christendom.' Mercy was for subjects; for her there had been nothing but extremity.

'All this was said with extreme choler.' She cooled afterwards and became quieter, but there were three things she said which she would die a thousand deaths rather than allow to be sacrificed—her honour, her interest in the English succession, and her child.

Her Majesty, Wade answered, had taken care of the first and the last; the second she must deserve. England would never accept her as Queen without her Majesty's consent. She was deceiving herself if she expected support from France. He had himself heard Mauvissière say that 'France would spend forty million crowns before she or her son should reign in England.' After her double-dealing with Spain, it was but too likely that this might be true. She began again 'to moan her grief and her woful estate.' She complained of her friends' neglect of her, of her imprisonment and misery. She was younger in years, she said, than the Queen of England, but suffering had made her older to look at. 'God would avenge her enemies and those that were the authors of her overthrow, whom she stuck not to curse.'

When the torrent of eloquence began to slacken, Wade reminded her of certain things which she had forgotten—intrigues, practices, and conspiracies.

She said that the Queen had never trusted her, and could not justly blame her. She did not deny that she had begged her friends to exert themselves for her, but she had meant innocently, and if they had done wrong, the fault was theirs.

Wade spoke of proofs. She said, angrily, that 'he was not of calling to reason with her.' He answered that he was not of calling either to hear his own mistress found fault with. There were few princes in Christendom who would not have made shorter work with her; and if she would seriously consider what she

had done, she would rather wonder that the Queen had consented to treat with her at all.

So the argument ran on, Wade being intentionally harsh, to prepare for concessions afterwards. At length her anger died away into pleading and tenderness. She sang the song which she had sung before to Mauvissière. If the Queen would but trust her, she said, she should never find her confidence misplaced. Anything which her sister wished she was ready to do; the first and last desire of her heart was to please her.[1]

Could the Queen of Scots, when she learnt what could not long be concealed from her, have bridled her temper, and been prudent and moderate, she might possibly at this particular crisis have really recovered her freedom. At no time were so many circumstances in her favour. It was true that the continuance of the pressure which France was exerting in her behalf was contingent on her separating herself from Spain; and to break with Spain was to break with the whole party of revolt and revolution. Yet it would have been her best chance. Spain clearly would not risk a war in her interest with France and England combined, and could hardly be tempted into a quarrel with England single-handed. Guise's enterprise hung fire through the jealousies which split up the party; and could she have parted with her passionate desire for revenge, she might have either taken the benefit of a treaty in which England, France, and Scotland would have been held to-

[1] Mr Wade's narrative of what passed at Sheffield, April 25—May 5: *MSS.* Mary Queen of Scots.

gether on terms of compromise; or else, which would have equally served her purpose, she would have broken up the Anglo-French alliance.

But Mary Stuart, notwithstanding her affected plaintiveness, was proud and fierce as when she stood with Bothwell on the hills of Musselburgh. The one absorbing hope of her life was to see those who had humbled her rolling, all of them, in the dust at her feet. The least gleam of success she construed into a turn of the tide; and the news of the defeat and flight of the confederates, and the execution of Gowrie, scattered her despondency and filled her with dreams of coming triumph. Walsingham was distinctly of opinion that if she would adhere to what she had said to Wade, her offer ought to be tried. 'The impediment,' he said, 'grew principally through a jealous conceit that either of the two Princesses had of the other, which could hardly be removed.'[1] But alarm had so far superseded the 'jealous conceit,' that Elizabeth had yielded to necessity. When Wade returned with an account of his conversation, she brought herself to write a courteous letter to the Queen of Scots, and Secretary Beale was once more sent down to Sheffield to take up again the dropped threads of the treaty of the past year. He was empowered to tell her that if her son, at her intercession, would recall Angus and Mar, would pardon Lindsay, and proclaim a general amnesty, if she would herself relinquish her intrigues and forbid the Archbishop of Glasgow to

[1] Walsingham to Sadler, October 17—27, 1584: *MSS.* MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

prosecute further the conspiracy at Paris, Sir Walter Mildmay would resume his place on the commission, and an arrangement should be concluded with her without further delay. If the Queen of Scots said that the Lords, by their late rebellion, had placed themselves beyond the pale of forgiveness, Beale was instructed to tell her that the Lords had many friends in England, that they had meant no ill, and that if she refused, 'inconvenience would grow,' and such an offer would never be made to her again. Her transactions with the Duke of Guise for the invasion of England had been discovered, and a harder course would be taken with her.[1]

Wade had left her tender and compliant. When Beale arrived, the mood had changed. Her son was now absolute; her enemies were dispersed, the Queen of England dismayed. She understood now the cause of the late advances to her and was proportionately resentful. Guise, she fondly thought, would soon be over, and there was no occasion for her to humiliate herself. She stood upon 'very proud terms;' she refused to promise to control the diplomacy of her representatives abroad. If she was to interfere for the pardon of the Lords, she said it should be when she was free and not otherwise. She required ampler conditions than those which she had accepted in the past; above all, she required to be allowed, if she wished it, to leave England. She said that Sir Walter Mildmay, if he came to Sheffield, must bring powers to conclude the

[1] Elizabeth to Secretary Beale, May 4—14: *MSS.* MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

treaty, or she would not discuss it with him; and unless it was concluded immediately, she would regard her concessions as withdrawn.[1]

'With all the cunning that we have,' wrote Beale privately, 'we cannot bring this lady to make any absolute promise for the performance of her offers, unless she may be assured of the accomplishment of the treaty. Since the last break off she is more circumspect how she entangle herself. She seems marvellous glad of the late success in Scotland, and especially that her son had a heart to go into the field himself. She will deal for Angus and Mar, but she seems to retain another mind towards Gowrie and Lindsay upon the ancient quarrel of Lochleven.'[2]

Elizabeth might as well have abdicated as have yielded to such terms so demanded. She sent a cold intimation to Lord Shrewsbury that the treaty was at an end, and that Beale might leave Sheffield.[3] But she was extremely troubled—troubled especially about the noblemen who had taken refuge in England, and whose restoration she had hoped to effect through the Queen of Scots' mediation. Mauvissière was to have been the bearer of her intercession, and since it could not be obtained, his mission was abandoned. Lord Livingston came up from Scotland to demand their surrender as traitors. Elizabeth was unable to give them up, but

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[1] Beale to Walsingham, May 16—26: *MSS.* MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

[2] Same to the same, May 17—27: *MSS.* Ibid.

[3] Elizabeth to Shrewsbury, May 24—June 3: *MSS.* Ibid.

she was afraid to assist or countenance them. She treated them as she had treated Murray nineteen years before, whom she equally employed and deserted; and Walsingham naturally feared that the Lords, being left to starve, would make terms with James, purchase their pardon at the price of deserting for ever the ungrateful English cause, and leave Elizabeth without a friend in the only country where friends were absolutely indispensable to her.[1]

June. The prudence or imprudence of Elizabeth, and the chances of success to the Queen of Scots in the attitude which she had dared to resume, turned more and more on the character of her boy, who sat on the throne of Scotland, and who, young as he was, already exerted a personal influence on the politics of his country, which, as parties were balanced, was likely to turn the scale. In the hands of the different factions who had successively been his masters, he had shown a pliancy inevitable from his circumstances. Yet he had evidently a purpose of his own, which was visible through all his changes, and while the ministers of the Kirk had found

[1] 'The intended journey of the French ambassador into Scotland is now broken off, for that the Queen of Scots stands upon very proud terms, refusing to mediate the restitution of the distressed noblemen unless her Majesty will grant her liberty and ratify the treaty between the Earl of Shrewsbury, Sir Walter Mildmay, Mr Beale, and her. So that now I do not see what means her Majesty can use to procure their relief, but fear greatly they will be left to seek their own peace, which cannot but breed to us a war. This, I pray you, reserve to yourself, for we may alter our purpose.'—Walsingham to Davison, May 20—30: *MSS. Scotland.*

him always as hostile to them as his mother had been, yet neither his mother nor the Jesuits had found him as docile as they had hoped and looked for. He had written to the Pope, but he had not been converted. He had shown himself entirely willing to please Mary Stuart by the execution of the Lords who had been the instruments of her overthrow; but he had shown no great desire to see her again in Scotland, or to share his power with her, or even to acknowledge that he held his crown by her will and pleasure. He had been, no doubt, influenced greatly by Lennox and Arran; but he had opinions which, as he grew older, became more decided, and it now becomes important to look more closely at him, and to examine in detail the figure of the youth who was to play so large a part in the history of Great Britain. The materials are fortunately provided in a singular and minute account of him, which was furnished to his mother by an acute and observing Frenchman.

July. On the death of the Cardinal of Lorraine, the Cardinal's secretary, M. Nau, passed into the service of Mary Stuart, and while M. Nau resided with her at Sheffield, and thenceforward managed her correspondence, his brother, M. Fontenay, became one of her many agents abroad, and passed his time carrying her messages, and advocating her cause in Rome, Paris, and Madrid. He too occasionally visited her at Sheffield, and when the last defeat of the Lords gave her back her spirits and her energy, she sent M. Fontenay through France to Scotland to see her son, to urge the execution of Lindsay and the Abbot of Dunfermline, to

arrange a common course of action, and bring him above all to consent to the long-talked-of association.

M. Fontenay's letters from the Scotch Court are long and complicated, but they bring the scene and the actors in it upon the stage with a completeness which leaves nothing to be desired.[1] 'The King,' wrote M. Fontenay to his brother—and James himself stands before us as we read—'is for his age one of the most remarkable princes that ever lived. He has the three parts of the mind in perfection.[2] He apprehends readily, he judges maturely, he concludes with reason. His memory is full and retentive. His questions are quick and piercing, and his answers solid. Whatever be the subject of conversation, be it religion or anything else, he maintains the view which appears to him to be true and just. In religious argument I have known him establish a point against adversaries who in the main agree with him, and I venture to say that in languages, sciences, and affairs of State, he has more learning than any man in Scotland. In short, he is wonderfully clever, and for the rest, he is full of honourable ambition, and has an excellent opinion of himself. Owing to the terrorism under which he has been brought up, he is timid with the great Lords, and seldom ventures to contradict them. Yet his especial anxiety is to be thought hardy, and a man of courage. He has so good

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[1] These letters fell into the hands of Elizabeth on the seizure of the Queen of Scots' papers at Chartley, and were deciphered by Walsingham's secretary.

[2] The *simplex apprehensio*, *judicium*, and *discursus*, of the logicians.

a will that nothing is too laborious for him. Hearing lately that the Laird of Dun[1] had passed two days and two nights without sleep, he passed three; but if he once finds himself beaten in such exercises, he abhors them ever after. He dislikes dances and music, and amorous talk, and curiosity of dress, and courtly trivialities.[2] He has an especial detestation for earrings.[3] From want of instruction, his manners are rough and uncouth. He speaks, eats, dresses, and plays like a boor, and he is no better in the company of women. He is never still for a moment, but walks perpetually up and down the room, and his gait is sprawling and awkward. His voice is loud, and his words sententious. He prefers hunting to all other amusements, and will be six hours together on horseback, galloping over hill and dale. . . . His body is feeble, yet he is not delicate; in a word, he is an old young man.[4] Three unfavourable points only I observe in him. He does not understand his own insignificance. He is prodigiously conceited, and he underrates other princes. He irritates his subjects by indiscreet and violent attachments. He is idle and careless, too easy and too much given to pleasure, particularly to the chase, leaving his affairs to be managed by Arran, Montrose, and his secretary. Excuses, I know, must be made for so young a man; but it is

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[1] Sir John Erskine.

[2] 'Mignardises du cour.'

[3] Then coming into fashion with French courtiers. Henry III. wore large pendants of pearls, and they may be seen in the early pictures of Charles I.

[4] 'C'est ung vieulx jeune homme.'

to be feared that the habit may grow upon him. I once hinted something of this kind to him. He told me that whatever he seemed, he was aware of everything of consequence that was going on. He could afford to spend time in hunting, for that when he attended to business he could do more in an hour than others could do in a day. He could listen to one man, talk to another, and observe a third. Sometimes he could do five things at once. The Lords could attempt nothing without his knowledge. He had his spies at their chamber-doors evening and morning, who brought him word of all that they were about. He said he was his mother's son in many ways. His body was weak, and he could not work long consecutively, but when he did work he was worth any other six men put together. He had sometimes tried to force himself, and had continued at his desk without interruption for a week, but he was always ill after it. In fact he said he was like a Spanish gennet, which could run one course well, but could not hold out. This was the very expression which he used.'[1]

The personal portrait was drawn for Nau. The political and spiritual account was given to Mary Stuart, and was far less favourable. It was unnecessary, Fontenay told her, to urge her son to severity against the ministers of the Kirk, for he was himself sufficiently bent on their destruction;[2] 'indeed, he

[1] Fontenay to Nau, August 5—15, 1584: *MSS.* MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

[2] 'Car il est de soymesmes assez preparé à leur ruine.'

had promised to hang one or two of them as an example to the rest.'

'But I fear,' Fontenay continued, 'that your son may constitute himself head of the Church. He is neither Lutheran nor Calvinist, but in many points much nearer to us. He thinks, for instance, that faith is dead without works, that there is no predestination, and so forth. But he holds a false opinion, though it can be turned to the advantage of Catholics—that faith in God alone is sufficient to save a man, let him belong to what religion he may.[1] As to the Pope, he abhors him,[2] and will not hear his name mentioned. His mind is filled with a thousand villanies about Popes, and monks, and priests.'[3] This last sentence throws a curious light on James's letter to the 'abhorred' Pontiff. With the Duke of Guise also he had not been entirely sincere.

August. So far as concerned Lindsay and the Abbot of Dunfermline, his replies were entirely satisfactory.[4] But Fontenay had been instructed also to make arrangements for the coming over of the Duke; and he found, to his surprise, that while James was most unwilling that the Duke should go to England without his participation, he was not particularly anxious to see

[1] 'Il tient une faulse opinion, qui toutefois est profitable aux Catholiques. C'est que la seule foy en Dieu suffist pour sauver l'homme en quelque religion que ce soyt.'

[2] 'Quant au Pape, il l'abhorre extrêmement.'

[3] Fontenay to the Queen of Scots, August 5—15: *MSS.* MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

[4] 'Quant aux instructions secretes, le Roy me promit ce que ensuit, pour le premier article la mort de Mylord Lindsay et de l'Abbé de Dunfermline.'—Fontenay to the Queen of Scots, August 5—15: *MSS.* MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

his cousin in Scotland. He was afraid of Spain. He was afraid of the Pope. He objected to foreign troops; preferring, if the invasion were to take place, that only Scots should be employed upon it. If Guise conquered England he feared he might be inclined to keep it, or else Philip might be inclined to keep it. It could not be for his sake, he said, that his mother had been conspiring with these people, for she had been busy at it for fifteen years. It was that she herself might recover her liberty, and possibly the Scotch crown. Moreover the secret was out—the King of France objected. The Queen of England had received notice, and was on her guard. All that Fontenay could gather from him was that he would not renounce the scheme entirely. He would keep it as a second string to his bow, in case the Queen of England would not come to terms with him. He professed to wish well to his mother, but his tone was cold. Fontenay observed that he asked few questions about her, showed no curiosity about her health, her treatment, or her occupations.

On the third point of importance that was spoken of, the association in the throne, he was equally unsatisfactory. Mary Stuart had not been easy about him. She knew that at one time he had been ready to sacrifice her if he could obtain his own recognition. She had hoped better things since the late revolution, but she was not certain, and she had charged Fontenay, if he trifled, to threaten him with her curse. He tried to evade the question when Fontenay brought it before him. He went off upon the detestation which he had

felt always for those who had ill-used her, especially for Knox and Buchanan. When Fontenay indicated what might be in store for him, he trembled and was evidently frightened. He promised to pass the Association Act; but Fontenay's impression was that, so long as Arran and his infamous wife were in favour, it could never be. Both the Earl and Countess were clever, subtle, avaricious, ambitious persons, extremely adroit, untroubled with scruples, and utterly opposed to Mary Stuart's restoration in any form or shape.

A fourth point was marriage. James had promised to let his mother choose his bride for him, and he gave fresh assurances to the same purpose. Yet Fontenay learnt that he was actually speculating on a marriage with Elizabeth, as his surest road to the English crown.[1] She was old and would soon die, and he would then be his own master. Or, again, there was another plan, that he should marry Elizabeth's cousin, Lord Hunsdon's daughter, with a condition of being declared next heir in England; Lady Arran pointedly telling Fontenay that the King need not wait for his mother's death, and had but to separate his cause from hers to obtain a declaration in his favour immediately.

Once more Mary Stuart had desired that James would present a formal demand to Elizabeth for her re-

[1] 'Madame, non obstant ceste honneste response, Sir R. Melville et aultres conseillers d'Estat m'ont asseuré qu'il faict traicter par Gray son marriage avec la Royne d'Angleterre. Le Comte d'Arran luy ayant persuadé de le faire s'il se veult asseurer la couronne d'Angleterre.'—Fontenay to the Queen of Scots, August 5—15: *MSS.* MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

lease. Thus much at least she had a right to expect from him, and again his professions were most warm. But the same subtle influence was at work to persuade him that so long as her life was in no danger—'for that would touch his honour'—it would be more convenient 'that she should remain in captivity some years longer.' If she was free, she would disturb Scotland, and perhaps take the crown from him; perhaps, also, 'she might marry again, being still of an age to bear children.'

Coming to him as this information did from Sir Robert Melville and other of the Queen of Scots' best friends, Fontenay had not been able to discredit it; he had therefore asked James frankly, how much of it was true; whether it was possible that he meant, after all, to forsake his mother and sell himself to the false Englishwoman. James had given him a sharp answer, saying he would take good care of his mother, but bidding Fontenay be less curious in matters which did not concern him. It was equivalent to a confession. Fontenay discovered that an intrigue of some kind with England was undoubtedly going forward. The King, it was likely, really would marry Elizabeth if she would have him, and, at any rate, had a most dangerous inclination towards an alliance with her. He pretended that he was deceiving her. But he had recently entertained Davison, the English ambassador, at a banquet in Edinburgh Castle; and Fontenay, who was present, told Mary Stuart he had seen noblemen, pretending to be her friends, contending for the honour of kissing the

Englishman's hands. He said he looked at James, and James had blushed and turned pale.[1]

Nor was Arran the King's only dangerous adviser. The young, treacherous, and accomplished Master of Gray had been for some time stealing his way into Scotch diplomacy. He had been in Paris with Guise, and had shared the secrets of the great conspiracy. Like Arran, he had professed to be devoted to the Queen of Scots. He had once proposed to lead a party of horse to Sheffield, cut her out, and carry her off; but, like Arran, he hated her at heart, wished her to remain for ever a prisoner, and was in favour of a reconciliation with Elizabeth. Gray was a politician of the school of Maitland of Lethington, to whom 'God' was 'a bogle of the nursery;' and his theory was a bad copy of the tyrannous type of Anglicanism, the destruction of the Kirk and the establishment of episcopacy, with the King for head of the Church—Protestantism overthrown and a decent State system erected on its ruins with a contemptuous infidelity at the root.

'Money and preferment,' wrote Fontenay, 'are the only Sirens which charm the Lords of Scotland. To preach to them of duty to their Prince, of honour, justice, virtue, noble actions, the memory of an illustrious life which they should bequeath to their posterity,

[1] 'Je voyois tous les Seigneurs, tant l'inconstance de ce monde est grande, courir à l'envie l'un de l'autre pour baiser les mains de ce venerable Angloys et à le caresser en presence du Roy, qui rougissoit et pâlissoit, me voyant, ma face luy presentant continuelment l'idée de vostre Majesté.' — Fontenay à la Reyne d'Escosse, 5—15 Août: *MSS.* MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

they count the merest folly. They can discourse of these things like the best of the philosophers, but in their deeds they are like the Athenians, who know what is good but will not do it. To our sorrow, they will not look beyond the points of their shoes. They care nothing for the future and less for the past.'

There was but one way, M. Fontenay sadly concluded, in which his mistress could recover the devotion of the Scottish nation. She must buy it. Every one was poor, every one was extravagant, and every one was corrupt. The King himself was so impoverished, that though he had but a handful of servants, he could neither pay nor feed them. He was deep in debt, and lived by borrowing, yet he was so thoughtless, that if his French cousins sent him money he gave it or flung it away.[1]

For the first time in these letters Mary Stuart was presented with an authentic picture of her son. She had dreamt of him, through the weary years of her imprisonment, as her coming champion and avenger. She had slaved, she had intrigued, she had brought her kinsmen in France to espouse his cause. His image had been the one bright spot in the gloomy circle of her thoughts, and this was the end. Here he stood before her drawn by no enemy's pen, but by the hand of her own devoted servant, coarse, ugly, vulgar, uncouth, inflated with vanity and selfishness, and careless whether she lived or died. It must have been a terrible

[1] Fontenay à la Reyne d'Escosse, 5—15 Août: *MSS.* Mary Queen of Scots.

moment, perhaps the worst that she had ever known in all her miserable life. He had gratified her revenge, for in doing so he gratified himself. In all else he threatened to be the most dangerous obstacle which had yet risen in her path. The only hold that she possessed upon him was through his fears. He was craven at heart, he dreaded her malediction,[1] and he knew that she would not spare him.

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[1] 'Il est fort craintive de la malediction de Dieu et de vostre Majesté.'—M. Fontenay à la Reyne d'Escosse, 5—15 Août: MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

CHAPTER LXVII.

THE BOND OF ASSOCIATION.

IN a review of the state of England, written in the year 1585, Lord Burghley describes the Queen as 'for her own person inwardly loved by all that loved God, and professed true religion;' and the realm 'in outward shew by order of Justice, obedient, and disposed to peace.' The people, he said, 'were generally rich and able to endure all reasonable charges for the national defence;' and a 'great multitude, gentlemen, merchants, and vulgar people, especially in good towns where they were taught by discreet preachers, were very zealous towards God, and earnestly bent to all service for her Majesty's safety.'[1]

Protestantism, on the Continent, had brought with it war and misery. In England, the affinity between the more genuine creed and material prosperity, had opportunity to show itself. The manufacturers of Ghent and Bruges, leaving the grass to grow in the

[1] Memorial of the State of the Realm, in Lord Burghley's hand, November 28, 1585: *MSS. Domestic.*

streets of their own splendid cities, had transferred their capital and their arts to London and to Bristol. For every languid English gentleman, who had fled to France to enjoy the consolations of the Catholic religion, a hundred Flemish artisans sought the Island where they could toil in safety with their families, worship after their own fashion, and eat the fruit of their labours. The thousand ships, which in the old times had sought annually the waters of the Scheldt, now discharged their cargoes on the wharves between London and Blackwall; and the great English commercial companies were absorbing the trade of the world, while the Castiles were drained of their manhood to feed the Flanders armies or defend the Empire of the two Indies. Gallicia, Portugal, and Andalusia, were saved from periodic famines by English corn. The Inquisition itself had at length bowed before the mystery of Providence which had given plenty to heretics, and need and hunger to true believers; and Philip, waiting for the time when Guise or Parma should have conquered their wealth for the servants of the Church, was compelled meanwhile to invite to his harbours, by special privileges and favours, the insolent Islanders who brought food to his perishing subjects. New markets were opened daily for the fast-increasing manufactures, and difficulties only served to call out fresh resources. A trade had sprung up with the East. Cargoes of woollen and hardware had been shipped by the Russian company to the Neva, carried thence by caravans to Astracan, and thence by the Caspian into Persia. The Court of Denmark, tempted by the opportunity, had

raised the Sound dues. The company replied by sending their ships to Archangel, establishing factories on the Dwina and the Volga, and taking possession, by permission of the Czar, of those two great arteries of the Russian Empire.[1]

The Holy See had forbidden the faithful to hold dealings with the Infidels. The trade with Turkey and Morocco had passed in consequence from the Genoese and the Venetians to Protestant England. An English house was established at Constantinople. The cannon, with which Sultan Amurath was threatening the Shah, were cast of tin and copper which had been dug out of the Cornish mines. Turkey, it was feared, would stretch her frontier eastward with English help, control the navigation of the Persian Gulf, and endanger the Spanish settlements in the eastern seas.[2]

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[1] The performances of the Russian companies form the subject of an elaborate and admiring despatch of Mendoza. 'Los Ingleses,' he writes, 'para libertarse de no dar los derechos al Rey de Dinamarca que le pagaban de las mercaderias que trayan y llevaban á Moscovia, intentáron navegar la vuelta del Oriente por el mar glacial á Sant Nicolas, saliendo con la dicha navegacion en el año 1550, la cual han continuado llevando desde ally sus mercaderias por el Rio Duyna á Conlobrod, de donde los encaminan por el Rio Vstning, y de alli embarcandolas por el de Suctranam, salen con ellas al Rio de Volga en seis dias de jornada, distancia que la hace en dos gente de á caballo, en los cuales llevan las mercaderias; y puestas en el de Volga, navegan por el dicho Rio al mar Caspio ó Yrcanico. Para poder hacer esta navegacion con mas comodidad y entretenir el comercio, han edificado cuatro aduanas y casas en las cuatro partes arriba dichas para poner las mercaderias y poderlas encaminar en el tiempo mas conveniente. Assimismo por ser Señores de la dicha navegacion han tratado en edificar una casa á una Isla que se llama Cola,' &c.—Mendoza à Su Mag^{d}, 15 de Mayo, 1582: *MSS Simancas.*

[2] 'Assimismo por haber empezado de dos años á esta parte la navegacion que continuan en Levante, y serlos

The prosperity of England however was the creation of the people. The action of the Government was only sound when it was passive, and in its active aspects presented the same features which characterized its diplomacy. The public policy of the country was directed, so far as Elizabeth would permit, by Burghley and Walsingham, who with Sadler, Mildmay, Knowles, Bedford, and Bromley, were the healthy elements of the council. But by the side of these were the circle of favourites, hateful as the minions of Henry of France, who, not contented with monopolies, the farming of the customs, and the more common forms of corruption, polluted even the administration of justice itself, and took bribes to save felons from execution.[1]

The Channel pirates, who had been first patronized into distinction by Lord Seymour of Sudley, had grown so bold by secret favour that they occupied the Solent in force, levied black mail upon the coasters, from St Helen's Roads to Poole, and carried on their trade in

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de mucho fructo á causa de la cantidad de estaño y plomo que llevan, mercaderias que pagan los Turcos casi á peso de oro por ser el estaño forçoso para la fundicion de la artilleria, y el plomo necessarissimo para la guerra, y tanta importancia cuanto se dexa ver, por la excommunion y *ipso facto* que tiene puesta la Sede Apostolica á cualquiera que administre ó vende á inficles semejantes cosas.' &c.—Ibid. Compare Mendoza to Philip, January 6, 1583: *MSS. Simancas.*

[1] Fleetwood, the Recorder of London, writing to Burghley, says: 'My Lord, there is a saying, when the Court is farthest from London, then there is the best justice done in England. I once heard a great personage in office, yet living, say the same words. It is grown for a trade now in the Court to make means for reprieves. Twenty pounds for a reprieve is nothing, though it be but for ten days.'—Fleetwood to Burghley, July 7, 1585: WRIGHT, vol. ii.

open day, under the very guns of the Queen's ships at Portsmouth. M. de Ségur, Henry of Navarre's ambassador, had to wait, on his return, at Southampton, till an armed escort could be provided for him. Even vessels lying at the pier there were not safe from plunder.[1]

The especial nursery of dishonesty remained, as before, Elizabeth's peculiar province, the Church. So long as a single turn of the wheel, a violent revolution, or the Queen's death, might place a Catholic on the throne, the Established Church held a merely conditional existence. It had no root in the nation, for every earnest man who was not a Puritan was a Catholic; and its officers, for the most part, regarded their tenures as an opportunity for enriching themselves, which would probably be short, and should in prudence be made use of while it remained. The worst abuses of the unreformed system were revived or continued. Benefices were impropriated to laymen, sold, or accumulated upon favourites. Churches in many places were left unserved, and coblers and tailors were voted by the congregations into the pulpits.[2]

[1] 'Je vous diray aussy que l'embouchure de cette havre est si bien gardé par les pirates, que hier un passagier de Jersey, se voulant mettre en mer, fut attaqué et contreint de rentrer dans ceste rivière. Je ne pouvois prendre ung plus mauvais lieu pour m'embarquer que cestuicy, car la plus part des pirates de ce pays sont entre l'Isle de Wick et la Poole, où il fault necessairement que je passe; et quelques navires de la Royne estants à Portsmouth deliveroyent toute cette coste de ces brigans, qui ne se contentent de voler ceulx qui sont en mer, mais d'avantage viennent dans les havres piller les marchands et mesmes jusques devant ceste ville qui est dix ou douze milles dans terre.'—M. de Ségur to Walsingham, December 15, 1584: *MSS. France, Rolls House.*

[2] 'In many places the people have

'The bishops,' said Cecil, 'had no credit either for learning, good living, or hospitality. The bishops who by their teaching and devotion, and relieving of the poor, ought to have won credit among the people, were generally covetous, and were rather despised than reverenced or beloved.'[1] The Archbishop of York had scandalized his province by being found in bed with the wife of an innkeeper at Doncaster.[2] Other prelates, for reasons known to themselves, had bestowed ordination 'on men of lewd life and corrupt behaviour.' The Bishop of Lichfield had made seventy 'lewd and unlearned ministers, for money,' in one day.[3] The entire

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no services at all, but are driven to resort to other churches; or else they choose some one that can read meanly, and that office lighteth upon base conditioned men of occupation, as a tailor, a shoemaker, a smith, or such like.'—Memorial of the State of the Realm. In Burghley's hand, November 28, 1585: *MSS. Domestic.*

[1] Ibid.

[2] The Archbishop was the victim of a conspiracy to extort money. The wife went into his room with her husband's consent. The husband, with Sir Robert Stapleton, a Catholic gentleman of the North, waited a quarter of an hour at the door, and then entered and found her with the Archbishop in bed. The Archbishop protested that she was not there with his consent, but he was so imprudent as to give the husband 500*l.* to hold his tongue. This was not enough however. The man's repeated demands became too heavy to be borne. The Archbishop refused to yield to them. The story came out, and commissioners were sent down from London to examine into the case. Though they did not condemn the Archbishop, they were at first less favourable to him than he had hoped. The Queen however stood his friend. Ultimately the wife declared that she had been set on by her husband, and the innkeeper and Stapleton were both punished. A letter from Walsingham to the Archbishop, with which the records of inquiry close, is not exactly what would have been written to a wholly innocent man. But the Archbishop was old, and had probably been only foolish.—*Domestic MSS.* 1582-3. Compare STRYPE, Annals, vol. iii.

[3] *Domestic MSS.* February 27, 1585.

Bench was 'noted' as avaricious. They had commenced business at the beginning of the reign 'with alienating their livelihoods for the use of their children,' giving their families the lands of the sees on leases renewable for ever. Parliament having interfered, 'they gathered wealth by sparing,' or made their fortunes, with the help of the courtiers, 'by yielding to make grants of their lands to the Queen's Majesty, not for her profit, but to be granted by her Majesty to the bishops' friends, so as they would part stakes with such as could obtain such suits of her Majesty.'[1]

To the Queen these performances were not of vital moment. She required qualities in her bishops which were not compatible with elevation of character. The Protestants believed in God, and in duties which no earthly authority could supersede. The Catholics believed in the Church, in the Church as superior to Kings. Elizabeth preferred persons whom she could 'sound from their lowest note to the top of their compass,' and she accepted moral defects in consideration of spiritual complacency. Had they remained like the Scotch tulchans, they might have been borne with; but in her hatred of the Puritans she allowed them to indulge in persecution, and to mimic over again in their courts the insolent tyranny of the old prelates; they were encouraged to revive the proceedings which had formed the subject of the first grand complaint of the House of Commons, and 'by practices savouring rather

[1] Memorial by Lord Burghley, November 28, 1585: *MSS. Domestic.*

of the Romish Inquisition,' by 'devices rather to seek for offenders than reform them,'[1] they sowed the wind which was reaped afterwards in the whirlwind by Charles I. and Laud.

Whitgift and his companions however were not trusted, as yet, with very large authority. The contumely with which Elizabeth treated them in public relieved the apprehensions which might otherwise have been entertained of her purposes, and in other respects her Government was popular—popular even for its faults. The Queen, fond as she was of money, abstained from direct demands upon her subjects' purses. A Sovereign surrounded by enemies, and threatened with invasion and insurrection, might have reasonably demanded funds of Parliament to maintain a standing army. Elizabeth preferred to depend on the spontaneous loyalty of the people, to keep the Catholic powers at arm's length by diplomacy, and trust to Providence or time. She was 'tempting God,' in Burghley's opinion, 'by hoping upon His goodness by way of miracle;' but nothing which she could have done would have as effectually conciliated disaffection. The ugly visage of the tax-gatherer was rarely seen in an English household. The revenues came chiefly from the Crown estates and the customs, and more than one English nobleman now receives and spends a larger income than in the thrifty hands of Elizabeth sufficed for the demands of the empire. Peace and prosperity made more

[1] Burghley to Whitgift, May, 1584: *MSS. Domestic.*

converts to Protestantism than the preachers. Increasing wealth produced a value for security, and ardent Catholic squires, when they found their rents trebled, their marshes drained, and their forests turned to cornland, became less eager for the presence of invading armies of Spaniards. The Pope and the Jesuits came to be regarded first with impatience and then with hatred, even by men who imagined that they retained the faith of their fathers. The Queen had succeeded to the throne by her father's will, by Act of Parliament, and with the consent of Philip himself. Her natural successor was a Catholic, whose claims had been scrupulously respected. Who or what was the Pope that he should pretend to dispose of kingdoms, and send fire and sword among their homesteads? Thus time, in which Elizabeth trusted, was surely working for her. War with Spain might be ultimately inevitable; but the longer it was postponed the smaller the party that Philip would find among her subjects. Had she cared deeply for the cause of the Reformation, her policy would have been as short-sighted as Walsingham believed it to be; but in the sense of preferring justification by faith to justification by the Sacraments, Elizabeth did not care for it at all. Mass or meeting were indifferent to her, provided people would respect the laws and tolerate each other's follies. She coveted no other prince's territories, and desired only to be left in peace to enjoy her own. She regarded the Protestants in France and Scotland and the Netherlands only as instruments that she was at liberty to use when their

Sovereigns threatened her. At any and all times she would have preferred to see them subside peaceably under their natural rulers, with a guarantee against vindictive persecution. Could she purchase safety at home and immunity from attacks from abroad, she considered her first duties to be to her own people; and she would have endured, with regret perhaps but with no inclination to interfere, to see every Calvinist in Europe bound in the tightest fetters which the skill of the Inquisition could forge.

Fortunately for the rest of the world, the complete isolation of England was not possible. English Protestants could not be prevented from making the cause of 'the religion' their own; the Pope refused to abandon his children who were groaning under the yoke of the English Jezebel; and Elizabeth was swept, in spite of herself, into the side eddies of the European whirlpool. She kept clear of the main current. She refused the place which belonged to her at the head of a Protestant confederation; but she bent her genius to neutralize with intrigue the coalitions which, in threatening Protestantism, threatened herself also. If she was often insincere, often dishonest, often mean, her object was at worst moderately good, and frequently supremely wise; and the details of her manœuvres may be half pardoned for the general rectitude of her purpose. She acted as a woman. She broke her faith as man could never have done without compromising for ever, and irredeemably, his character for honour and truth. It is impossible to feel equal resentment at the worst

actions of Elizabeth. The circumstances of her situation, her sex, and the temper that was born with her, bespeak forbearance, which it is just, if it be difficult, to extend towards her. To keep France divided from Spain, and if possible entangle them in war again; to encourage the Huguenots, when the French Crown inclined towards Popery; to protract the struggle in the Netherlands; to sow division between Mary Stuart and James, and to array the Scotch Commons against them both; to hold the English succession undetermined, that all parties and all competitors might be dependent on her pleasure, and therefore remain on their good behaviour—these were the aims of her diplomacy; and she pursued them through promises as loosely broken as they were heedlessly made, and through a consistent series of deceptions, which, if pursued for a personal object, would have been called detestable treachery.

Many times it seemed as if the game was played out, as if France was weary of being trifled with, and the Scotch Protestants of being made use of and sacrificed. Rather perhaps her statecraft was of little service to her at all. Her two main external supports were the long-inherited jealousy between the leading Catholic Powers, and the spirit which had been kindled in the Scots and the Netherlanders. She owed her safety to causes which existed independently of herself and her politics, and her artifices rather impaired than strengthened them.

Scotland and the Low Countries were England's vulnerable points. If Scotland was in the hands of the

Catholics, it would be then a landing-place of the Duke of Guise. If the Netherlands were conquered by Spain, fleets and armies could be organized at leisure in the Scheldt, which a few hours might transport to the Isle of Thanet. Both these dangers would have been obviated by a cordial action with France. From the first hour of the revolt of the United Provinces, the House of Valois would have espoused their cause if Elizabeth would have done the same, and would have been content to share the spoils with her, or make any arrangement which she had pleased to dictate. They would have gone to war alone would she have allowed events to take their course, and the French frontier to be extended to the Rhine. But her object was to entangle them in the war, and yet rob them of the fruits of it. English interests forbade the incorporation of Belgium with France, and as soon as ever the first blow was struck she intended to make her peace with Philip on her own terms. Her diplomatic promises, her treaties, her matrimonial interludes, meant this and only this.

The eagerness of the French Court survived Alençon's ill-treatment. Advances were again made to the English ambassador 'after the misfortune at Antwerp,' for 'a union against the Spaniards,'[1] a union which Catherine de Medici represented 'as the sovereignest thing that could be for all Christendom.' It had been prevented hitherto, as Walsingham admitted, by the fear

[1] Stafford to Walsingham, February 23—March 5, 1584: *MSS. France.*

that when the war had begun 'her Majesty would make her peace to the ruin and overthrow of the French King;' and Walsingham, who agreed with Catherine, advised his mistress to disarm suspicion by a frank and cordial reply. Elizabeth, too clever to be simple and straightforward, directed Sir Edward Stafford to entertain the French advances with encouraging speeches, and 'to stir up the French King' to save the Low Countries. But she did not mean 'herself to be drawn into the war.' 'She would wade no further into the action' than might be necessary for the temptation of her good brother to plunge into it, and she rather took credit to herself for magnanimity, that she did not intend for the moment to take advantage 'of the going together by the ears' of the two monarchs.[1]

Thus the negotiation dragged along, barren of results, while Parma, by intrigue and force, narrowed month by month the circle of independence, and enclosed the Prince of Orange within the ring of the union of Utrecht. England was only saved from invasion because Spain and France could not coalesce, and neither Power would suffer the other to act by itself. Spain similarly was left to work its will upon the Netherlands, because Elizabeth would not let France move alone, and would not act without France or along with it.

At this moment a crisis was brought on by the death of two persons, one of whom, by his birth, the other by

[1] Walsingham to Stafford, March 9—19, and March 27—April 6: *MSS. France.* Walsingham to Davison, June 3—13, 1584: *MSS. Scotland.*

the greatness of his character, formed the hinges of the fortunes of Europe. Elizabeth's lover was the first to go.

Mortification, and perhaps debauchery, working on a feeble constitution, threw Alençon into a fever, of which he died at Château Thiery on the 31st of May.[1] The King of Navarre was now actually heir-presumptive—a Huguenot heir-presumptive in France, as the Catholic Mary Stuart was heir-presumptive in England. The Guises, the Jesuits, the great section of the French nation which had executed or approved the massacre of St Bartholomew, were known to have resolved never to submit to the accession of a Protestant, and a protracted civil war had therefore become a certainty. The French King and his mother proclaimed openly their intention of recognizing the King of Navarre's rights. Walsingham advised his mistress to take the same line, and at once to send some one to him with congratulations, and with offers, if it was needed, of support.

Elizabeth however had yet to give the last touch to her relations with the lost Alençon. She put the Court in mourning, she shut herself up in the palace, affecting to be overwhelmed with sorrow. She 'could by no means be brought to yield' to Walsingham's suggestion. 'She did allege she could not love the King of Navarre, who was to succeed one whom she loved so entirely.'[2] She described herself to Mauvissière as a forlorn widow who was robbed of her dearest treasure. 'She is a

[1] June 9.

[2] Walsingham to Stafford, July 2—12: *MSS. France.*

Princess,' the ambassador cynically remarked, 'who can act any part she pleases.'[1] 'Monsieur is dead,' wrote Walsingham. 'Melancholy doth so possess us as both public and private causes are at a stay for a season.'[2]

The affected sorrow was rudely interrupted. Francis Throgmorton, after first confessing the conspiracy, then denying it, then acknowledging it again, and throwing himself on Elizabeth's mercy, had been tried and executed. On the back of his punishment a book had appeared in London, written by one of the seminary priests, comparing the Queen to Holofernes, and exhorting the ladies of the palace to furnish a Judith among them; and while search was being made for the author and publisher, the teaching received a practical commentary in the assassination, completed at last, of the Prince of Orange.

Three attempts had been made since the failure of Jaureguy, again instigated by Philip, or Philip's emissaries. An Italian, Pietro Dordogno, tried it in the preceding March; a Flushing merchant repeated the experiment in April, both with ill-success; a French officer who had been taken prisoner by the Spaniards obtained his liberty by promising to do it, and himself sent word to the Prince to be on his guard. The theory of the Catholics was that Orange was the chief cause of

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[1] 'Avec plusieurs aultres telz propoz, selon qu'elle est Princesse qui se peult et sçait composer et transformer comme il luy plaist.'—Mauvissière au Roy, 28 Juillet: TEULET, vol. iii.

[2] Walsingham to Davison, June 17—27: *MSS. Scotland.*

the misfortunes of the faith, and that to take him away would be an act of mercy to mankind. He was outlawed—a price was set upon his head, and every insane fanatic, and every broken scoundrel in Europe, was looking wistfully at the short road which was open to him to honour and glory and wealth. One after another they came to Parma with proposals to undertake the adventure—one after another they had been rejected as incapable, or had run their fortune and perished. At length, in the same spring of 1584, there came a mean, shabby-looking lad named Balthazar Gerard, from Villefans, in Burgundy, who, after dwelling for years upon the idea, till it had become a destiny to him, had collected his nerves for the venture. Parma expected little from his appearance. He told him merely that if he succeeded he might count on his reward, and let him go.

Balthazar, meaning if possible to live to enjoy his promised wealth and dignity, presented himself at Delft, where the Prince was residing, and pretending to be a Calvinist whose father had been executed for religion, applied for employment. The Prince took him into his household, and he remained watching for a chance of striking when he could hope to escape. It was slow in coming, for the Prince had grown careful, and his friends were careful for him. Balthazar however grew in favour. When the Duke of Alençon died, he was in France, in the suite of a gentleman who had been sent on a mission to the Court, and he was chosen to carry the news to Delft. Orange, eager to hear particulars, sent for him to his bedroom. He told his story. Being

unarmed he could then do nothing, but he had gained a more confidential footing. Not to be unprovided a second time, he bought a pair of pistols, which he carried always concealed about him; and a few days after,[1] as the Prince was passing from his dining-room, he stepped from behind a pillar on the staircase, and fired three poisoned balls into his body. The aim was sure, and the poison was unneeded. The Prince fell, was lifted back into the room which he had just quitted, and died in a few minutes. Balthazar bounded out of the house, and had reached the town wall. His Spanish countship, broad lands, and the order of St Jago were almost within reach; but he was not quick enough. He was caught and dragged to the prison. The people expended their despair upon his miserable carcase. They flogged him with knotted cords. They cut his flesh with split quills. They dipped him in salt water, and wrapped him in a shirt soaked with vinegar and brandy. He defied their ingenuity. He told them that he had killed a villain who had caused the deaths of half a million of men; that he would soon be a saint in heaven, and would have the first place there next to God. They left him for a night in his pain. In the morning they wrenched him on the rack, they plucked his flesh from him with red-hot pincers, they tortured him to death by inches of infinite agony. The fainting wretch, pointing at his body in his frenzy, shrieked only Ecce Homo.[2]

July.

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[1] June 29—July 9.

[2] Punishment of the traitor that murdered the Prince of Orange, July 4—14, 1584: *MSS. Holland.*

Torment could not break the spirit of the murderer, but neither could it bring back to life the illustrious person who had been the bulwark of Elizabeth's throne. Murray in Scotland, Coligny at Paris, and now the Prince of Orange, the three champions who had best defended God's cause and hers, had fallen all in the same way, and the augury to herself was frightful. In part too it was her own fault. Had there been a Protestant League in Europe, had all the countries which had revolted from the See of Rome been compacted in organized union, there would have been less temptation to assassinate individuals whose places would have been immediately filled. She and only she had made a confederation impossible. She had left the Reformation to be maintained by the disunited efforts of a few heroic men, and the enemy could hope always that they alone were the obstacles to the recovery of their dominion.

If Elizabeth however had caused the danger, she also shared it in her own person, and in the highest degree. No single life—not the life of Orange himself—was of so much moment as hers, and the risk to which she was exposed threw England into an agony of apprehension. She cared little for her own person. Then and always she held her life supremely cheap. But she was startled, as she had been startled when Murray was murdered, out of her political languor. So long as Orange lived, she knew that he would fight to the last, and she had been content to profit by his resolution, and leave him to his own resources. Now it seemed but too likely that the Provinces, having lost their chief, and seeing them-

selves apparently deserted both by France and England, would give up in despair, and leave Philip free to settle his accounts with herself. Wade was despatched in haste to the Hague, to prevent a hasty resolution. Sir Philip Sidney was to have gone to France to condole on Alençon's death, and to carry the Garter to the King. To the honorary mission a political instruction was attached to accept the French proposal for joint action in the Low Countries, as a thing 'which could no longer be deferred without manifest peril and danger to the whole of Christendom.'[1]

The French council so thoroughly distrusted Elizabeth that, eager as they were, and ready as the King was to defy Spain and the League, to place Henry of Navarre at the head of his army, and fall with all his force on the Prince of Parma, they would not this time respond as they had done before. The Queen did not deserve their confidence, and she could not recover it. Sir Edward Stafford, to whom Walsingham wrote of Sidney's coming, was obliged to answer that it would not be welcome. The Queen-mother made excuses without being discourteous, and in a few days it appeared that deputies from the States were in Paris, and that France was treating with them separately.[2]

Elizabeth sent for Mauvissière, and after a prelude of tears for the lost Alençon, she said that if her husband was taken from her, she could still marry his country,

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[1] Walsingham to Stafford, July 6—16; Instructions to Sir Philip Sidney, July 8—18: *MSS. France.*

[2] Stafford to Walsingham, July 17—27: *MSS.* Ibid.

and that her one desire was to see France and England united in defence of the Netherlands. She had been insincere before, and the ambassador saw no reason to believe that she had changed her nature. He replied that in all his transactions with her he had found nothing but words. She had commenced an alliance with the Protestants. She had played with M. Ségur. She had pretended marriage to France, while underhand she had been treating with Spain, and if Spain had been willing she would have renewed the League between her father and Charles V. When France would have gone to war at her will, she had drawn back. She had meant only to tempt his master into trouble, and then leave him there.

It was perfectly true. She protested, but Mauvissière silenced her denials. She had aimed only, as he proved, at protracting time. She had shown an absolute disregard of her word. She had sought nothing but her own interests, whether honourably or dishonourably she did not seem to care, and France, he said, could believe her no longer.

She had, in fact, as Walsingham told Stafford, 'grown to half a resolution' to act straightforwardly;[1] and the state of mind was so unusual with her that she mistook it easily for a settled purpose. She assured the ambassador, on her word of honour, that if France would now rely upon her, and send an army into the Netherlands, her own navy should go to the West Indies and capture or destroy the gold fleets.

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[1] Walsingham to Stafford, July 17—27: *MSS. France.*

She was so positive that she in part talked down his distrust. He gave her some faint hope, though not much. He told Sidney that if he went to Paris after all, he would find it his interest to be frank; but he refused for himself to be the instrument of further negotiation. He had found so many changes in England, he said, so much uncertainty, so many artifices, not to call them by the harder name of lies, that if a league was to be made, others, and not he, must be the instruments of it.[1] There was no time to be lost. St Aldegonde wrote from Antwerp that unless England or France interposed, the cause of the States was really lost; that Parma offered easy terms, and that they had but to submit for all to be forgotten. Roger Williams, an English officer in the States' service, confirmed St Aldegonde. If the Hollanders saw that England would not help them, they were in a humour to insist on peace.[2] August.

After the submission of the States, it was quite certain that England's turn would come next. Parma, Guise, James, Pope, Jesuits, Papists—all would fall on Elizabeth together, with results which could hardly be doubtful.

There was the old uncertainty whether the English nation would approve of an aggressive war, of the rea-

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[1] 'Mais que par deçà il y avoit trop d'artifices, finesses et variations, lesquelles à la fin, je craignois, ne fussent appelées tromperies, dont je ne voulois plus estre ministre.'—Mauvissière au Roy, 18—28 Juillet; A la Reine Mère, 18—28 Août: TEULET, vol. iii.

[2] St Aldegonde to Walsingham, July 22—August 1; Roger Williams to Walsingham, September 4—14: *MSS. Holland.*

sons for which most of them might be ignorant. The old league with Spain was still popular with the country party, and Spaniards were now the best customers for English wares; Parliament might refuse supplies, and the war, after being commenced, might have to be abandoned. Yet Burghley, who himself drew out the objections in the strongest form, considered them weaker than the arguments for energy. He held it 'less perilous to encounter the enemy abroad at the side of powerful allies than to wait to meet him single-handed at home with a prospect of rebellion at his back.'[1] He recommended the Queen to complete her half-formed purpose, and at once, and on all sides, nerve herself for the struggle: to call Parliament, and throw herself heartily on the loyalty and advice of her people; to communicate with the King of Navarre; to spare no expense in conciliating Scotland and its King; and lastly, as the Alpha and Omega, to remember that there was something in religion, that it was not a mere idle name, and that subjects well ruled, and taught to fear God, were the sovereign's best supports in time of danger.[2]

In this case she would have to fall back after all on the despised 'brothers in Christ.' The pill would be a bitter one, and Walsingham considered that sooner than submit to it—sooner than abandon once and for ever her fiddling policy—she would prefer, 'unless God

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[1] Considerations on the death of the Prince of Orange, 1584: *MSS. Holland.*

[2] Ibid

opened her eyes to see what was best for her State,' to see Belgium become part of France.[1]

What she would do depended on the success of a fresh intrigue which she had opened at the Scotch Court. By promises which she never meant to fulfil she had tempted Angus and Mar and Gowrie into conspiracy. Gowrie's head stood by the side of Morton's, and Angus and Mar and the Protestant ministers were in exile, and every tried friend of hers and of England had been banished from James's presence.

As has been already said however a party had formed itself at the Scotch Court in imitation of the English *via media*, of which the Earl of Arran was the head and representative. Gorged alike with the plunder of Hamiltons and Douglases, the reigning favourite dreaded equally both Catholic and Protestant. He was afraid of the return, afraid even of the release of Mary Stuart. He preferred that she should remain under a cloud in England, and he had brought James entirely to agree with him. There were thus many points of sympathy, notwithstanding Gowrie's overthrow, between him and the Queen of England, and to have ruined those who had hitherto been her staunchest supporters was not necessarily to quarrel with herself. Both the King and Elizabeth detested Scotch Protestantism. It was an unmanageable force, unavailable for tricks of policy, straightforward, direct, and defiant. To crush this, yet without appearing absolutely to quarrel with religion;

[1] Walsingham to Stafford, August 10—20: *MSS. France.*

to approach the Catholics, yet without submitting to the Pope; to retain his independence and hold himself prepared for any event—this was a course which at once suited Arran's avarice, and James's conception of politics. The object to James was to take such a position, that whether there was a Catholic revolution or whether the Reformation held its ground, the English succession should still be open to him. His plan therefore was to follow the road which had been opened by Lennox, to force bishops upon the Kirk, on the terms on which they were established in England, and to make himself head of the Church on Elizabeth's pattern. Thus prepared he could wait upon fortune. If England was conquered by the Catholic Powers he could plead that he had done his best to destroy Calvinism. If Elizabeth held her ground, he might please her by imitating her example—perhaps tempt her to marry him,[1] induce her at any rate to recognize him as her successor, to the exclusion of his mother, as the price of the Scotch alliance.

It was a game too much after Elizabeth's own method not to attract and interest her. It was something, at any rate, to entertain, to handle, and to play with.

The young King went vigorously forward. After Gowrie's execution a Parliament was called at Edinburgh which gave the Crown supreme ecclesiastical

[1] 'It is true that the wooing matter is set abroad, but we hold it here but for dalliance.'—Walsingham to Davison, July 1—11: *MSS. Scotland.*

jurisdiction, replaced the bishops, and forbade the General Assembly to meet unless summoned by writ. The magistrates were changed throughout the country; the Earl of Arran was made Chancellor, and a commission sat, of which he was the head, to deprive every minister who would not submit to the King and his diocesan. The next step was to make overtures to England. The politeness which was extended suddenly to the English ambassador, Davison, has been seen already in M. Fontenay's letter. James wrote to the Queen, while Arran addressed himself to Lord Hunsdon, with whom he had a personal acquaintance. He was a notorious scoundrel, but Hunsdon undertook for his sincerity. The Queen herself considered that a dirty hand was better than none, and that if she could secure Scotland and keep James apart from his mother, she could dispense with the foreign alliances and leave the Netherlands to their fate. Even Burghley, in despair of ever seeing her assume an honourable attitude, was inclined to venture the experiment. Walsingham would have nothing to do with it, and looked on contemptuously.[1]

It was decided that Hunsdon should go down to Scotland, have an interview with Arran, and hear what

[1] 'Touching the bye course between Hunsdon and Arran, there is nothing to help it but time and trial. You know Hunsdon's passion, whose proximity in blood doth somewhat prevail to enable his credit to more harm than good. And yet herein he should not greatly prevail, were he not countenanced by the Lord Treasurer who deals strangely in the action of Scotland.'—Walsingham to Davison, July 12–22: *MSS. Scotland.*

he had to propose. Fontenay's allusion to one of the Careys as a possible wife for the King of Scots, explains Hunsdon's interest in the intrigue. It seems as if, notwithstanding his vouchers for Arran, he shrunk from personal contact with him. Walsingham offered to bet that Arran would overreach him.[1] He had not liked his commission, and Elizabeth had not mended matters by swearing at him and threatening him with the stocks. 'Being with the Queen yesterday afternoon,' wrote Sir Robert Carey to his father, 'as she was at cards in the presence chamber, she called me and asked when you would be off to Berwick. I said you would begin your journey soon after Whitsuntide. She grew into a great rage, beginning with 'God's wounds,' she would set you by the feet and send another in your place if you dallied with her thus—she would not thus be dallied withal.'[2]

Hunsdon, who had something of his kinswoman's temper, enclosed his son's letter to Burghley, saying 'that he could not bear such language nor obey in such sort as she commanded.' The affair was hanging thus in suspense at the time that the news arrived of the murder of the Prince of Orange. The small and paltry manœuvring was for the moment laid aside, and Walsingham, with Burghley now at his back, half succeeded in persuading his mistress to leave her 'partial practising,' consent in earnest to the league with France, and provide

[1] Mauvissière to the King of France, July 16—26: TEULET, vol. iii.

[2] Sir R. Carey to Lord Hunsdon, June 8—18, 1584: ELLIS. Second Series, vol. iii.

openly for Scotland in a clause of the treaty. It might involve the release of Mary Stuart, with James for a guarantee of her good behaviour; but anything was better than desertion of tried friends and mean alliances with subtle scoundrels. Mary Stuart's detention had lost its importance when her son became of age and was at large. Walsingham would have had the Queen send Mauvissière to Sheffield, to offer the Queen of Scots liberty and restoration on condition of her joining England and France in the league against Spain, and would have left the paltry boy at Edinburgh to digest his discomfiture at his leisure.

It might not be. Elizabeth never chose a straight road when a crooked one was open to her; and 'the bye course,' as Walsingham called it, carried the day. Money was sent to Arran, and Hunsdon, with his ruffled dignity soothed down, was despatched upon his way to conciliate Arran, to flatter the King, to persuade them both that they would best consult their interests by connecting themselves with Elizabeth, and to dance the bauble of the English Crown before James's eager eyes.[1] A high commission court sat at Lambeth, with Whitgift at the head of it, to persecute English Nonconformists, while the new Scotch prelates were at the same work across the Border. The dignitaries of the two Churches were brought into correspondence. Patrick Adamson, calling himself Archbishop of St Andrews, wrote to Whitgift to use his influence, to 'the

[1] Mauvissière to the King of France, July 16—26: TEULET, vol. iii.

discomfort' of the four ministers who had fled from Edinburgh to Berwick; and 'the Archbishop of Canterbury and other of the clergy,' Walsingham bitterly said, 'so prevailed with the Queen, as they were neither suffered to preach nor no man durst harbour them for fear of offence.' [1]

Hunsdon meanwhile went as he was ordered, and the Earl of Arran came to meet him on the Border. They had an interview in Foulden Church, a few miles from Berwick, where the Scotch favourite succeeded as absolutely as he could have desired in imposing upon the Englishman's simplicity. Lord Rothes and five or six of James's councillors attended the Earl to the meeting, and during the conversation 'walked for above five hours in the churchyard, seeming all but as servants.' Arran was fluent and confident. His arrogance passed for evidence of power, and he dazzled his companion with shows and scraps of classic learning.[2] He was one of those to whom 'heaven was but a conceit to make fools fayne,' and 'hell a boggell to fley bairns;' one 'who esteemed religion and worshipping of God but a superstitious terrour to the consciences of the people to hold them in awe and obedience.' [3] He told Hunsdon that he had the King in his hand; that through him Elizabeth might, if she pleased, be secure

[1] Walsingham to Davison, August 13—23: *MSS. Scotland.*

[2] 'The King bears but the name, and he the sway. If I can judge of a wise man, I think him one, and one of the best tongues that I have heard. He has a princely presence. Latin is rife with him, and sometimes Greek.'—Hunsdon to Burghley, August 14—24: *MSS.* Ibid.

[3] CALDERWOOD.

of Scotland, on the simple conditions of deserting Angus and Mar and the Hamiltons, disowning the ministers, backing up the bishops, and recognizing James as her next heir. This done, he said that he would reveal all the secrets of the foreign conspiracy, and would expose the intrigues of the Queen of Scots.

Hunsdon ventured to ask him whether James too had not been a party to those conspiracies, had not contemplated a change of creed, and had not conversed with Jesuits from Rheims? Arran confidently answered that it was all a Protestant slander. 'The King had never seen a Jesuit nor knew that a Jesuit had been in the realm.' 'It was utterly false that he had ever dealt with the Pope, the King of Spain, or the King of France, to the prejudice of her Majesty.'[1] This was too much: Hunsdon might be deceived, but not Walsingham or Burghley. The part was overdone. It would have been safer to have confessed the whole truth —to have admitted both for his master and himself that they had been playing as Elizabeth had been playing with all sides, but that they were ready to sell themselves if she would give them their price. The conditions might have been complied with, but the affectation of ignorance about the Jesuits was too palpably absurd.

Arran went back to Edinburgh in the insolence of imagined triumph; a second Parliament was called immediately, where the forfeiture of the banished Earls

[1] Hunsdon to Walsingham, August 14—24: *MSS. Scotland.*

was passed in form, and the grant of their estates confirmed in his favour. Lady Gowrie, who had been expelled from Ruthven Castle to live or die as she could, threw herself at James's feet in the street before the Tolbooth, to beg for mercy to her children. Arran thrust her away with his foot, and strode across her body as she fainted.[1] The Archbishop of St Andrews set about his work, trying his strength with Protestantism. The St Andrews students howled nightly under his window, and when brought up for punishment 'bade him remember the fate of his predecessors.' John Craig, of Edinburgh, told Arran, in the King's presence, 'that men higher than he had been brought low.' Arran, answering that he would make him a true prophet, threw himself on his knees and said, 'Now am I humbled.' 'Mock as you will,' said the stern preacher, 'God will not be mocked, and will make you find it earnest when you are cast down from the horse of your pride.' The Kirk clergy, in their hatred of lies, had a second sight that was keener than intellect. Archbishop Adamson repented at his leisure, in an old age of misery and poverty; the Archbishop came at last to sit cowering over one side of his cabin turf-fire while his cow was at the other.[2] The lance of Douglas of Parkhead avenged in due time the insolence to Craig, and Arran's body was flung into a ruined church by the road-side to be eaten by dogs and swine.[3] The present

September.

[1] Davison to Walsingham, August 24—September 3: *MSS. Scotland.*

[2] Diary of James Melville.

[3] CALDERWOOD.

hour however was theirs; and persecution went busily forward. Hunsdon, unable to part with his belief in Arran's excellences, wrote to remonstrate with him. He replied, with a letter worded to suit Hunsdon's capacity. He 'swore before God that he meant nothing but good.' 'The mark he aimed at would be a common blessing to the whole Isle, and a surety to both Princes. France and Spain, and the Pope, the Antichrist,' were intriguing, he said, to thwart him; 'her Majesty's enemies were not idle. But, with the help of the Almighty, they should not prevail. His trust was in Him who had said, It is fallen, it is fallen, Babylon the great is made the habitation for devils.' [1]

Fine words were no passports to the confidence of Elizabeth. She was certain that Arran had lied about the Jesuits. She began to fear that he was false altogether. She interposed at last for Angus and his companions. She complained of the forfeitures, and advised James to allow them the profits of their lands while they remained in banishment.[2] She saw clearly that it was Arran's interest to divide James from his mother; so far he was certainly useful to her, and she did not mean to quarrel with him. But she saw reason also in Walsingham's advice to her, to go further in a treaty with Mary Stuart; and the result, with all parties and on all sides, was the most ingenious labyrinth of perfidy. She allowed Ar- October.

[1] Hunsdon to Burghley, September 11—21; Hunsdon to Arran, October 3—13; Arran to Hunsdon, October 14—24: *MSS. Scotland.*

[2] Elizabeth to the King of Scots, October 3—13: *MSS.* Ibid.

ran to believe that he was deceiving her. She permitted him to send the Master of Gray to reside for the winter in London, to arrange, if possible, a separate treaty between herself and the King of Scots,—a treaty from which his mother was to be excluded. She proposed, at the same time, to make use of James's advances to her to extort terms out of Mary Stuart, should it prove convenient to drop the son and take up the mother: while James on his side, though he meant in all sincerity to secure his own interest if he could, at his mother's expense, yet, as Elizabeth might slip through his fingers, or might be overthrown by a Catholic revolution, pretended to his mother that he was only dividing himself from her in appearance, and was playing a part to deceive the Queen of England.[1]

The Queen of Scots, when informed of Gray's mission, professed to remember him merely as a boy, and to be innocent of all present knowledge of him, although, at that very time, they were in close and ciphered correspondence together; while Gray himself, a pupil of Guise and the Jesuits, was carrying a fair face all round, to his master, to England, and to Mary Stuart, reserving his resolution till he came to London, and intending to attach himself to the party which on the whole seemed most likely to succeed. Lastly, Walsingham, in universal distrust, had bribed M. Cherelles, Mauvissière's secretary, to obtain access to Gray's ciphers and bring him copies of his secret correspondence.

[1] The Queen of Scots to the Master of Gray. October 2—12: *MSS.* MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

Such was the diplomacy of the sixteenth century in England and Scotland; and this seething caldron of lies Elizabeth had preferred to the defence of a great cause and the alliance with peoples who were in arms for it, which the Prince of Orange had in vain held out to her.

There were still two open courses before her. She might declare for the Lords and the ministers who had been banished in her service, send troops with them to Scotland and replace the Protestants in power. At the same time, and as part of the same policy, she might assume the defence of the Protestants of the Netherlands. Or again, if she preferred it, she might take the league with France and admit Mary Stuart as a third in the same treaty, under conditions which would bind her hands and render her incapable of mischief had she been so inclined.[1]

The first alternative was the bravest and noblest, but there was no hope that Elizabeth could be brought to adopt it. The second was safe and not dishonourable. Burghley was in favour of it. Walsingham was in favour of it. The Queen of Scots, while she remained in England, was a perpetual canker. 'There must be an end of this matter,' said the experienced Sir Ralph Sadler, 'either by the death of the lady or by some honourable composition. Of the former, I see none other likelihood but that she may live for many years. For the other, I refer it to the consideration of her

[1] Mauvissière to the Queen-mother, August 18—28, October 22—November 1: TEULET, vol. iii.

Majesty and of such other as can look into the Scotch King's disposition.'[1]

Other causes had combined to make a change in the Queen of Scots' position necessary. Hitherto, save at rare intervals, she had been treated as a guest rather than as a prisoner—nor as a guest only, but as one who might at any moment become Sovereign of England. She had enjoyed whatever comforts and luxuries an English nobleman's country-seat could afford. She had been in charge of a guardian who was himself almost a Catholic; and was notoriously favourable to her pretensions. The Countess of Shrewsbury, an intriguing ambitious woman, had at first fawned upon her, flattered her, assisted her correspondence, and amused her with sarcastic gossip about Elizabeth and the Court. The birth of her grandchild, Lady Arabella, however had turned Lady Shrewsbury's aspirations into a new channel. Lady Arabella was now herself a competitor for the crown. Leicester, who had inherited his father's ambition of establishing a Dudley dynasty, meditated a marriage for her with his son; Lady Shrewsbury lent her aid to the scheme, and her attentions to Mary Stuart had been converted to envenomed hostility. No scandal was thenceforth too malignant for her poisonous tongue to circulate; and, when her husband declined to enter into her projects, the domestic peace at Sheffield had come to a violent end. The children took part with their mother, the father

[1] Sadler to Walsingham, October 8—18: *MSS.* MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

stood by his duty to the lady in his charge; and, as a final touch to family dissensions, the Countess informed the world that Mary Stuart had admitted the Earl to too close an intimacy, and was about to become a mother.

The fury of the Queen of Scots at a false accusation, the fiery peremptoriness with which she insisted that the Countess should either prove her charge or do penance for slander, contrasts curiously with her anxiety to prevent too close a scrutiny into the murder of Darnley.[1]

[1] Sadler to Walsingham, October 21—31: *MSS.* MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS. The Queen of Scots to Mauvissière, October 18—28, October 30—November 9: LABANOFF, vol. vi. To the Master of Gray, October 2—12: *MSS.* MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS. It was in connection with this matter that at once to gall Elizabeth, and exasperate her against Lady Shrewsbury, that Mary Stuart wrote the following singular letter. The authenticity of it is beyond dispute. The original, in her own handwriting, is at Hatfield.

'Madame,

'Suivant ce que je vous ay promis et avez despuis désiré, je vous declare, ores qu'avecques regret, que telles choses soyent ammenées en question, mais tres sincerement et sans aucune passion, dont j'appelle mon Dieu à tesmoing que la Comtesse de Shrewsbury m'a dit de vous ce qui suit au plus près de ces termes; la pluspart de quoy je proteste avoir respondu, reprenant ladicte Dame de croire ou parler si licentieusement de vous comme chose que je ne croyois point ni croy à présent, cognoissant le naturel de la Comtesse, et de quel esprit elle estoit alors poussée contre vous.

'Premierement qu'un (Leicester) auquel elle disoit que vous aviez faict promesse de marriage devant une dame de vostre chambre avoit couché infinies fois avec vous avec toute la licence et privaulté qui se peult user entre mari et femme; mais qu'indubitablement vous n'estiez pas comme les aultres femmes; et pour ce respect c'estoit folie à tous ceulx qui affectoient vostre marriage avec M. le duc d'Anjou, d'aultant qu'il ne se pourroit accomplir, et que vous ne vouldriez jamais perdre la liberté de vous faire faire l'amour et avoir vostre plésir tousjours avecques nouveaulx amoureulx, regrettant ce disoit-elle que vous ne contentiez de maistre Hatton et un aultre de ce Royaulme, mais que pour l'honneur du pays il luy fachoit le plus que

The offending Countess was examined before the privy council, and was made to acknowledge upon her knees that she had lied. The Earl was sent for to the Queen, who knew too well the value of the services which he had rendered, to listen to such random charges. The treasures of Europe would have been

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-ous aviez non seulement engagé -ostre honneur avecques un estrangier nommé Simier, l'allant trouver de nuit en la chambre d'une dame, où vous le baisiez et usiez avec luy de diverses privautez deshonnestes. Que vous vous estiez deportée de la même dissolution avec le duc son maistre, qui vous avoit esté trouver une nuit à la porte de vostre chambre, où vous l'aviez rencontré avec vostre seule chemise et manteau de nuit; et que par après vous l'aviez laissé entrer, et qu'il demeura avecques vous près de trois heures. Quant au dict Hatton, que vous le couriez à force, faisant si publiquement paroistre l'amour que luy portiez, que luymesmes estoit contraint de s'en retirer . . . . la dicte Dame me conseillant, en riant extremement, mettre mon filz sur les rancs pour vous fayre l'amour comme chose qui me serviroit grandement, et luy repliquant que cela seroit pris pour une vraye mocquerie, elle me respondit que vous estiez si vaine et en si bonne opinion de vostre beauté comme si vous estiez quelque deesse du Ciel, qu'elle prendroit sur la teste de le vous fayre croyre facilement. Que vous preniez sy grand plaisir en flatteries hors de toute raison que l'on vous disoit, comme de dire qu'on ne vous osoit par fois regarder à plain d'aultant que vostre face luysoit comme le soleil, qu'elle et toutes les aultres dames de la cour estoient constreintes d'en user aussy, et qu'en son dernier voyage vers vous elle et la feu Comtesse de Lennox, parlant à vous, n'osoient entreregarder l'une et l'aultre, de peur d'eclater de rire des cassades qu'elles vous donnoient, me priant à son retour de tancer sa fille, qu'elle n'avoyt jamais sceu persuader d'en faire de mesme, et quant à sa fille Talbot, elle s'asseuroit qu'elle ne fauldroit jamais de vous rire au nez.

'Il y a environ quatre ou cinq ans que vous estant malade et moy aussy au mesme temps, elle me dit que vostre mal provenoit de la closture d'une fistule que vous aviez dans une jambe, et que sans doubte venant à perdre voz mois vous mourriez bientost,' &c.

It is uncertain whether Elizabeth ever received this production. It may have been intercepted by Burghley, among whose papers it was found; LABANOFF, vol. vi. p. 50.

heaped on Shrewsbury if he would have allowed himself to be corrupted; and the position in which he had been placed, at once as the host and as the gaoler of the heir-presumptive to the crown, would have been impossible save to the most simple-hearted loyalty.

Elizabeth received him with some badinage, asking him how he had left his Queen. He said he had no Queen but her Majesty; if her Majesty distrusted him he begged her to relieve him of his charge. She said she had spoken but in jest; there was not one of her subjects whom she esteemed more highly. But in consideration of what had passed she told him that some change had been made necessary. She gave him a command in Lancashire which would separate him at once from his Countess and his prisoner; and, in kissing hands, he thanked her for delivering him from two devils.[1]

For the Queen of Scots the impression at the moment was that her detention in England was to end. Sir Ralph Sadler and Mr Somers took temporary charge of her at Lord Shrewsbury's house, while preparations were made to proceed at once with the treaty. Her French secretary, Nau, was allowed to go to London to represent her wishes to the council, who were now all but unanimous that the time for an arrangement had come. Elizabeth, though she had not yet parted with Arran, and intended still to use the son against the mother and the mother against the son, yet said in

[1] 'Por habelle librado de dos Diablos, que eran la Reyna de Escocia y su muger.'—Avisos de Inglaterra, 19—29 de Setiembre: TEULET, vol. v.

public that England could hold but one Queen, and that Mary Stuart was to return to Scotland.[1] Mauvissière too was about to close his long embassy. His successor, M. de l'Aubespine, had been named; but the signs appeared so favourable that he lingered to take part in the Queen of Scots' release, and on the 14th of November he expected that a few days would see the conclusion of the treaty.[2]

November.

And yet, as Walsingham observed, 'each of the two Princesses had a jealous conceipt of the other which could hardly be removed.' Twenty years' experience had taught Elizabeth that when the Queen of Scots spoke most fairly, she most intended mischief, while, beyond the broad grievance of her detention, the Queen of Scots had to complain that she had been tricked and played upon in petty and paltry ways. In mere weariness she had consented two years before to terms which, even in the opinion of Walsingham, left Elizabeth no more to ask for. She had abandoned every pretension which she had ever made, without condition or stipulation; she had left her future to Elizabeth's clemency. She had even promised to make no changes in the established religion in Scotland after her return thither.

[1] 'Il a esté advisé que le segretaire de la Reyne d'Escosse viendroit icy pour adviser de sa liberté, et voye grande apparence que la Reyne d'Angleterre a volunté d'en estre delivrée, et plustot de la renvoyer à son filz que de la retenir en ce Royaulme, de peur de quelque nouveau inconvenient, disant qu'il ne fault plus que une Reyne en Angleterre.'—Mauvissière au Roy, 12—22 October: TEULET, vol. iii.

[2] 'Cela estant, j'espere que en peu de jours vous aurez l'honneur de la liberté de la dicte Reyne d'Escosse.'—Mauvissière au Roy, 4—14 November: TEULET, vol. iii.

She had given bitter offence to Spain and the Pope by her concessions, and all had been in vain. The liberty which was almost in her grasp had melted like an image in a dissolving view.

In the fierceness of her disappointment she had withdrawn her offers. She threw herself again on her foreign friends. She blew Scotland into a flame, she appealed to the chivalry of Guise, and with the help of Morgan and Don Bernardino and the Jesuits, she again wove into form a plot for the invasion of England. For a time her schemes had seemed to prosper. The Protestant Lords in Scotland were overthrown; Gowrie was executed, Lindsay imprisoned, the ministers expelled from their churches, and her son brought into relations with the Pope and the Duke of Guise. The English Catholics prepared once more for insurrection. Arundel, Paget, Northumberland, Lord Henry Howard, Lord Vaux, and many a knight and nobleman besides, had been waiting only for a signal from abroad to carry her colours to the field and end the Tudor dynasty in a second Bosworth. Guise was ready; Parma was ready; the Pope was burning with impetuosity; at one time nothing was wanting but the distinct consent of the King of Spain, which Mendoza and de Tassis had all but obtained from him.

But this mirage too had faded away. Her kinsmen in France became unaccountably cold.[1] Philip halted on his leaden foot. Throgmorton was taken, and the

[1] The Archbishop of Glasgow to the Queen of Scots, June 14–24: *MSS.* MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

party in England was broken up. Northumberland was in the Tower. Arundel and Lord Henry Howard were under arrest in their own houses. Lord Paget had fled. Worse than all, those on whom she most depended in Scotland had disappointed her hopes. Arran, for his own reasons, wished her to remain a prisoner. Her son was false to her, and was making his own bargain at her expense. The Jesuits had made him a latitudinarian, but he was as far from being a Catholic as ever; while, until he became a Catholic, it was more and more certain that Philip would neither move himself, nor allow Guise to move, in her favour or in his. Her own life could not be depended on; and Philip not unreasonably declined to spend his subjects' blood and treasure, to transfer the crown from one heretic to another.

So blank appeared the prospect that Parsons and Allen, 'in consideration of the thwarts they received daily in all their doings and the small success of their former labours, had resolved to leave agitation of such matters and follow only their spiritual courses.'[1] Mary Stuart, ever dauntless and indefatigable, stimulated in some degree their failing spirits. She reminded them that if her son was heretic, she was herself a true daughter of the Church. They appealed again to Parma; and he gave them hopes that, if the Queen of Scots could escape, something might still be done. The fear was that, if England was invaded while she was in Elizabeth's hands, she would be put to death, and the

[1] Parsons to the Queen of Scots, September 10, 1584: *MSS.* MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

Catholics would lose their sole representative. It seems to have crossed Parma's mind too, as it had crossed Don John's, that he might become the Queen of Scots' husband and share the English throne with her.[1]

But the party of action on the continent had complaints against herself as well as against James. Her readiness to treat with Elizabeth carried an impression that she was no saint after all, but more a politician than a true believer. A book was published, after Throgmorton's execution, showing that, in some way or other, secrets supposed to be known only to half a dozen of the leading conspirators had been revealed. The facility with which English prisoners confessed upon the rack, showed that they were made of bad material for successful traitors;[2] and the Queen of Scots herself was suspected, if not of treachery, yet of extreme imprudence.

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[1] 'The Prince asked me whether you would ever marry again. I said I knew not your Majesty's particular desire in the matter, but Catholics generally could be well contented if your Majesty was in your royal seat, and provided of such a husband as his Highness was, for that would make a hope that it should be beneficial to all, Christendom. At that he smiled, and said he pretended to no such thing, but to do for your Majesty only for your good will. Yet adding he was not so mortified to the world, but if all parties were agreed he would accept such a preferment with thankfulness.'—Parsons to the Queen of Scots, September 10, 1584: *MSS.* MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

[2] 'On ne traite pas voluntiers avec Angloys encor qu'ilz soient gens de bien et fidelles, pour ce que s'ilz sont attrapez ou descouverts comme fut Mylord Paget, ou s'ilz sont prins comme Throgmorton et aultres, par force de Gehenne, on leur faict dire plus qu'ilz ne scavent.' — Letter from the Jesuit Martelli to the Queen of Scots. Deciphered by Walsingham's secretary Phillipps, and countersigned by Burghley, Shrewsbury, Walsingham, Hunsdon, and Cobham: *MSS.* Ibid.

'There is a fear,' wrote an Italian Jesuit to her, 'that tricks are played near your own person. There is a doubt even of your own discretion. Beware, Madame. For the love of Heaven, beware! Your cause is God's cause; and you must deal faithfully and uprightly as in His presence. You have too many irons in the fire at once, and they are too opposite one to another; you have been more careful to train your son in politics and dissimulation than in the knowledge of the truth, and he will think as he pleases and will regard religion as an outward shew. It is said that your own people caused the death of Throgmorton, and that you are careless of the fate of your friends, so long as you yourself escape. Don Bernardino desires to help you; but he says that you think only of your own misfortunes and forget the risks to which others expose themselves in serving you. The King of Spain cannot send an army imperfectly provided to England, to make himself the laughing-stock by failure should the enemies of God go to war with him: and, so long as Flanders is unconquered, he has no harbours for his fleet. But beware, Madame, how you come to terms with the Jezebel. Take care what you are doing; you may ruin yourself fatally; and either England may never be invaded, or it may be to your own prejudice as having deserted the Catholic cause. Remember what I wrote to you before. I dare not tell you what, nevertheless, I dimly see to be intended, and there may be those who will not be sorry if you give them an excuse to complain of you. I can say no more. My duty to his Holiness and to the King

of Spain forbids me. Only put your trust in God, and do not offend the Catholic Powers. Be patient a little longer; leave crooked ways, and be frank and true.'[1]

It was a desperate position for the Queen of Scots. The Catholic sovereigns were not deeply penetrated with the sense of her wrongs or particularly eager to avenge them. She was an important piece in the Catholic game; but they had neither respect for her person nor enthusiasm in her cause. If, in despair at their slackness, she endeavoured to make terms with her gaoler, she offended their bigotry, and gave them a pretext for their indifference; while she knew well that it was only from the fear of their interference that Elizabeth consented to treat with her, and that, if the fear was removed, she would remain a prisoner for life. The whole world seemed falling away from her—France, Spain, the Pope, the Jesuits, even her own son. It was open to her then, and always, to end her troubles by a resolution to obtain and deserve Elizabeth's real confidence; but for this she would have had to part for ever with her passionately cherished hope of vengeance.[2] Or, again, she might have become an object of passionate Catholic interest had she taken the position of a martyr, dared Elizabeth openly to do her worst upon her, and refused to acknowledge directly or indirectly a sovereign excommunicated by the Pope.

But either of the courses required more virtue than

[1] Martelli to the Queen of Scots, December, 1584, condensed: *MSS.* MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

[2] Lindsay after all escaped James's intentions towards him, being protected by the Earl of Crawford.

Mary Stuart possessed. Elizabeth preferred a crooked road for its own sake; Mary Stuart, because martyrdom was not to her taste so long as the world held other charms for her; and she hated her rival too cordially to submit and acknowledge herself beaten.

There was a third possibility—to continue to treat with Elizabeth in the hope of obtaining her freedom, and perhaps her recognition as successor, and at the same time to persuade the Catholic Powers that she had no intention of observing the obligations into which she might herself enter. She would have to swear a great many oaths. She would have to delude Mauvissière, for Martelli had warned her, and she knew it already, that Mauvissière was in the English interest; but she was constitutionally an actress, and difficulties of this kind stood but little in her way; and in perfect consistency with all her past character she entered again upon her career of deception. To the English Queen and to her new keepers she assumed the air of pathetic and trusting repentance. She described herself as weary of the struggle, and anxious only for peace and retirement.

Sir Ralph Sadler had known her from her cradle, yet she convinced him that she was at last sincere. She wrote to Elizabeth, declaring that above all other things on earth she now desired her welfare and prosperity. She again promised, if she was released, to remain in England as a pledge of her good faith; and she implored the Queen not to reject the hand of a kinswoman which was frankly and lovingly extended to

her.[1] She bade Mauvissière tell Burghley and Walsingham that she would do anything and everything that they could ask.[2] She assured Somers, who was associated with Sadler in the charge of her, 'that she had never heard of any enterprise intended upon the realm for her relief, nor, as God should have her soul, would she ever consent to anything that should trouble the State, of which, with all her heart, she sought the quiet.'[3] In the midst of the negotiation, which on these assurances had been opened in good faith for her release, she wrote by a sure hand to Sir Francis Englefield in Spain bidding him tell the Pope and Philip that she expected nothing from the treaty; but that in any case she desired 'the execution of the great plot and designment to go forward without respect of peril or danger to herself.' She said 'she would account her life happily bestowed if by losing it she could help and relieve the oppressed children of the Church.' She required Englefield 'to pursue and procure at the Pope and the Catholic King's hand such a speedy performance of their purpose that it should be carried into effect at latest in the approaching spring, the condition of the cause not permitting any further delay.'[4]

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[1] The Queen of Scots to Elizabeth, October 18—28: LABANOFF, vol. vi. Sadler to Walsingham, October 3—13: *MSS.* MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

[2] The Queen of Scots to Mauvissière, September 7—17: LABANOFF, vol. vi.

[3] Conversation between the Queen of Scots and Mr Somers, September, 1584: *MSS.* MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

[4] The cipher of this letter fell by some means into the hands of the Government, and is now among the MSS. in the Rolls House. It was deciphered two years after in the presence of the council, by Curle,

It was perilous work, but she was growing reckless—above all things she desired liberty. Nothing would be done for her, she well saw, while she continued a prisoner—while if once free she would know how to find a road out of her engagements. Philip had driven her to despair. When the Spanish cavaliers should have been knocking at the gates of Sheffield Castle, Philip was revelling at the Escurial over an acquisition more valuable to him than the conquest of an Empire. A fragment of a broken shoulder-bone, said to have belonged to San Lorenzo, had been found in Italy, the corresponding portion of which had long been the most precious of Spanish relics. The Cardinal de Medici had presented the King with the newly discovered treasure, and the precious thing occupied all his thoughts, and left him no leisure for more worldly interests.[1] It was time for

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the Queen of Scots' second secretary, and the proof that it contained of her incurable falsehood may have contributed to the conviction that it was necessary to come to an end with her.

[1] 'You may judge how delighted I have been with your letter of the 20th of July, in which you tell me that you are in possession of half the shoulder of San Lorenzo, and that you propose to send it to me. The relic is a grand one, and I, as you know, am specially devoted to this particular saint. The other half is already here, and the two parts can now be united. Your present is beyond price, and I cannot thank you sufficiently for procuring me so great a pleasure. I understand the difficulties which you must have had to encounter, and which all your authority must have been required to overcome. I thank you, I repeat, most warmly. You had better send the precious thing to my ambassador at Genoa, Don Pedro de Mendoza. I shall prepare him, and he will contrive to forward it.

'You tell me that the bone split of itself down the middle, when you least expected. This is one of the circumstances which enhances its value. Send the evidences, I beseech you, along with it. The Genoa line will save time and prevent accident, and it will have fine spring weather for the journey.'—

some bolder spirit to take the reins of the enterprise, and Mary Stuart, with sixteen years of mortification to avenge, felt that no one was fitter than herself.

Elizabeth was nearer to yielding than she had been at any time since the Queen of Scots came first to England. It was thought desirable however that there should be a simultaneous declaration on the part of the English nation of their loyalty to their present Sovereign during her natural life. In the same September in which Sadler and Somers were listening to Mary Stuart's professions, Crichton, the Jesuit, and another priest who had been chaplain to the Bishop of Ross, were taken in the Channel by a Flushing privateer. Crichton was observed to tear some sheets of paper, and try to throw them into the sea. The pieces were blown back on deck, and were sent with the prisoners to Walsingham. The priests were committed to the Tower, the torn fragments were put together, and were found to contain a history in Italian of the intended invasion of England from the first going over of the Duke of Lennox into Scotland. Not much was added to what was already known; but any doubts which might have adhered to Throgmorton's confession were wholly removed. The plans were identically the same; the names of the English Catholics concerned were the same—the ac-

'Deseo que con la reliquia me embieis la fe y testimonio que os pareciere convenir para que juntamente se guarde; y para que no pierda pasage os encargo la brevedad del embiarles á Genoa para que puedan gozar de la primavera.'—Philip to the Cardinal de' Medici, November 14, 1584. From the Escurial, called always by Philip San Lorenzo, to whom it was dedicated: *MSS. Simancas.*

quaintance of the Queen of Scots with the plot was confirmed in all its parts. Crichton was examined on the rack. He said that he had been on his way to Scotland to make another effort for the conversion of James.[1] Two-thirds of England, he said, were expected, for one reason or another, to declare for the Queen of Scots. Her son might play fair or play false. Foreign Powers might hang fire and hesitate. Her real strength was believed by the Jesuits to be in England itself, and one remarkable expression was used by Crichton which the council knew to be historically true:—'The title of the Crown was of great efficacy with the English nation, for whensoever any prince did govern evil, if the successor did take upon him to remedy the same, never any to whom the succession did belong did at any time take arms to reform the government, but he had good success.'

If Mary Stuart was in a position to trouble Elizabeth's quiet, as her grandfather had troubled crooked-backed Richard, she was herself to blame for it. Had the Casket letters been officially published after the Westminster investigation, Parliament would and must have declared the Queen of Scots incapable of the succession, and her pretensions would have been heard of no more. It was too late for regrets, and these fresh discoveries now only increased Elizabeth's desire to come to terms with her.

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[1] Parts of the discourse in Italian, found about the Scotch Jesuit, taken on the seas on his way to Scotland, 1584: *MSS. Domestic.* Walsingham to Stafford, October 2: *MSS. France.*

The perpetual unrest and conspiracy was the cause which made it dangerous to keep her. Her own share in producing that unrest was already perfectly well known; but if there were so many lords and gentlemen anxious to have her as their Sovereign, it was thought well to take assurance of them, that they should not seek a premature realization of their hopes; and at all events to let Europe understand that there was a loyal England as well as a disloyal; and that no good end could be answered by rebellion or assassination. Elizabeth's life lay between the nation and civil war. The murder of Orange had shown both friend and enemy how easily so slight a bulwark could be removed. The feverish apprehensions of the Protestants took shape in the famous bond of association, which was a virtual suspension of law, and the organization of good subjects into a universal vigilance committee for the protection of the Sovereign and the Empire.

'It was accorded in council,' said Burghley, 'that there should be a bond of union made by such noblemen and other principal gentlemen and officers as should like thereof, voluntarily to bind themselves to her Majesty, and every one to other for the defence of her Majesty's person against her evil willers.'[1]

If the Queen was assassinated government would be at an end—every commission would be void, every public officer reduced for the time to the condition of a private man—law, order, and authority would be at an

[1] Burghley to Lord Cobham, October 27—November 6, 1584: LODGE. Illustrations of English History.

end till the throne was again filled. It was to prevent such a catastrophe in the first place, but principally that the Empire might be held together in the disintegration which would ensue if it occurred, that Burghley and Walsingham selected the language in which this remarkable document was framed.

'For as much,' so it ran, 'as Almighty God has ordained kings, queens, and princes to have dominion and rule over all their subjects, and to preserve them in the possession and observation of the true Christian religion, and in like sort that all subjects should love, fear, and obey their princes to the utmost of their power, at all times to withstand, pursue, and suppress all manner of persons that shall by any means intend and attempt anything dangerous or hurtful to the honour, state, or person of their Sovereign—therefore we, whose names are or shall be subscribed to this writing, being natural born subjects of this realm, and having so gracious a lady, our Sovereign Elizabeth, by God's ordinance our most rightful Queen reigning over us these many years with great felicity, to our inestimable comfort, and finding lately that for the furtherance and advancement of some pretended title to the crown the life of our Sovereign has been most dangerously designed against, we and every of us, calling first to witness the name of Almighty God, do voluntarily and most willingly bind ourselves, every one of us to the other, jointly and severally in the band of one firm and loyal society; and do hereby vow and promise by the Majesty of Almighty God that with our whole

powers, bodies, lives, and goods, we will serve and obey our Sovereign Lady Elizabeth, against all states, dignities, and earthly powers whatsoever, and will with our joint and particular force during our lives withstand, pursue, and offend, as well by force of arms as by all other means of revenge, all manner of persons of whatsoever estate they be, and their abettors, that shall attempt any act, or counsel or consent to anything that shall tend to the harm of her Majesty's person; and will never desist from all manner of forcible pursuit of such persons, to the utter extermination of them, their counsellors, aiders, and abettors.

'If any such wicked attempt shall be taken in hand, or procured, whereby any that have, may, or shall pretend title to this crown by the untimely death of her Majesty, may thus wickedly obtain what they seek—that the same may be avenged, we do not only bind ourselves both jointly and severally never to allow, accept, or favour any such pretended successor, by whom or for whom any such detestable act shall be attempted or committed, as unworthy of all government in any Christian realm or state; but do also further vow and protest in the presence of the Eternal God, to prosecute such person or persons to death with our joint and particular force, and to act the utmost revenge upon them that by any means we or any of us can devise and do for their utter overthrow and extirpation.

'We confirm the contents hereof by our oaths, corporally taken upon the Holy Evangelists, with this express condition, that no one of us shall for any respect

of person or causes, or for fear or reward, separate ourselves from this association, or fail in the prosecution thereof during our lives, on pain of being by the rest of us prosecuted and suppressed as perjured persons and public enemies to God, our Queen, and country—to which punishment and pains we voluntarily submit ourselves and every of us, without benefit of any colour or pretence.'[1]

The alarm was but too well founded, the anxiety but too natural, which dictated so unexampled a movement. The assassination of Elizabeth was the first idea of the most devout of the Catholic priests. The priests held the conscience of every ardent youth who desired a short road to Paradise, and in those days the distance between the imagination and execution of a desperate deed was less remote than it is at present.[2]

The privy councillors, the judges, the magistrates of Middlesex, every one in or about London who held office under the Crown, gave their signatures immedi-

[1] Act of Association, November, 1584: Printed in the first volume of the State Trials.

[2] Among Walsingham's loose papers of this year, preserved by accident and probably one of a thousand, is an account, unsigned, of a 'speech of a friar in Dunkirk.'

'On All Saints Eve a friar of the Order of St Francis, being vicar of the said Friary, entering into talk with me in the said Friary touching the Queen, said unto me that if her Majesty was once dispatched and gone, that then all Christendom would be in peace and quietness; and taking me with him into his chamber, he showed me the pictures of the Prince of Orange and the Burgundian which killed him, with the manner of his cruel execution. The friar said to me, Do you behold and see this picture? Look how this Burgundian did kill this Prince. In such manner there will not want another Burgundian to kill that wicked woman, and that before long free the common wealth of all Christendom.'—*MSS. Domestic*, 1584.

ately, and copies were sent round the English counties to the lords lieutenants and the mayors of the towns, with invitations to every loyal subject to enroll his name. The country replied with acclamations, undisturbed by a dissentient voice. The loyal signed in a passion of delight; the disloyal because they dared not refuse. Lord Derby, whose name was on the insurrectionary list, summoned the suspected gentry of Lancashire and Cheshire to Chester Cathedral. The Earl on his knees received the oath from the Bishop—the Bishop and Lord Strange received the oath from the Earl—and then in groups of six the entire company swore after them, 'not one by word or countenance seeming malcontent.'[1]

The scene at Chester was repeated or paralleled in every city in England. It was an intimation on the part of the nation to the Queen of Scots that she should have no access to the throne by way of assassination. Parliament was summoned to give the association the authority of law, and further, since it was to Parliament that the Queen of Scots affected always to refer her claim, it was assembled 'for the disabling of such as, pretending title to the crown, should seek to disturb her Majesty's possession during her life.'[2]

Elizabeth meanwhile prepared to consider the proposals which were about to be made to her by the Queen of Scots on one side and by James on the other, and to treat with one or with both, either jointly or severally,

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[1] Lord Derby to the Earl of Leicester, November 7—17: *MSS. Domestic.*

[2] Walsingham to Sadler, October 17—27: *MSS.* MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

according to the nature of their proposals. All parties were playing false. The Queen of Scots was preparing to swear that she would not seek to disturb the peace of England during Elizabeth's life, while privately she was bidding the Catholic Powers go on with their invasion at all hazards. James was pretending to his mother that it was for her sake and not his own that he was seeking a separate treaty, when his real wish was that she should remain in confinement, and that her claims should be postponed to his own. Elizabeth, who had found at last that the alliance of Scotland was necessary to her very existence, yet meant to drive as hard a bargain as circumstances would allow. She, it is evident, most feared Mary Stuart: Walsingham most feared her son. Walsingham for once was at fault in his judgment of character. He was unable to conceive that James would be as indifferent to his mother's fate as in fact he was. He advised therefore that terms should first be made with the Queen of Scots, and he regretted that his mistress disagreed with him.[1]

The Master of Gray was coming up to represent James. Mary Stuart was to send her French secretary, M. Nau. The first hearing was assigned to Gray, and

[1] 'I am of opinion that without that Queen's assent, who doth altogether direct the King, there will no hold be taken of Scotland, and therefore I have been always persuaded that some trial should be made of her offers, with such cautions as she promiseth to give, wherewith I see no cause but that her Majesty should rest satisfied. The impediment grows principally through a jealous conceit that either of the two Princesses hath of the other, which I see will hardly be removed.' — Walsingham to Sadler, October 17—27: *MSS.* MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

Nau's coming was postponed till Gray's message had been digested and his leanings ascertained. Report called him a good Catholic and 'a devoted servant to the Scotch Queen.' Should this be true it was undesirable that Nau and he should encounter each other. Could Gray be gained over, he held and could reveal the secrets of the Paris conspiracy. He had discussed the details of the invasion with Mendoza and the Nuncio: he knew precisely the views of the great Powers about James: he was master of all their secrets, and as well as any living man could teach Elizabeth how to defeat them.[1]

His ostensible mission, when he appeared, was to require the expulsion of the exiled noblemen. If this condition was acceded to, the Earl of Arran was ready to betray to Elizabeth the nature of the offers which had been made to his master by the Catholics, and a defensive league might be immediately made between Scotland and England, the inhabitants of each country being made free of the other as a prelude to their approaching incorporation.[2] The name of the Queen of Scots was not mentioned in Gray's instructions, nor was it mentioned either in a letter which Gray brought with him from the King to Burghley.[3]

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[1] The Archbishop of Glasgow to the Queen of Scots, December, 1584: *MSS.* MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS. Cipher.

[2] This concession, it was thought, 'would pleasure England greatly.'—Instructions from the Earl of Arran to the Master of Gray, 1584: *MSS. Scotland.*

[3] The letter is a curious specimen of James's early composition.

'To my well belovit and assurit trusty cousin, my Lord Burley, treasurer.

'My Lorde and Cousin,

'Alexander, the great conqueror of the worlde, reading one day according to his accustomete manner

He was received with cold curiosity, which however turned soon to interest as his character unfolded itself. Letters from Walsingham to Hunsdon, and from the Queen to the Earl of Arran, described his conditions as impossible and his communications as unimportant. In a few days he was revealing himself as ready to sell his services to England, to betray his patron, and make himself the instrument of a revolution which would replace the King in the power of Angus and the Protest-

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on the Illiades of Homer, quhilk he ever carrit about with him, he did burst forth in thir wordis following. —I esteeme not, said he, Achilles to have bene so happy for the good success he had in the weiris as he was in having so worthie ane trumpetour to blare abrode immortaly, yea to all posterities and aages his worthy fame as Homere was. My Lord, albeit indeid Achilles was ornit with so divine and rare vertus as in that cace I can on no ways be justly compaired unto him, and that on the other point ye do far excell suche ane blinde begging fellow as Homere, yit in one thing I may be compairit unto him, I meine Achilles, to witt that thaire is so wise and trustie ane counsellour as ye are about hir of quhoise amitie I have maid choise above all uther Princes if so she will accept of me, quho may and I am aussurit will further that amitie quhilk now be the bearar heirof my ambassadour I do crave of her. Quhome I have commandit not only to imparte his commission unto you, bot also to use your prescript in all thaise matters. The cause that movis me sa to do is the repoirt I have hard how ye have bene the man about your soueraigne thise tymes bygane quho hes had the chief and only caire of the well doing of my affaires thair, and having directit this berar with mair special and secret commission than any I ever directit before. I have gevin charge thairfoire to deell maist specially and secreitly with you nixt the quene, our dearest sister, as he will shaw you mair at length, quhome earnestly desiring you to credit as myself with assurance of your contineuance in the furthering of all my adoos thaire and specially this present, I committ you, my lord and cousin, to Goddis holy protection.

'From my pallais of holyrudhouse, the 14th of October, 1584.

'Your assurit friend and cousin,

'JAMES R.'

—Autograph endorsed by Burghley, 'The King of Scots by the Master of Gray:' *MSS. Scotland.*

ants. The Queen of Scots was writing to him in unsuspecting confidence, believing him to be entirely hers. She cautioned him against Elizabeth's duplicity; she directed him, as his mistress, to speak in her name as well as her son's, and make use of Scotland in her interest by appealing to Elizabeth's fears.[1] But Gray had taken the measure of the situation. He considered that Elizabeth would win, and that her cause was therefore the safest to stand by. Mauvissière, who was watching him, was puzzled. He saw that Gray was trimming, but he could not distinguish whether the double play was his own or the King's. He had ascertained that James too was willing to make his bargain alone if he could obtain better terms by separating himself from his mother.[2]

By degrees, but by degrees only, the truth dawned on the Queen of Scots. In his letters to her, James had professed himself the most dutiful of sons. She had imagined that he was now about to consent to the long-agitated association of herself in the Scotch Crown with him. She learnt instead that Gray had told Elizabeth, in James's name, that the association never could be. Elizabeth being now satisfied that there was no danger, had consented to the coming up of M. Nau. Mary Stuart sent a letter by him, saying that she refused her consent to a separate treaty. She insisted that her own and her son's interests should be identified. She, as

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[1] The Queen of Scots to the Master of Gray, October 1—11, 1584: LABANOFF, vol. vi.

[2] Mauvissière to the King of France, November 15—25: TEULET, vol. iii.

Queen of Scotland, she said, was making a treaty with a sister sovereign, and it was a mere condescension on her part to allow her son to have a voice in it.[1]

Such a tone at such a moment shows how little she had realized the possibility of James's actually failing her. His successes had really been hers. She it was and not he, who by incessant effort, and by the lavish use of her French dowry, had overthrown Morton and Gowrie and broken up the Protestant party. She was offending, as she well knew, all the earnest Catholics abroad, by consenting to treat at all; but she pined for liberty, and she believed that the attitude of Scotland would compel Elizabeth to set her free.

Nau took with him to London a 'note of remembrances' on the disposition towards her of each of the members of Elizabeth's council. Hatton's name stood first. Hatton, whose solitary merit had been his supposed affection for his sovereign, had many times sent Mary Stuart word that if the Queen died he would fetch her to London with the royal guard.[2] Leicester had been her friend also till his marriage with Lettice Knowles; but his wife's influence and his designs on Lady Arabella for his son had converted him into a dangerous enemy. Huntingdon she liked well, in spite of his pretensions to the succession, and Burghley she

[1] The Queen of Scots to the Master of Gray, December 14—24: LABANOFF, vol. vi.

[2] 'Hatton luy a faict divers bons offices, luy offrant par la Contesse de Shrewsbury que la Royne d'Angleterre venant à deceder, il seroit prest de venir trouver la Royne d'Escosse avec la garde.'—Remembrances to Nau, November, 1584: *MSS.* MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

liked especially well, as an old experienced statesman, who desired the good of his country in dispassionate patriotism.

She charged Nau to be guided entirely in all that he did by Burghley's advice.[1] To Lord Charles Howard and to the Chancellor Bromley she sent affectionate messages, and to Sir Francis Knowles a pleasant reminder of her first acquaintance with him at Carlisle.[2] Evidently she felt assured of the support of all the council except Leicester and Walsingham; and Walsingham's disposition is proved by his own letters to have been favourable also.

So far as the treaty was concerned, Nau's instructions were the very amplest. He came prepared to concede or anticipate any demand which Elizabeth could make. In addition to the technical concessions to which she had agreed already, Mary Stuart promised through him to declare publicly before Europe that the Queen of England was thenceforward to be her closest friend; to swear to forget her wrongs and never seek to revenge them; to intercede for the banished Lords, to renounce Pope Pius's Bull, make a league with England, offensive and defensive, and herself subscribe the bond for the protection of Elizabeth's life.[3] All she asked for was a speedy resolution. December.

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[1] 'Est vieulx et prudent conseillier qui ayme le bien de son pays sans passion ny faction. Nau ay commandment de proceder en tout et partout par son advis et direction.'—Remembrances to Nau, November, 1584: *MSS.* Mary Queen of Scots.

[2] Ibid.

[3] Nau's articles, December, 1584: *MSS.* Mary Queen of Scots.

The effect of Gray's presence upon Elizabeth was visible in the immediate answer. The Queen of Scots was told that instead of talking of forgetting her wrongs she ought rather to acknowledge the practices of which she had been guilty before and since her coming into England. She must not only renounce the Bull of the Pope in her favour, but she must declare the crown of England to be independent of any worldly potentate. She must acknowledge in form that neither her Majesty nor any other lawful King or Queen could be deprived by the censures of any person whatever upon earth. She might subscribe the bond if she pleased, but she was coldly told that it was unnecessary, and that speed in so grave a matter was impossible.[1]

The Queen of Scots however, having committed herself to concessions, was not to be repelled. She signed the bond; she wrote to the Archbishop of Glasgow, desiring him to bid the Guises abandon the designs which they had formed in her favour, and telling him that thenceforward she intended to seek Elizabeth's favour. The letter was written perhaps to be seen, but it *was* written and it was sent. Mauvissière pressed Elizabeth with her promises. Had Scotland pressed her also, had James resolutely identified himself with his mother, and demanded, at the side of France, a general treaty between the three nations, of which her release was to be a condition, Elizabeth had engaged herself so deeply that she could not have refused. The Queen of

[1] Answer to Nau, December, 1584: *MSS.* MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

Scots was in fact ready to tie herself hand and foot in knots which she would have found it hard to undo. She was desperate of help and was willing to agree to anything. Her letter to Englefield had produced no effect. Parma wrote to her in terms of general politeness, but regretting that he was prevented by circumstances from devoting himself, as he desired, to her cause.[1] The Archbishop of Glasgow reported from Paris that the Duke of Guise was willing as ever, but that the state of France forbade him at present to move for her. The arrest and confession of Crichton had disheartened her friends and created new difficulties.[2] Mr Lygons, an English refugee in the Netherlands, who had been especially active for her, wrote that Philip had designs of his own on England, and 'would never help her to what he grasped after himself;' if he had cared really to give her the crown he would have done it long since, 'to her liking if not to his;' but 'that the enterprise so furiously pretended' had never been more than a stratagem.[3] From Rome itself the news was hardly better. Père la Rue, who, disguised as a gardener, had been her chaplain at Sheffield, had gone over to rouse the languid interest of the Catholic courts. The Duke of Lorraine had told him that nothing could be done till James was a Catholic. He had told the Pope that the apathy of Spain was

[1] Parma to the Queen of Scots, December, 1584: *MSS.* Mary Queen of Scots.

[2] The Archbishop of Glasgow to the Queen of Scots, December, 1584: *MSS.* Ibid.

[3] Lygons to the Queen of Scots, December 14—24: *MSS.* Ibid.

driving his mistress to 'an accord' with England. The Pope had said that he had done his best, but could effect nothing; and had seemed to think indeed that if the Queen of Scots was as good a Catholic as she pretended to be, she ought not to shrink from more protracted suffering in the cause of the Church. 'What!' his Holiness had exclaimed, 'will she now, after having persevered so long, come to an agreement with heretics? Will she dishonour herself on earth and imperil her immortal soul? What! Connive with Jezebel, ally herself with the worst infidel and persecutor of Catholics that the world contained! It was too monstrous to be believed.'[1] Charles Paget and his companions sung the same song. Finally, Englefield, from Madrid, was obliged to say that she must look for no interference till either Flanders was conquered or Elizabeth dead, or till a revolution had broken out in England. Even Mendoza, eager as he had been, was now for delay, and did not even wish her to escape. Englefield said he had told Philip that if she found herself deserted, after bearing her cross for so many years, she might come to terms with her oppressors; it was a miracle that she had held out so long. But Philip had other views for the settlement of England. Her son's having taken on himself the supremacy of the Church of Scotland, had cooled the Pope. It was reported from Flanders that the supposed party among the English citizens, who were to take arms in her favour, was a

[1] La Rue to the Queen of Scots, December, 1584: *MSS.* MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS

mere delusion. Those likely to fight for her were 'few in number, partial, and passionate,' and that an invasion could not prudently be attempted with less than forty thousand men.[1]

Well might such letters make Mary Stuart desperate. She was to be left then in confinement for the general good of the cause; and to be tricked, after all, out of the prize for which she had intrigued and conspired from her girlhood. If the worst came she could, at least, by yielding, revenge herself on the false friends who were using her so ungraciously. 1585. January.

Her eagerness for release was increased when she found herself consigned to a new residence disagreeable in itself and full of painful memories, where the respect due to her rank had been first forgotten and her rooms had been searched in her presence by armed men. She had been removed from Sheffield, when Sir Ralph Sadler first took charge of her, to Wingfield, another house not far distant, belonging to the Earl of Shrewsbury. The Earl's people had remained in attendance upon her. Wingfield was unfortified, and many of these persons were attached to her interest and were not too obedient to the stranger who was placed at their head. Sir Ralph declined to be responsible for her, unless in a stronger position and with his own men about him. It was decided therefore that she should be removed once more to Tutbury Castle.

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[1] Englefield to the Queen of Scots, December 5—15, 1584, January 15—25, 1585: *MSS.* MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

A change of keepers had always been her peculiar fear. She knew that she was safe with Shrewsbury, but she dreaded that sooner or later she would be made over to Leicester. Once in Kenilworth, she was assured that she would never leave it alive; and Tutbury was the halfway house towards it from Sheffield. The castle too was in itself dreary and miserable. Sheffield was the well-appointed residence of an English Earl. Tutbury was a fort on the crest of a round hill, in the midst of a treeless plain. It consisted of a circuit of walls, and in the centre a rudely-built hunting-lodge, of which the highest windows were only on a level with the parapets. The recommendation of it was its strength, and the Queen of Scots acquiesced in being taken thither only because she believed still that her stay would be brief, and because her cue was to be humble and submissive. She arrived in the middle of January. Her rooms had not been inhabited since she was last there. The plaster was peeling off the walls. The wind swept through the rents of the woodwork. The scanty furniture had been pieced together from Lord Paget's house at Beaudesert, but was wretchedly inadequate; and the common conveniences of life had been so ill provided that comfort and even decency were impossible.

Harassed in mind and sick in body, surrounded by strangers and cut off at last from all private communications, the Queen of Scots fell, for the first time, into entire despair. She wrote again and again in piteous entreaty to Burghley. She flung herself in utter self-abandonment at Elizabeth's feet, crying for liberty or

death.[1] The weary days passed on and brought no change; and then, dimly through her prison walls the truth broke upon her that she was betrayed by her miserable son. She drew an Act, in which he was to acknowledge that he held his crown at her hand and in dependence upon her. She desired Mauvissière to carry it to him and demand his signature. 'If he refuse,' she said, 'if he will not admit that he is King of Scotland only by my will, I require you, in all your negotiations, to withhold the title from him. Other princes shall do the same, wherever my credit extends, and a mother's curse shall light upon him. I will deprive him of all the greatness to which, through me, he can pretend in the world. He shall have nothing but what he inherits from his father. No punishment, human or divine, will be adequate to such enormous ingratitude.'[2]

And for Elizabeth, also, quiet days were gone or going. She was a mighty mistress of procrastination, but there was an open sore in the commonwealth, which could not be trifled with longer. In the face of the murder of the Prince of Orange and the bond of association, the country insisted that something should be done about the succession. The Queen had found her own interest in protracting the uncertainty. The many expectants were on their good behaviour; and the prospect of a Catholic successor had been of material effect

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[1] The Queen of Scots to Burghley, January 20—30, February 6—16, March 2—12: LABANOFF, vol. vi.

[2] The Queen of Scots to Mauvissière, March 2—12: LABANOFF, vol. vi.

in preventing disturbance. But for the same reason there was a special incentive to assassination. The bond, as it stood, was but a temporary makeshift, and justice and common sense required legal provision to be made for the contingency of the vacancy of the throne. The judges had subscribed the bond in the fervour of loyalty; but, as the language of it came to be reflected on, doubts arose 'whether every private person indictâ causâ might exterminate and kill any man who should do an act tending only in his opinion to the hurt of her Majesty.' 'Good subjects would not be inquisitive who was the lawful successor,' yet 'some lawful successor there necessarily was, and if a wicked act was attempted' for the true heir, 'without his knowledge and consent,' 'the act of a stranger could not take away a valid right.'[1] These were questions demanding instant consideration; and, bitterly as the Queen detested the prospect, Parliament had to be called to deal with them.

There had been no general election in England for twelve years, but the Parliament of 1572 had been dissolved at last. Writs were issued in October, and the House met at Westminster on the 23rd[2] of the following month. The council had been hard at work preparing a measure to submit to them; and various notes in Burghley's hand show how carefully the situation was weighed. The Queen was to be considered on one side and the nation on the other. 'For many due respects the constitution of an heir-ap-

November.

[1] Dangers which may ensue from the Oath of Association.—*Domestic MSS.* 1584-5.

[2] November 23—December 3.

parent was disliked.' To decide between Mary and James, or to decide generally for or against the Scotch line, was obviously impolitic. The object was rather to save the country from danger of anarchy, and to 'take precautions that no one attempting any wicked act should profit by it.' The perils to the Queen were 'either from those who would have change of religion or would take the crown from her.' The first could be met by a clause attached to the coronation oath, binding the Sovereign to maintain the Establishment; the second by a provisional Government to come into existence on the Queen's death, and to continue till the crime had been punished and the conflicting titles adjudicated upon. The sudden cessation of authority would thus be avoided; the machinery of administration would continue unchanged; and as soon as execution had been done upon the assassins and their accomplices, then and not till then the claims of the various pretenders could be laid before Parliament, the allegations on all sides quietly heard, and 'preference, in order of consideration,' might be allowed to the person 'whose name the Queen should leave in writing as by herself thought worthy of favour.' Under this arrangement Elizabeth's special fear would be avoided. She would remain for her life the sole object of her people's affection. Treason would be prevented by the certainty that it would forfeit its reward; and 'the sinister opinion of foreign nations, that her Majesty sought only her own safety, without regard to the peril of her realm, would be by that Act confuted.'

December. 'The desire of sovereignty,' it might be said, 'was so great that no device could bridle ambitious minds.' 'The matter would be reduced to the sword before Parliament could assemble:' or the provisional Government, 'having the sword in their hands,' might themselves name the successor, and 'when Parliament assembled, every one would be afraid to speak his mind, for fear, if his opinion was over-ruled, he would be in disgrace with the Prince that should succeed.'

The last difficulty might be met by an arrangement that the decision could be taken 'not by open declaration but by secret balloting, as in Venice.' It might be said again, that the interposition of Parliament was unprecedented; that the crown belonged to the right heir, whom Parliament could not alter. But the object was to determine, quietly and indifferently, who the right heir was—'otherwise the sword would be the judge, to the nation's utter overthrow.' The situation itself was without precedent. There was no instance in English history where the succession had remained so doubtful and where men's minds were so many ways abstracted; and precedent or no precedent, if no resolution was taken, 'nothing but the sword could decide the controversy, to the very ruin of the realm, effusion of blood without end, and subversion of true religion;' there were objections to every course which could be proposed, but anything was better than to leave so fearful a possibility unprovided for.[1]

[1] Notes in Lord Burghley's hand, for the establishing the realm after the Queen's death, 1584-5: *MSS. Domestic.*

It is difficult to see on what ground, either political or personal, the Queen could have resisted an arrangement so carefully considered. The temptation to kill her arose from the confusion which her death would cause. The example of the Prince of Orange showed what the fanatics would dare. 'Those devils,' said Burghley, 'were persuaded that her life was the only let why their tyranny was not planted again; and while that hope remained, her life was in great peril; no laws, no association, no fear of torment, could remedy it; the damnable sect of the Jesuits persuaded men in conscience that such acts would merit heaven.'[1] For herself, as well as for the country, the best security was a provision for the stability of the Government in the event of her death; yet, for some cause, it did not please her; a successor, even in so vague and shadowy a form, was more than her imagination could endure.

As usual, her chief desire was to huddle over the session, to induce Parliament simply to sanction the association, and to consent to be prorogued in three weeks. At the opening, the Houses were told briefly that they were called together for the furthering of religion, the preservation of her Majesty, and the welfare of the commonwealth; and on the 16th of December a bill was introduced by Sir Francis Knowles, embodying the Queen's wishes. Some one who was present reported 'that it was heard and read in sad silence and little said.'[2] There was evidently a feeling of profound dis-

[1] Lord Burghley's Notes: *MSS. Domestic.*

[2] Dangers which may ensue from the Oath of Association, if it be not

appointment. 'The sinister opinion of foreign nations' was true then. The Queen did care only for herself, and was indifferent to the prospective calamities of her people. She was shortsighted even for her personal safety. Heavily and reluctantly the Commons set themselves to consider the association bond. The first objection was to the words 'of whom or for whom;' the unauthorized act of a second person could not take away a lawful right. It was removed at once by a message from the Queen, that 'she did not wish any one to be punished for the fault of another;' 'she would have nothing pass which grieved her subjects' consciences or would not abide the view of the world;' 'she affected to approve the zeal of such of her faithful subjects as desired with upright consciences to serve God and her together.'[1]

The House was partially satisfied, but they had looked for something different. The association either meant nothing or it meant a suspension of legal authority, and the more the language of it was weighed the wider the differences of opinion which arose. Some members who had sworn felt themselves 'superstitiously bound' to the exact words of the oath; some thought that 'it contained matter not warrantable by the Word of God, and repugnant to the laws of nature;' some that, as the oath was made for the Queen's safety, the Queen could dispense with it; some that it was unlawful and therefore void. Others again argued that 'it was a gap

qualified with a convenient Act of Parliament, 1584-5: *MSS. Domestic.*

[1] Ibid.

opened to make men careless of oaths, ready to swear anything albeit they meant to perform nothing;' while many 'affirmed that they thought themselves bound to perform their oath plainly and truly as they had made it;' 'that without excuse, colour, or pretext whatsoever, they were bound to prosecute such perjured persons as would separate themselves, and that no mortal authority could dispense with them.'

'I, for my own part,' writes the unknown person from whose narrative the description of the scene is borrowed, 'with great grief of mind hearing these contrary conceits of this oath from those present which had taken the same, did, methought, behold the bloody effects which must ensue when so many thousands, rising in arms with weapons in their hands, should in mind be thus distracted and by oaths impelled to embrue their swords in the blood of their brothers. Methought—seeing all these associators must for their own safety, upon any such accident, put themselves and their friends in arms, lest otherwise they be persecuted by their fellows as perjured persons—that occasion was offered for any meaning by faction to advance an undertitle to intrude themselves, and by linking themselves with the more violent affections, to calumniate whom they list and extol them whom they would, or spoil or prey on any that did wish for deciding of claims in more quiet course.

'Briefly, I thought I did behold a confused company of all parts of the realm, of all degrees and estates there, rising in arms, at such a time as there was no

council of estate in life, no lawful generals, no lieutenants, no colonels or captains to guide them in action; no presidents, no sheriffs, no judges, no justices, no officers, with authority to maintain justice or preserve peace, or with lawful power direct such a distracted chaos of armed men, confusedly rising even at the time when most need should be of greatest government, direction, and justice, to suppress factions, decide claims, and defend the realm from invasion of strangers; when swarms of needy soldiers, abounding in the realms about us, will come flying over to possess and prey upon our felicitous wealth and riches, whenever such an opportunity by our civil debates, yea bella plusquam civilia, shall be offered.'[1]

In the face of such dread possibilities, no session of twenty days, no mere proposal to legalize the association, would meet the just demands of England. The very existence of the Empire was held to be at stake: 'one frightful thought possessed every loyal mind, that those hell-hounds, the Jesuits, knowing themselves to be united, and good subjects distracted and doubtful,' would strike at the Queen and plunge the country into anarchy. 'They held and taught that it was not lawful only but meritorious to kill excommunicated princes.' Fear could not daunt them. 'The immediate prospect of the paradise which they were to win' enabled them to contemn death and triumph in torments. No pre-

[1] Dangers which may ensue from the Oath of Association, if it be not qualified with a convenient Act of Parliament, 1584-5: *MSS. Domestic.*

caution would avail 'unless the state of the realm was so established that success should not profit them but rather be the ruin of their hopes.'[1]

The bill was withdrawn. A committee of both Houses was nominated to frame a second in its place, and the Commons proceeded with another measure of repression, carrying a step further an Act of the last Parliament. All Jesuits and Seminary priests were ordered to leave the realm within forty days. If they overstaid that time, or if they returned after it, unless for special causes, they were to suffer as traitors; and those who harboured them were to be hanged as felons.

The terror of the whole situation centered in the word 'Jesuit.' From the Society of Ignatius Loyola came the inspiration of the assassins, and this measure at least promised to pass with acclamation. To the surprise of every one, a solitary member rose in his seat and declared the bill to be full of blood, confiscation, and despair to all English subjects. The speaker was Doctor Parry, who was thus fulfilling his resolution of trying the effect of a remonstrance in Parliament before carrying out the purpose with which he had come over from Paris. He had been restored to his place at the Court, and had been again sworn to the Queen on readmission. He had made a merit to Elizabeth of revealing the existence of a plot against her, and, expecting a reward, had applied for the wardenship of St

[1] Dangers which may ensue from the Oath of Association, if it be not qualified with a convenient Act of Parliament, 1584-5: *MSS. Domestic.*

Catherine's, a rich sinecure in the city. His request had been refused, and, brooding over his imagined wrongs, he had sought companionship with another malcontent, an Edmund Neville, kinsman to the exiled Earl of Westmoreland, who was suffering from the shadow which clouded his family. These two worthies had spent the summer hatching treason together. Parry had revealed to Neville his dispensation from the Pope, and they had mutually warmed their courage over the example of Balthazar Gerard. Parliament however was to be tried first, and Parry had obtained a seat for Queensborough, with which he was in some way connected.

The House, already feverish and fretful, turned upon him in a passion of indignation. He was committed instantly to the sergeant at arms, placed on his knees at the bar, and required to explain his words. He said he had not meant to offend: he had spoken only his real thoughts; his reasons he reserved for the Queen. He was carried off in charge and examined by the council. The next day a message came through Hatton from Elizabeth that she was grateful for the feeling which the House had displayed, but that she hoped, on Parry's acknowledgment of his fault, that it would be passed over. Led to the bar a second time, he withdrew his words, promised never to offend again, and was allowed to resume his seat.

The bill was passed, but time was required for the consideration of the larger question. The Christmas holydays were at hand, and gave an opportunity for

irritation to cool down. On the 21st, notice was given of a six weeks' adjournment. The Queen's pleasure was again made known by Hatton, and a scene took place which reveals strikingly the sentiment of the loyal part of the nation. At the close of a long speech, on the goodness chiefly of Almighty God, Hatton proposed that the Commons, before they separated, should join with him in a prayer for the Queen's continued preservation. Amidst a hum of general assent, he produced a form written, as he said, not very well, but by an honest, godly, and learned man. He read it sentence by sentence, and the four hundred members, all on their knees on the floor of the House, repeated the words after him.[1]

On the 4th of February they met again, and by that time the peril for which they had been called to provide had actually appeared at their doors. Edmund Neville, having an eye perhaps on the Westmoreland earldom, and hoping to gain favour by betraying his accomplice, came forward in January and accused Parry of intending regicide. Parry, he said, had spoken to him in the past summer of killing the Queen, as an act meritorious with God and the world, and had said that he was ready to lose his life to deliver his country from tyranny. Neville naturally represented himself as having listened with abhorrence, but Parry, he declared, had continued to urge him, 'wondering he was so scrupulous, with so many wrongs of his own to

1585. January.

[1] D'Ewes' Journals, 1584-5.

revenge.' Neville had argued that it could not be done. Parry had replied that nothing could be more easy. The Queen was in the habit of walking alone in the Palace gardens at Westminster. Belonging himself to the household, he had access to her presence everywhere: he could introduce his companion, and a barge might be ready at the water-side to carry them down the river as soon as the deed was done. If this failed they could ride up on each side of her carriage as she was going to St James's and fire their pistols in her face. There would be no pursuit, 'for the world was weary of her.'

Neville professed to have turned a deaf ear and had left London. When he returned he found Parry smarting after his adventure in Parliament. The member for Queensborough, it appeared, had set aside his scruples; he had tried the other means and had failed, and was now really determined to execute his commission from Morgan. He again asked his friend to help him. The English were all cowards, he said, and 'Neville was the only man with whom he could act in such a matter.' Neville said that he 'made semblance to be more willing than before, hoping to learn more of Parry's intention:' when he had gathered all that was necessary, 'he discharged his conscience,' and revealed to the council 'the traitorous and abominable intention.' [1]

Instant arrest of course followed. Parry was examined in the Tower by Hunsdon, Hatton, and Walsing-

[1] Confession of Edmund Neville, February 11—21, 1585: *MSS. Domestic.*

ham. He was threatened with the rack, and made a full confession. He told how he had been received into the Church, how he had been tempted by Morgan in Paris, how he had read books, consulted priests, and been uncertain in conscience. He admitted the Pope's dispensation, and the Cardinal of Como's letter. He said that he had lost it, but it was found among his papers. He acknowledged that he had come to England meaning to kill the Queen; that he had been counter-advised, had wavered, had made up his mind again. In one breath he said that he had intended to do it, in the next that he had never intended to do it, both stories being probably true, and representing his varying moods. He was no fanatic—no monomaniac with a fixed idea, which is converted into a fate by being brooded over. He was a vain fool who had fed his imagination with the conceit of being a European hero, and had never wrought himself into the silent mood of determination which issues in act. But if he was a fool he was a dangerous one, and in the humour of the country and of Parliament he had small chance of finding the mercy for which he prayed. He appeared as the incarnation of the universal terror. His confession was taken down and published with the Cardinal of Como's letter. He was shut up in the Tower; Parliament declared his seat vacant; and Sir Thomas Lucy—Shakespeare's Lucy, the original perhaps of Justice Shallow, with an English fierceness at the bottom of his stupid nature—having studied the details of the execution of Gerard, proposed in the House of Commons 'that

some new law should be devised for Parry's execution, such as might be thought fittest for his extraordinary and horrible treason.'[1]

The suggestion harmonized with the general feeling and was well received; but the ordinary punishment for treason, if carried out to the letter, was cruel enough to satisfy the most hungry appetite for horrors. Justice was swift: Parry was tried before a special commission on the 25th of February. He pleaded guilty: his confession was read to him and he reaffirmed it to be true. Again he contradicted himself, and said that he was innocent; and when required to explain, only answered with confused and 'dark speeches.' The Chief Justice, Sir Christopher Wray, passed sentence. As he listened to the frightful words, he cried out in despair, 'I summon Queen Elizabeth to answer for my blood before God.' The Lieutenant of the Tower removed him from the bar amidst the howling of the crowd. Five days after he was drawn on a hurdle from Tower Hill to Palace Yard, where, clamouring that he was being executed for a crime which he had never meant to commit, he was hanged and quartered.[2]

February.

By this time the committee had produced the new bill for the Queen's safety. It fell short of what Burghley had desired, for Elizabeth still chose to keep the competitors for the succession dependent upon her own pleasure, and no principles were laid

March.

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[1] D'Ewes' Journals.

[2] State Trials, 26 Elizabeth. Compare Holinshed.

down by which to choose between them. Something was done, however, though not all.

It was provided that if the realm was invaded or a rebellion instigated after the close of the present session, by or for any one pretending a title to the crown after the Queen's death; or if anything was imagined to the hurt of her Majesty's person, by any one or with the privity of any one that pretended title, such pretender, after due inquiry and conviction, should be for ever disqualified.

The association bond was modified by a clause that every English subject might, *on her Majesty's direction in that behalf*, pursue any person to death by whom or by whose assent such act should have been attempted; and should the attempt be successful, the Lords of the council, with five other earls and seven peers, not being themselves persons making title to the crown, were appointed a commission with the Judges and the Master of the Rolls, to examine the cause of the Queen's death and execute the offenders and their abettors.[1]

Vague and defective as the Act was—for the dangers to be anticipated, should the Queen be assassinated, were scarcely lessened, if the inducements to assassinate her were diminished—it was now allowed to pass; but inasmuch as Parry had confessed that the object of himself and Morgan had been to place the Queen of Scots upon the throne, and as Morgan was known to be her confidential agent in Paris, 'a motion was made, with

[1] 27 Elizabeth, cap. 1.

general applause of the whole House, to revive the proceedings against her in the Parliament of 1572.[1]

Elizabeth was not encouraging, and it was dropped. A liberal subsidy, and a petition from the Commons against the slovenliness, the corruption, and growing tyranny of the bishops, closed the labours of the session, and the Queen, well satisfied, as she had reason to be, with the forbearance which had been displayed towards her, condescended to give both Houses her warm and heartfelt thanks. She complimented them in the speech from the throne on having neglected their private future peril and regarded only her present state. She showed them that she understood and valued their unselfish consideration for her. Her language in all ways was unusually genuine and dignified. She threw a shield over the bishops, but she told them that 'if they did not amend their faults' she 'would depose them.' She defended her general religious policy, repelled the accusation of lukewarmness, and appealed to her present position as a proof of her sincerity. For religion, and for religion only, she said her life was in hourly peril. She foresaw, when she originally chose her course, that she would have the mightiest and greatest to wrestle with: she knew the danger, and had deliberately encountered it, and now she was too much wronged if she was charged with coldness. She was persuaded that her

[1] A petition, it will be remembered, was presented for her execution as an accomplice in the treason of the Duke of Norfolk.—Elizabeth to the Queen of Scots, March 22, 1585: *MSS.* MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

way was God's way, and for that reason, and that reason only, she persisted in it. The subsidy, she said, would be employed on the defence of the country. Public necessity only had obliged her to apply for it, and if that necessity did not exist she would rather return than receive it.[1]

The Parliament was dismissed, and that trouble was happily over; but foreign perplexities remained as entangled as ever. With a Protestant Scotland heartily attached to her, the Queen might have looked on upon the troubles of the Continent and have seen with regret, but without alarm for her own security, the collapse and defeat of the Netherlands. But the Scotch Protestant leaders were dead or in exile, the ministers were scattered or crushed, and the power of the country was in the hands of an unprincipled adventurer and a treacherous and ambitious boy. The Netherlands problem therefore remained formidable as ever. Without help either from herself or France it was clearly impossible for the States to hold out, and immediately on their conquest the reckoning with England was to follow. France was ready to go to war for them alone if they would become French subjects, or to go to war for them by the side of England, leaving their future to be determined at the close of it. Elizabeth could resolve on neither, but still clung to the hope that she could manœuvre Henry into committing himself, and by keeping aloof from the quarrel dictate the terms of the settlement.

[1] Speech of the Queen at the close of the Parliament of 1584-5. Reported by Stowe, who was present.

The States themselves meanwhile could not wait. Their own desire was to be annexed to England. Again and again and again they had offered themselves to Elizabeth, and half the council had been anxious that the offer should be accepted. War with Spain was held inevitable at all events. The extension of the Empire by the addition to it of Holland and Zealand 'would be acceptable to the generality of the realm;' 'the gain would be the greater and the peril less.' The more cautious ministers, who hesitated at the annexation, yet were in favour of accepting a protectorate, even with the certainty that the war would be precipitated.[1]

But the Queen gave only vague answers; vague answers could not check Parma; and the States, feeling that to sit still was to be destroyed, made the same proposals to France.

The third alternative then presented itself—the joint action of France and England. The French Government had desired this all along, and they desired it still. Mauvissière, under the instructions of the Queen-mother, continued to press the tripartite alliance—a close union between France and England and Scotland, with a provision for the Queen of Scots as well as for the Low Countries.

Again Elizabeth hesitated. She was afraid of tak-

[1] Objections and answers touching her Majesty's proceedings in aid of Holland and Zealand, 1584-5: *MSS. Flanders.* Resolution of the conference had on the question, Should her Majesty relieve the States or no? October 10—20, 1584: *MSS. Holland.*

[2] The Queen-mother to Mauvissière, December 1, 1584: TEULET, vol. iii.

ing charge of the States herself—afraid of seeing them conquered, afraid of seeing them incorporated with France, afraid of going to war by the side of France. In December she half resolved upon the last. She bade Sir Edward Stafford tell Henry that she would consent. But Henry found that her agents had been at work in the Netherlands dissuading the French connection. Warned by past experience he was obliged to be wary in his dealings with her. He told Stafford he feared the invitation might be a stratagem to sharpen his appetite, and that when he and Philip were 'by the ears,' she would, as her accustomed manner was, 'let them alone and sit still.'[1] She complained that she was unfairly suspected; yet Henry had probably divined correctly, if not her conscious intention, yet the course which she would in reality pursue. He could not go to war single-handed for England's convenience, with no prospect of advantage to himself; and the States reasonably claimed liberty of action, and the right, if she would not herself help them, to become French if they pleased.

To this issue things were so clearly tending, that in January she sent Secretary Davison into Holland 'to devise how the French might be stayed from acquiring absolute dominion there.' If the States answered that the French would not help them except on this condition, she empowered Davison to say that sooner than they should be annexed by France, or conquered by

[1] Stafford to Walsingham, October 8—18: *MSS. France.*

Spain, she would herself give them reasonable assistance.[1] She either did not know her own mind however, or else she was deliberately false. On the same day, Walsingham writing to Davison said, 'I am very sorry to see the course that is taken in this weighty cause, for we will neither help those poor distressed countries ourselves nor suffer others to do it. If France may not help them they must submit to Spain, which will breed such a peril to her Majesty as there is never a wise man but lamenteth it.'[2] 'Better far,' Walsingham wrote to Burghley, 'if the Queen would herself take the protection of those countries, with a resolution, if necessary, to spend half-a-million of money there. The burden would be willingly borne by the realm, rather than they should come to the hands of the French or Spaniards. But, the directions given to both her Majesty's ministers in France and in the Low Countries to impeach that the French King shall have no full footing in those countries, cannot but be most perilous to her unless she shall resolve to take the protection of them herself.'[3]

The situation was in every way difficult. Walsingham himself did not think that joint action with France could be ventured on. The French King was a poor creature, possibly treacherous,[4] and sitting so weakly

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[1] Memorandum to Davison, January 14—24, 1585: *MSS. Holland.*

[2] Walsingham to Davison, January 14—24: *MSS.* Ibid.

[3] Walsingham to Burghley, January 11—21, 1585: *MSS. Domestic.*

[4] 'His delay shows that either he seeks absolute possession of those countries, or does entertain them with vain hopes to make the way

upon the throne that the control of the Government might pass at any time to the Guises. The direct interference of England, he thought, would be at once the boldest, safest, and in the long run the cheapest course.

Elizabeth however took her own way. Deputies from the States were despatched to France in December, with proposals for annexation. Had those proposals been clear and unconditional, and had England made no opposition, they would have been instantly accepted, and a French army would have taken the field against Parma. Mendoza, who had succeeded de Tassis as Minister at Paris, twice demanded an audience to remonstrate, and was twice refused. The third time he asked for his passports, and the Queen-mother recommended that he should be taken at his word. Spanish ducats were scattered among the council, and the King at last received him, but the interview was fierce and stormy. The ambassador insisted that his master's rebels should not be admitted into the King's presence. Henry replied 'in great choler' that he was no man's subject; his realm was free to all comers, and his ears open to all petitions. Mendoza went from him to Catherine. Catherine said that if her son would take her advice, he would both hear the Deputies and help them; the incorporation of the Provinces with France would

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easy to a Spanish conquest. Besides, it is to be considered that he is so coldly affected to any cause that carries honour or surety withal—as one given over to a careless security, unfit for his calling, as the least impediment may stay him.—Ibid.

be no more than an equivalent for the conquest of Portugal.[1]

1585. January. The ambassador left her in a rage. A council was held immediately after, in which war was all but decided on. England was the only difficulty. Philip Sidney's mission in the summer had hung fire, but Lord Derby was now coming over, bringing the Garter to the King; some definite resolution on Elizabeth's part was expected, and the Deputies, when they had landed, were desired to remain for the present at Boulogne.[2]

The question, which was originally a simple one, had been by this time made profoundly complicated. There were two conditions under which the Provinces might become French: either they might simply merge in the French Empire, or they might retain their self-government under the French Crown.

France naturally desired the first, and was disinclined to the adventure otherwise. Elizabeth had tempted the States to insist upon the second, and if either the States were not resolute, or if the French Government made complete annexation an absolute condition of this interference, she had found friends in Holland who had engaged secretly to put Brill and Flushing in English hands. Stafford was instructed to acquiesce in any terms on which France would be induced to go to war; but there were ulterior designs in the acquiescence which in any one but Elizabeth would have been called

[1] Stafford to Walsingham, January 2—12: *MSS. France.*

[2] Stafford to Walsingham, January 14—24: *MSS.* Ibid.

treacherous. 'Although,' she said, 'it might be greatly misliked to have the King of France absolute Lord of those countries, yet rather than he should now reject them, and give courage to the Spaniard, it were better he should accept the offer, and enter war with the King of Spain. He must have a long time before he can achieve such an enterprise, during which many opportunities may fall out to stop his greatness; and nothing shall more retard him than the holding the great towns of Holland and Zealand out of his hands, as it is likely they shall be so kept.'[1]

The spy system was too well organized throughout Europe for these manœuvres to be kept secret, and they were as well understood at Paris as at Westminster. The Deputies were sent for after six weeks' delay. They were trammelled by instructions from home, the sense of which they too well comprehended. When Stafford called on them they made a 'cold excuse,' some of them bursting out with hard truths at her Majesty's tricks and thwarts.[2] They were kindly received by the King; but when they produced their proposals they were able only to offer to be his subjects in the sense in which they had been the subjects of Charles V. No 'garrisons' were to be admitted save 'those of their own country.' The increased greatness into which France was to be tempted was thus 'a greatness in the air.'

The French council entertained the Deputies at a banquet, to discover, 'when they were merry,' if there

[1] Instructions to Sir Edward Stafford, January 12—22: *MSS. France.*
[2] Stafford to Walsingham, February 12—22: *MSS.* Ibid.

was more behind. It came out 'that the sea towns also were to be reserved.'[1] In the face of Elizabeth's attitude, more tangible advantages were needed to tempt the King into a war, and the well-founded impression at the Court was that 'when it came to the point her Majesty would hinder rather than further their action.'[2]

February. Lord Derby arrived in the middle of February with the Garter, which was accepted with the due solemnities. But his political instructions were vapouring and meaningless. The Queen affected to be anxious that France should go forward, while she had herself induced the States to make their offer of themselves valueless. On Sunday the 28th of February (March 10), the King sent for the Deputies to give them their answer. In the presence of Lord Derby he thanked them for their good-will; but he regretted that the condition of France prevented him from being able to assist them. They should find him a good neighbour, he said, and such private good offices as he could do for them should not be wanting; but to be their sovereign he was obliged to decline. Thus dismissing them he desired Derby and Stafford to follow him into his cabinet, and alone with his two secretaries he went over the whole history of his negotiations with England upon the subject. He showed how he and his brother had been played with and trifled with. It was impossible for him, he said, to place suffi-

March.

[1] Stafford to Walsingham, February 12—22; *MSS. France.*

[2] Derby and Stafford to Walsingham, February 23—March 5: *MSS.* Ibid.

cient confidence in Elizabeth to venture into a war; but he represented himself as still willing, if she wished it, to make a special league with England; to remonstrate with Philip, in connection with her, on his treatment of the Low Countries; and to show him that if he persisted in violence he must count upon their united enmity: it was a course which the Queen herself had once suggested; she was unwilling to see the Provinces become annexed to France, and he therefore trusted that she would approve.

To have consented would have obliged England eventually to go to war, and the Queen was bent upon forcing Henry into it single-handed. Stafford not very honestly replied that his mistress would at one time have been satisfied with remonstrance, for fear of harm to the person of Monsieur, whom she loved so dearly; but he was surprised, he said, to see a French King refuse offers which his predecessors would have caught at so eagerly, proffered to him as they were with the good-will of England: the chance might not return, and he should not injure his reputation by neglecting it.

The King answered quietly, that he could not sacrifice himself for the good of others. If the King of Spain saw France and England united and determined, he would respect their wishes. The course which he had suggested was the best, and under the circumstances the only one possible.[1]

It would have pleased Elizabeth well to have seen

[1] Stafford to Walsingham, March 3—13: *MSS. France.*

France and Spain at war, and herself to hold in her hands the keys of the Zealand harbours; but her diplomacy was baffled, and she could not conceal her irritation. An opportunity offered itself for the display of her temper.

Morgan, whom Parry had named as having instigated him to kill her, was residing in Paris. She demanded, through Lord Derby, that he should be arrested and sent to England. She promised to spare his life; but she desired to extort out of him 'the circumstances of the practice.' Had the King been false he would have given the man a hint to escape. He so far complied however that Morgan was thrown into the Bastile. His rooms were searched and his papers were seized. He had time to destroy the most important; but a letter was found from Parry on the subject of the murder, containing an allusion to some one, who was probably the Scotch Queen, and, after being looked over by the council, it was placed with the other documents in Lord Derby's hands.

But this was not enough. The Queen said she must have Morgan himself. The French council offered to try him, and punish him if he was found guilty. She was not satisfied. It was hinted to Stafford that before he could be brought to the bar 'he would have some melancholick drug in the Bastile, and peak away without accusing anybody,' and the accusation was what Elizabeth desired. She wanted to learn and to be able to publish the names of the persons who were setting the assassins to work. She had already got at the Pope. She required the names of the rest.

The King, as Stafford said, wished Morgan at the bottom of the sea. He was notoriously the Queen of Scots' servant, and on the rack he might possibly enough mention her. Elizabeth regarded him as a mere murderer — Catholic Europe regarded him as the loyal servant of an injured mistress, and to have given him up at that moment might have precipitated the convulsion which was hanging over Henry's head. It was doubtful, in fact, whether he could be carried down to the sea. The Guises held the roads through Normandy, and he might be carried off, and Lord Derby perhaps killed.

But Elizabeth was obstinate and violent. Walsingham suggested that she should express gratitude for the arrest. She would not do it.[1] Savage at her political defeat, and glad to fasten any other faults upon the King, she sent him, instead of thanks, one of the most singular letters ever addressed by one Sovereign to another. She accused him of concealing the most important of Morgan's ciphers, and of constituting himself the protector of assassins and conspirators. She said he was permitting her worst enemies to visit Morgan, to arrange his defence for him, and prompt him to conceal his accomplices. She told him that he must be asleep, or that he must be blinded by necromancy. At the same time she wrote to Catherine de Medici that her son had better remember that he was no favourite of the priests, and that if he did not consider better

[1] Walsingham to Stafford, March 7—17: *MSS. France.*

what was due to a sister Sovereign, he might live to see strange things.[1] Walsingham said he had never seen her so exasperated.[2] He thought it prudent to excuse the letters 'which were written off with a draft of the pen,' but begged the King to impute 'the passionate words' to the Queen's affection for him.

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[1] The language of these letters was as remarkable as their substance.

To the King she wrote—

'Voyez un paquet qui me fist enragée voir. A grande peine pourray-je imaginer qu'eussiez esté esveillé pour ouir non seulement qu'il ne fust livré en mes mains, ains que prinstes conseil et deliberation qu'il se ne deust faire; et outre ne permettre que les ciphres et escripts fussent veu par mes Ambassadeurs, mais qui pis est, permettre que mes plus grands ennemys le doivent visiter pour par eux accorder sur ses responces, et par le cacher les complices de sy enorme trahison. Mon Dieu, qui negromancie vous a forcené l'esprit si avant pour vous aveugler les yeulx à ne voire comme en un miroir vostre hazard propre, à qui Dieu ne concede tous si sinceres subjects ni si addonnés à vous adorer que ne pourryes tenir les bilances en branle de leur trop grande fidelité. . . . Je vous jure que s'il me sera nyé je concluray de n'avoir liguée avec le Roy, mais avec un legat ou ung Gouverneur de Seminaires, et aussy grande honte de me mettre en si mauvais compaignie.'—Elizabeth to the King of France, March 10—20: *MSS. France.*

And again to Catherine de' Medici:

'Madame ma bonne Sœur,

'Ceste adage vous excusera en ma conscience: 'Chi fa qual che può, non è tenuto a fare più.' Car autrement je m'en plaindrois trop d'une princesse que j'ay tant aimée, qu'elle deust permettre au pis aller sans l'impugner que le Roy se fust tant oublyé de son office de ne tenir compte de la vie, non seulement de la reputation d'ung Roy comme luy, mais non seulement non livrer le traictre, ains qui pis est ne permectre la recherche de ses papiers, comme s'il feit plus compte d'ung vilain que d'ung Prince. Le temps viendra peut estre, comme les vieilles prophetizent souvent, que les empescheurs de si juste faicte luy donneront plus de peine voire quant il aura tres agreable une amytié telle que la mienne. Il me souvient que tous les religieux de son pays n'ont eu tousjours l'œil sur luy seul sans adorer quelque autre. Si le Roy ne me respectera mieulx, vous verrez chose admirable premier que mourir, non obstant le legat et sa belle suicte,' &c.—*MSS. France.*

[2] Walsingham to Stafford, March 17—27: *MSS.* Ibid.

Sir William Wade was sent over to repeat her demands for the delivery of Morgan.

The occasion was most inopportune, for he reached Paris on the day on which the Duke of Guise (March 15—25) unfolded the banner of the Holy League, and the House of Lorraine published their intention of coercing their Sovereign, inflicting the decrees of Trent upon France, and cutting off the King of Navarre from the succession. The Cardinal of Bourbon, the King of Navarre's uncle, had been put forward as the nominal head of the party. The plea was misgovernment and toleration of heresy. The Princes of the League said that they meant no hurt to the King; but excommunication hung over him if he resisted; and Guise, with twenty thousand men, paid out of the Spanish treasury, was expected in Paris. The rising, which had been long in preparation, had been precipitated by the arrival of the Deputies from the States. It had not been prevented by the refusal to help them, and the question whether two religions could subsist side by side in France was to be tried by the sword.

If Guise won, France and Spain would then inevitably unite against England. Regarded by the light of St Bartholomew, the movement seemed like 'a stratagem devised between the Court and the Duke for the overthrow of religion.'[1] Elizabeth bade Stafford tell the King that if he would accept her help she would aid him with the whole power of April.

[1] Walsingham to Stafford, March 22—April 1: *MSS. France.*

her realm. Navarre and Condé only waited his orders to fly to his side.

Suspicion had for once been unjust to Henry. The council, with scarce one exception, advised that he should yield or temporize; he was himself inclined to fight; and the Duke of Montpensier stood by him, saying, 'he was as good a Catholic as any, but would not give way to rebels.'[1]

Civil war however, if once begun, would be internecine. Guise was the idol of the great towns, the strength of the ultra-Catholics lying curiously in the proletariat of the cities, while the Jesuit confessors were laying a strain on the aristocracy, by making adherence to the League a condition of receiving the rites of the Church. Catherine de Medici went off to Chalons, where the army of the League was assembling, 'to try for a peaceable settlement.'

It was in the midst of this confusion that Wade came with his request for the surrender of Morgan. The council said it could not possibly be complied with; yet, so anxious was the King to please Elizabeth, that the League feared he would consent, and word was passed to the Duc d'Aumale, who commanded at Abbeville to look out for and rescue him. Convinced by his own observation that he could not carry him down to the sea, Wade accepted a promise that he should be kept a prisoner, and went back to explain to Elizabeth. D'Aumale set upon him near Amiens, and not finding

[1] Stafford to Walsingham, March 26—April 5: *MSS. France.*

Morgan in his company, contented himself with giving him a severe beating, and let him go to report the answer of France to the demand for the extradition of a Catholic.[1]

The King was not responsible for D'Aumale's insolence; but his indecision was easily construed into treachery. Henry of Valois had no character to fall back upon, and when he was honest he could not obtain credit for it. The roads were open when Morgan was first arrested, and the King's two secretaries, M. Villeroy and M. Pinart, were known to have then opposed his surrender. Weakness too was almost as dangerous as deliberate falsehood. The King might be killed or might be deposed. The Duke of Guise was supposed to require, as one of the conditions of peace, May. that 'Normandy, Picardy, and Brittany, with

[1] The Nuncio interfered for Morgan as well as Guise, and the Pope himself was moved in his behalf. 'Forasmuch,' wrote one of the English at Paris to a friend at Rome, 'as there is a sincere amity still continued between his Most Christian Majesty and the Queen of England, who will never leave to persecute Morgan to the death, his liberty must be procured by all means, that he may not be at the mercy of either of these princes. Move therefore his Holiness in the matter. Let him seem to take it very strange that his Majesty most Christian would, in favour of the Queen of England, an enemy to God and his Church, imprison Mr Morgan, an English gentleman, who lived in banishment for his faith and his religion. He may tell the King that if he had delivered Mr Morgan it should have been a great offence in the King towards God to consent to the effusion of innocent blood, and a great dishonour to him and the realm of France. His Holiness may require the liberty of Mr Morgan forthwith, and allege that his Holiness will employ him in the service of the Catholic Church.'—Letter to Dr Lewis, at Rome, in the case of Mr Morgan, April, 1585: *MSS. France.*

the havens and sea towns,' should be made over to him,[1] and Stafford warned Elizabeth 'to prepare for the worst.' He ascertained that part of the council, Secretary Villeroy especially, had advised Henry to save France from civil war by diverting the storm upon England, and that Villeroy had gone so far as to consult Mendoza on the possibility of a union with Spain against the Queen.

The King having declined her offer of help, she was driven back once more upon her 'natural allies.' When Catholic Europe threatened to combine against her, she remembered that she was a Protestant Sovereign. Young Champernowne of Dartington, a name as well known as it was honoured in the Huguenot army, was commissioned to go to the King of Navarre, and to tell him that if the King of France was misled into joining the League, he might count on her support, and that she would send to Germany and invite the Lutherans to join for the common defence.[2] M. de Ségur came again to England. Money was given to Montpensier to enable him to hold Picardy, while Elizabeth had recourse to her pen, and endeavoured to work directly upon the mind of 'her dear brother' at Paris.[3]

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[1] Stafford to Walsingham, May 4—14: *MSS. France.*

[2] Abstract of instructions to Arthur Champernowne, sent to the King of Navarre, April—May, 1585: *MSS.* Ibid.

[3] 'Could you but know, my most dear brother, the grief which I feel at the danger to which you are allowing yourself to be exposed, you would perceive that there was no creature in the world on whom you might more surely count for help than on myself. My God! is it possible that a great King, against all reason and honour, can sue for peace and to rebels and traitors instead of forcing them to submit to

Of him however there was but little hope. He had no love for his cousin of Guise, and those who knew

your authority? I marvel to see you thus betrayed by your council, and so blind as to tolerate their villany. Pardon the affection which emboldens me to speak thus freely to you. I protest before God, I do it only for the honour and the love I bear you. Alas! think you the cloke of religion in which they wrap themselves is so thick that their design cannot be seen through it? their design, I say, to have France ruled, in your name indeed, but at their devotion. And I pray God that be all. I do not think it will be. Princes conquered by their subjects are rarely of long continuance. God defend you! be not yourself an example of this.

'Wake up your kingly spirit, and you shall see that we two, if it please you to use my aid, will put them to the greatest shame that ever rebels knew. If your loyal subjects see you put to your hand, if they have not cause to suspect, as many do, that you are yourself in league with these men, seeing the small heed you take of them, doubt not they will so stand by you, that you shall have your rebels alive or dead in your hands, to your eternal honour. A King like you should choose rather to risk his life in battle than endure the shame which is coming upon you. Better far to lose twice ten thousand men than reign at the will of traitors. You will soon end this business if you do not beg for peace ere you have taught them to know their places. Who and what are these men that are so hardy as to give the law to their King, and with strange requests and monstrous conditions would make you break your plighted word? Jesus! was it ever seen that a Prince was so awed by traitors that he had neither heart nor council to defy them? If a Queen in two weeks brought into the field 30,000 men to chastise two dreaming fools, who were set on by another prince, and were not seeking their own advancement,* what should not a King of France do against men who claim precedence of the House of Valois, and pretend prior descent from Charlemagne, and to colour their doings call themselves champions of the faith, and gird at you as less devout than themselves? Awake, for the love of God. You have slept too long. Trust to me. I will help you if you do not abandon yourself. I hear you have a few days' respite. Use the time and make yourself strong. Beware of conditions which will bring you to shame and ruin. I have been so ill handled by your gallant Duke of Aumale, that I can send you no more special ministers; but I beg you write freely to me. Tell me what you will do, and care not for other men's pleasure, but think of your own need. The Creator aid you with his grace and

* The Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland.

him best did not believe him to be treacherous. Yet 'which is better,' wrote Stafford, 'to fall into the hands of a deep dissembler, which I have ever taken the King to be, and do more than three-quarters believe it still; or into the hands of a coward constrained by fear to embrace any party? This is as much to be feared as the other; for I never saw but cowards were ever bloodiest and cruellest when they had the victory. God, like a good God, may bring many things about to His will, and put His hand to that which we were not likely to hope for; but for God's sake let us not live in hope so much of heavenly Providence that we forget to provide for earthly helps which God gives us, for fear we tempt him to be angry with us.'[1]

Providence or chance was indeed at the moment curiously working for Elizabeth, and in the most unlikely quarter. On the 24th of April Gregory XIII. closed his long Pontificate. He was succeeded by Cardinal Montalta, known to history as Sextus V., who, ambitious to distinguish his Pontificate, and believing himself born to extinguish the schism in the Church, commenced by a dream of converting the heretic Queen. Sir Edward Stafford, it seems, had been heard to say in Paris that if the worst came to the worst his mistress could save herself by hearing a mass. The words were carried to Rome, and for a few weeks the Vatican was full of a belief that so it was to

June.

raise your spirit.

'I am your good sister and assured cousin, 'ELIZABETH.'

MSS. France, May, 1585.

[1] Stafford to Walsingham, June 22—July 2: *MSS. France.*

be.[1] The mistake was shortlived, and Sextus became as eager as his predecessor for 'the enterprise of England'; but differences of opinion had meanwhile sprung up in the College of Cardinals, which prevented his ill-will from taking shape. They could not agree in the person who was to take Elizabeth's place. Some were for Mary Stuart; some were for James; some secretly perhaps for Philip; and again one party wished to see heresy extinguished first in France; others would save France at the expense of its neighbours, and adhered to the old plan of sending Guise to Scotland.[2]

But these uncertainties could not be of long continuance, and the practical danger was becoming more and more imminent. Parma's army was before Antwerp. A bridge, thrown over the river, which desperate attempts had been made in vain to break, cut off the city from supplies. Famine was doing its work, and the surrender had become a question of weeks, or at best of months. The fall of Antwerp was expected to be the signal for a general submission of the Provinces,

[1] 'Dixóme su Santidad en esta platica suelto que esperaba que la Reyna de Inglaterra habia de hacer alguna cosa buena. Apretéle con repreguntar para entender si tenia algunas platicas ó intelligencia con ella. Dixóme que no, pero que era tanto lo que tenia á los Catolicos y lo poco que se confiaba de los hereges, que le hacia esperar esto. Despues supe del Cardinal de Como, como el Nuncio de Francia escribia que habia sabido de una persona á quien el Embajador de Inglaterra habia dicho, que quando corriese turbio tenia su ama el remedio en la mano, con solo oyr una misa.'—El Conde de Olivarez al Rey, 4 Junio, 1585: *MSS. Simancas.* This passage is valuable, as showing how thoroughly, notwithstanding the shrieks of the Jesuits, the heads of the Church understood and appreciated Elizabeth's tolerant policy.

[2] Olivarez to Philip, July 5—15: *MSS. Simancas.*

and Parma would then be free to act with Guise, either in France or against the Queen of England. The Queen-mother had done her work at Chalons. She had promised in the King's name that heresy should no longer be tolerated—six months might be allowed to the King of Navarre and the Huguenots to make their peace and surrender their towns—but if they had not complied at the end of that time, they were to be declared public enemies. The King, after a faint resistance, confirmed his mother's engagements. He was terrified by the threat of excommunication, and the dread of being deposed.

'He hated the Guises,' Sir Edward Stafford repeated, 'with a hatred which would never be quenched;' there were those about him who foresaw the tragedy of Blois; but for the present he yielded to the times. The edicts were finally revoked, and it was declared with ingenious irony 'that there was to be but one religion in France, after the example of the Queen of England.'[1]

To the enunciation of these resolutions the King of Navarre replied with an appeal to Europe. 'In the presence of God, by whom he looked to be judged, he declared himself a Christian. He accepted the decrees of the antient Councils of the Church: he professed himself willing to submit again to the judgment of any fresh Council lawfully called. The ecclesiastical corruptions universally acknowledged, but as yet unreformed, had compelled him and others to introduce reforms

[1] M. de Clairvaux to Walsingham, June 12–22: *MSS. France.*

meantime for themselves, and the exercise of two religions had been solemnly permitted by the law during the existence of the schism. France itself had not yet recognized the Council of Trent, nor had its decrees been published within the French frontier.' 'He had himself,' he said, 'scrupulously observed the edicts: he had never persecuted Catholics within his own jurisdiction, and he claimed the same respect for himself, till a lawful Council, general or national, had decided on the points that were disputed. If civil war was begun again, he invited the world to witness that the fault did not rest with him. To save the spilling of French blood he was ready to try the quarrel between himself and Guise, man to man, two to two, ten to ten, or twenty to twenty, whenever and wherever the King would be pleased to permit.'[1]

Now was the time for Elizabeth to fulfil the promises which she had made through Champernowne. Ségur was in London to learn her resolution. The Huguenot leaders, Turenne, Du Plessis, Condé, all pressed her. M. de Clairvaux wrote that their cause was hers; that to defend them was to defend herself, and that in respect of the common interest she was bound to share the burden, 'and take Christ and his members from the cross to save herself.'[2]

Elizabeth did not require to be told all this, and she was well aware of the merits of July.

[1] Declaration of the King of Navarre. Enclosed by Stafford to Walsingham, July 1—11: *MSS. France.*

[2] M. de Clairvaux to Walsingham, June 1—22: *MSS.* Ibid.

the King of Navarre. She knew that the Prince of Orange being dead she had no truer friend in Europe; but she knew also, that having launched himself into the struggle, he could not be conquered in a single season, and she could afford to take time to consider. She had promised indeed; but gossamer was not lighter than the threads of the obligations which bound her to struggling Protestants. She was entangled also, as will be seen in the next chapter, with engagements into which she had entered with the Low Countries, and was equally endeavouring to evade the fulfilment of them. She was at issue with her whole council, of all parties and all shades of opinion. After her old manner, she was 'refusing to enter into the action otherwise than underhand;' and every one of her Ministers 'concurred in opinion that it was a dishonourable and dangerous course for her, and that it was impossible she should long stand unless she acted openly and roundly.'[1]

Conscious that she was wrong, yet unable to act uprightly, she quarrelled with everything that was proposed to her. By her own act she had brought Ségur to England. When every minute lost cost a man's life, she kept him two months waiting before she could determine what to do. Her deliberations resulted at last in an offer to lend the King of Navarre 25,000*l.*—a sixteenth part of what she had wasted on Alençon—to save France from her own deadliest enemy, and even

[1] Walsingham to Stafford, July 22—August 1: *MSS. France.*

her loan she made conditional on the joint-action of Denmark and the German States. It was a fit sequel to the appropriation of the jewels. 'I told her Majesty frankly,' Ségur wrote to Walsingham, 'I had rather she lent us nothing, and I tell you the same. I will receive nothing from her on these conditions. After her message to the King of Navarre through M. Champernowne, it is no time to treat him thus. I would it had cost me ten thousand franks that I had not come hither at this time, or led his Majesty to hope for help from you.' [1]

Since the loan could not be accepted, she cut it down to half. She gave Ségur the munificent present of 12,000*l.* and let him go—go in search of more effective help from the Princes Protestants of other countries; and fearing only that being sent away after a two months' suit empty-handed, 'her Majesty's example, she being first in rank and honour and power,' would not encourage their liberality.[2]

Sharp practice like this might be very clever, but it was not always safe. Navarre's appeal was received with more favour than the fanatics looked for. The great middle party in France was inclined to interpose between the League and their prey; to insist on some kind of compromise, and leave Guise, as a compensation, to work his will on England. Villeroy's proposals to Mendoza began to pass into shape. A spy of Walsing-

[1] Ségur to Walsingham, July 2—12: *MSS. France.*

[2] Ségur to Walsingham, July 6—16: *MSS.* Ibid. Walsingham to Stafford, July 22—August 1: *MSS.* Ibid.

August. ham's sent him word in August that there would be an invasion before the close of the winter. Guise was going to Scotland: Spain would make a diversion in Ireland. Neville, Percy, Arundel, Paget, Throgmorton, were to land at different points upon the English coast. Mauvissière had left London at last. His successor, M. de l'Aubespine, 'had been framed to the purpose;' and 'the Papists,' once more in heart and spirits, 'were in hope to be in England before Christmas.'[1]

The signal was to be the consent of the King of Navarre to conditions which Elizabeth's desertion seemed likely to force upon him. Casimir offered to go to his help if she would bear part of the cost, but she would not. She 'was indisposed to yield to a contribution for the levy in Germany, and would be content that a lame peace should be shuffled up in France rather than be put to any such charges.'[2]

The execution of the plan however implied the co-operation of Scotland, and was 'dashed,' according to an informant who was or professed to be in the secret,[3] by another of those sudden 'alterations' there, of which the young King was for so many years the football.

We go back to the embassy of the Master of Gray and the treaties with the Queen of Scots and with James.

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[1] MS. endorsed 'the enterprise of England, August 11, 1585:' *MSS. France.*

[2] Walsingham to Stafford, December 7—17: *MSS.* Ibid.

[3] Secret advertisement to Walsingham, December 16: *MSS.* Ibid.

Mary Stuart had offended the Pope by consenting to come to terms with Elizabeth. She had committed herself, yet her liberty seemed as far away as before. Her friends abroad told her to look for nothing from Spain as long as her son was a Protestant; and even Mendoza, who had once thought that the road to the conquest of Flanders lay through England, had now altered his mind, and had advised Philip to leave England alone till Parma had finished his work.[1]

Parma had indeed been anxious that the Queen of Scots should escape, and had offered to provide the necessary money. Paget, Owen, Parsons, and others of the young English Catholics, had a hundred schemes by which, if she could but find her way outside Tutbury walls any dark winter evening, they would snatch her up and sweep her down to the sea. 'You yourself know,' wrote one of them to her, 'what want the lack of your liberty has brought forth to your own subjects and all Christendom. The Queen of England will never deliver you but by fear or force, and I see small appearance yet that she will be constrained. There are but few examples of kings that came to crowns out of prisons, and many being at liberty out of their countries recovered their own.'[2] January.

A few years before, there would have been no difficulty. Half Shrewsbury's household were then in her

[1] Charles Paget to the Queen of Scots, January 4—14, 1585; Sir F. Englefield to the Queen of Scots, March 15, 1585: *MSS.* Mary Queen of Scots.

[2] Hugh Owen to the Queen of Scots, January 13—23: *MSS.* Ibid.

interest. But her dreams at that time were of Guise or Lennox, with some gay train of cavaliers, appearing at the gates of Sheffield and bearing her to London amidst the enthusiasm of Catholic England, to take possession of the throne. She had then felt herself better off where she was, than in Scotland or abroad, and had no desire to go. But the chance had passed and could not be recalled. Sir Ralph Sadler's servants were strangers, and there was no egress through the posterns of Tutbury. Elizabeth fed her with words, and in anticipation that she might try something desperate, she was guarded with especial strictness. Sadler, on his own responsibility, allowed her now and then to ride with him hawking in the meadows, 'a pastime which she had singular delight in:' fifty attendants, with pistols, followed always on horseback; but Sadler was reprimanded for carelessness; and barely excused himself by assuring Elizabeth that 'if any danger had been offered or apparent doubt suspected, the Queen of Scots' body should first have tasted of the gall.'[1]

March.

From day to day her hopes grew fainter, as from day to day it became more clear that James had sold himself to her enemy. Again he had repudiated the association to which she had pretended that he had consented. No such thing existed, he said, nor ever should exist. In return, the Earl of Angus and his companions had been removed from Newcastle to Oxford,

[1] Sadler to Walsingham, March 22—April 1: *MSS.* MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

where he would have less cause to fear them; and the return of the Master of Gray was only waited for, for the pension to be satisfactorily arranged. Arran indeed was not satisfied. Arran, anxious to secure his forfeitures, still demanded that both Angus and the Hamiltons should be driven out of England; and Sir Lewis Bellenden, the justice clerk, was sent to London to urge it. But the Master of Gray had gained an influence of his own over James, and Arran was no longer all-powerful. Arran's interests were not Scotland's. He was the creature of the King's favour: he represented no principle, and had no political position. Bellenden, when he came up, acted with Gray, and the English ministers were satisfied that whatever dangers threatened the Queen, Scotland was for the present secure.

Fear of Scotland was the lever on which Mary Stuart had counted to work upon Elizabeth, and it was slipping out of her hands. Elizabeth sent her the letter in which James repudiated the association. She cursed the Master of Gray; she cursed her son; she swore that sooner than he should enjoy her right in England, as he had already usurped her actual crown, she would disinherit him as a false, treacherous, and unnatural child, and would bequeath her claims, whatever they might be, to the worst enemy that he had.[1]

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1 'J'invoqueray la malediction de Dieu sur luy, et luy donneray non seulement la mienne avec telles circonstances qu'ils luy toucheront au vif, mais aussy le deseriterayje et priveray comme fils desnaturé, ingrat et perfide et desobeissant, de toute la grandeur qu'il peult jamais avoir de moy en ce monde, et plustost en tel cas donneray-je mon droit quel qui soit au plus grand ennemye qu'il aye, avant que jamais il en

She desired that Bellenden might come to her to Tutbury, and carry her complaints to Scotland. 'Untie my hands,' she cried to Elizabeth, 'and let me deal with these lying practisers. Do not tempt my son to bring a mother's malison upon him. Say plainly whether you hold him or me to be lawful Sovereign of Scotland, and whether you will treat with me or no. Let me go. Let me retire from this island to some solitude where I may prepare my soul to die. Grant this and I will sign away every right to which I or mine can claim, either now or hereafter. Now that my son has deceived me, I care no more for ambition. Rather I would have him made an example to all posterity of tyranny, impiety, and ingratitude. His subjects may deal with him as he has been advised to deal with me; or the stranger may invade and spoil him. If earthly force be on his side, I will take God's protection from him; God will never favour impiety.'[1]

April. To this convulsive rhetoric Elizabeth replied coldly that the Queen of Scots was under an entire misapprehension. 'Her son declared most positively that he had never consented to the association at all, and therefore could not have injured her as she imagined. As to her release she must be patient. Since the late attempt of Dr Parry, her subjects were more jealous for her safety. Parry had confessed that his object had been to place the Queen of Scots on the

jouisse par usurpation comme il faict de ma couronne.'—The Queen of Scots to Mauvissière, March 12, 1585: LABANOFF, vol. vi.

[1] The Queen of Scots to Elizabeth, March 13—23: LABANOFF vol. vi. Abridged.

throne, and so keen a feeling had been created that Parliament had again desired to proceed against her. She must see herself that the time was not favourable for proceeding with the treaty. Sir Lewis Bellenden declined to visit her.'[1]

The truth was thus forced upon her in all its bitterness. She had humbled herself before her enemy, she had compromised her reputation as a Catholic, and her prison-gates were more firmly locked than ever. There were dismal scenes too at Tutbury, not directly connected with herself, but suggestive of dreary forebodings. A young Catholic caught in the neighbourhood had been brought into the castle and confined there. Sadler's Puritan servants, thinking to benefit his soul, had carried him daily across the courtyard to the Chapel prayers. The Queen of Scots had watched the poor wretch struggling and screaming in their hands. One morning when she looked out she saw him hanging from his window. He had gone mad with misery, and had destroyed himself.[2] She affected to believe that he had been murdered. He furnished a text on which she declaimed with her usual eloquence on the dangers to which she was herself exposed.[3]

Sir Ralph Sadler's appointment had been provisional

[1] Elizabeth to the Queen of Scots, March 22—April 1: *MSS.* MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

[2] The Queen of Scots to Elizabeth, April 8; To Mauvissière, April 9: LABANOFF, vol. vi.

[3] Speaking of the Puritans, with a scornful play upon the words, she said she knew well with their specious pleas of conscience, 'Sous lesquelles ils cachent *le pur ou le pus* de leur intention, à sçavoir l'asseurer leur monarchie de l'advenir par la presente destruction de vostre sang et legitime succession.'

merely. He pleaded age and infirmity, to escape as soon as possible from the ungracious office, and another guardian had to be found for her. Lord St John of Bletsoe was first thought of, and as St John's brothers and sisters were Catholics, hopes were formed that he might further her escape. He too, however, dared Elizabeth's anger, and refused,[1] and the choice ultimately fell on Sir Amyas Paulet, who had preceded Stafford as ambassador at Paris—a distinguished adherent of the sect which the Queen of Scots affected so much to hate and fear. Paulet came down to relieve Sadler in the middle of April. Notwithstanding his forbidding creed, Mary Stuart tried her enchantments upon him. He was Governor of Jersey, and by the advice of Morgan, who wrote to her from the Bastile, and whose letters were smuggled into Tutbury,[2] she hinted that if she ever came to the crown 'he might have another manner of assurance of that island than ever was given to an English subject.' Paulet at once blighted any hopes which she might have formed of corrupting him. He understood her perfectly, and replied that it was as well to speak plainly. She was

[1] 'If Lord St John had had charge of your Majesty things might have been done for your escape, but now with the change we are at our wits' end.'—Charles Paget to the Queen of Scots, July 18—28. Decipher: *MSS.* MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS. 'If she had come to my brother, St Johns' house, you should have had full notice what to do.' —Lady Hungerford to the Duchess of Feria: *MSS.* Ibid. St John probably knew the pressure which would be laid upon him, and declined to expose himself to it, 'rather offering in a sort imprisonment.'—Burghley to Walsingham, January 4—14: *MSS.* Ibid.

[2] Morgan to the Queen of Scots, March 30—April 9: *MSS.* Ibid.

placed in his charge, and 'he would not be diverted from his duty by hope of gain, fear of loss, or any private respect whatsoever;'[1] he would show her all respect and courtesy, but he must obey the orders of his Sovereign.

'The calm beginning' had therefore 'a rough proceeding.' The coachman who exercised her horses, the laundress who carried out the clothes, the almoner who distributed her charities in the adjoining village — all were employed on her correspondence, and all had to be watched, and searched, and worried. Country gentlemen of Catholic leanings 'to whom the Queen of Scots was the only saint upon earth,' hung about the place 'seeking intelligence with her, though it cost them their lives,'[2] and this too provoked collision and altercation. Letters stole in, despite of Paulet's care; but they brought small comfort, and did not make the lady's temper more docile, or his task less difficult. Père la Rue indeed told her of the League, of the combination of the Catholic powers, and the prospects of her kinsmen. But the triumph of the cause was no longer to be the triumph of the Queen of Scots. Not she, but the wretched James who had betrayed her, was the favourite of the Pope and the House of Lorraine, if only he could be recovered to the faith. Guise, La Rue said, had sent to offer a place in the Confederacy to the boy whose persistence in heresy had

May.

[1] Paulet to Elizabeth, April 19—29: *MSS.* MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

[2] Morgan to the Queen of Scots, July 10—20: *MSS.* Ibid.

been the excuse for the apathy towards herself, and she well knew how lightly James would turn wherever interest clearly pointed. For her there was to be no forgiveness. The letters which she had written to Mauvissière consenting to the treaty had scandalized the Pope and Philip, ready as they both were to catch at any cause of offence with her. La Rue said he had told them that she had been only dissembling, but it had made no difference. If she played false with Elizabeth, they refused to trust her themselves. La Rue advised her, if she wished to recover their confidence, to demand instant admission into the League, and to throw herself without reserve on the Duke of Guise. 'If,' he wrote, 'your Majesty continue as you have begun, there is not a man living who can aid you. Believe those who next to God have no object but your good. Would to Heaven, Madam, that I could have but three hours' speech with you, and that you would condescend to listen while I was plain with you. Before all things, Madam, reconcile yourself to God and His divine Mother, and the Princes Catholic, and then, with God's grace, there will be a remedy found for all.'[1]

On the eve of the expected triumph of the Catholic cause, it was a sore thing for the Queen of Scots to find her intelligence cut off, her means of righting herself taken away, and to be left thus to digest her wretchedness. Many a fierce complaint she poured out against the misery of her abode, many an entreaty to

[1] La Rue to the Queen of Scots, May 8—18, 1585: *MSS.* MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

be removed to a place to which access would be less impossible. La Rue's communication must have been almost the last which she received for many months, and Paulet's skill at last stopped the channels by which her own private letters were carried out. Every one of her servants was in league to deceive his watchfulness. He described himself to Walsingham as bewildered by the treachery with which he was surrounded. 'Nau's French busy head' especially perplexed him. He so little trusted his power to match such a diplomatist that he dared not speak to Nau. There was a priest too, disguised in the household, whom he had detected, but knew not what to do with, Elizabeth, as he said, 'so dandled the Catholics.' She bade him, as he expected, let the priest be, and he had one traitor the more to watch over. Still by resolute perseverance he did his work, and did it effectually. Intelligence neither went nor came. Mary Stuart alternately raved, cursed, wept, and entreated. Paulet was courteous, but firm, and could be neither frightened nor melted into indulgence.[1] The priest was winked at, and gave her 'the consolations of religion.' She was allowed to walk, ride, or hunt, but always surrounded by a guard; no stranger was permitted to see her, and everything which went out of the Castle passed through Paulet's hands. Her rooms looked into the yard. She begged hard for a suite which faced the country, but she was refused. Paulet knew that she meant to use the windows to

[1] See Paulet's correspondence with Walsingham, May, June, July, and August, 1585: *MSS.* Mary Queen of Scots.

escape by, or, at least, to make signals from to friends.

So for the present remained Mary Stuart, to fret herself into the desperation which provoked the final catastrophe.

Meanwhile James affected to be devoted to Elizabeth. He sent no answer to Guise's offer of a place in the League. The King of Navarre invited him into the Protestant Alliance.[1] In this and all things he professed to desire to be guided by 'his good sister.' Edward Wotton was sent to him in April to arrange the terms of the Anglo-Scotch League, and the Queen 'understanding that his revenues, by the over-liberal spending of his mother in the time of her government, were much diminished,' declared herself 'willing to bestow upon him yearly some reasonable proportion of money.'[2] She had promised the Master of Gray to allow him 5000*l.* a year. When Gray's back was turned however she naturally thought it too much; she had cut down the sum so far that Walsingham feared it would do more harm than good to mention it; he advised Wotton therefore to keep 'to generalities,' 'putting them in hope that her Majesty would have princely consideration of the King's necessities;' something would probably happen before long to alarm her, and he thought he would then be better able to persuade her to keep to her engagements.[3] A few couple of

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[1] The King of Navarre to the King of Scots, May 10; Ségur to the King of Scots, July 8: TEULET, vol. iii.

[2] Instructions to Edward Wotton, April, 1585; *MSS. Scotland.*

[3] Walsingham to Wotton, May 23—June 2: *MSS.* Ibid.

English buck-hounds were also part of the stipulated price of James's desertion of his mother. They had been forgotten. James asked for them immediately, and Wotton, on his arrival at Edinburgh, was obliged to pretend that they were on the road. They were sent for in haste. 'The King's mind did so run upon them,' Wotton said, 'that their want might breed conceits for the adverse party to work upon.'[1] The Master of Gray too was particular about the 5000*l.* If it was not granted, he said 'he would appear a liar;' Arran was on the watch to recover his influence, and wanted but matter to work upon; 'for want of the hounds he would have persuaded the King that all was but words.'[2]

There was a plan to get rid of Arran in Scotch fashion. The Master of Gray before he left London had arranged with Leicester to kill him. Elizabeth had suggested something short of this extremity, and Gray had promised that 'he would forbear violence' unless his own life was in danger. But the step from plotting assassination to executing it was short and often necessary. 'Their purpose is altered at her Majesty's request to forbear to deal with violence,' June. wrote Wotton, 'notwithstanding, upon the least occasion that shall be offered, they mean to make short work with him. The hatred borne him is so general and so great that he cannot long brook the place he holds; only the King's power supports him, and that is not so much as it hath

[1] Wotton to Walsingham, May 30—June 9: *MSS. Scotland.*

[2] Wotton to Walsingham, May 31—June 10; Gray to Walsingham, ibid.: *MSS.* Ibid.

been.'[1] They did not believe, Wotton added in another letter, that the Queen's objections were sincere; but her interference 'had bred conceits in their hearts.' 'Having her turn served, the peace concluded, and the King assured,' they thought she would as usual be indifferent to the fate of her instruments. James was known to be revengeful, and if Arran was killed blood might be exacted for blood.[2]

In return, and not without justice, Arran had formed a counterplot to cut the throat of the Master of Gray. It is curious to observe how the open duel had fallen out of use in Scotland, and assassination become the recognized method of getting rid of a political antagonist.

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[1] Wotton to Walsingham, May 31—June 10: *MSS. Scotland.*

[2] Walsingham, or some secretary who had the care of his correspondence, erased the passages in Wotton's letters which refer to the proposed murder, but the ink with which the lines were blotted has faded, and the original words can be again read. June 5—15, Wotton writes: 'The Master of Gray conferred with Secretary Maitland, who albeit he had been acquainted with the matter aforehand, and gave his consent thereto, began now to dislike thereof and to dissuade it; the King would lay the fault on them all; and the Queen having her turn served and the peace concluded, and the King assured, would not trouble herself about what might become of them. Yet did he still think it to be a thing of that necessity that, without it was done, they could not promise any safety to themselves nor continuance of the League; and thus the Master of Gray came to tell me. What assurance was held of this enterprise before I came hither, I know not, and I cannot but marvel whence the difficulties that now are made thereof should proceed, I having been told that it should have been done ere I came hither, which I rather wish had been than otherwise. But to be plain with your Honour, her Majesty's last letter to the Master advising him not to do aught that might make the King's favour decline from him hath bred conceits in their heads, and is the cause that it hath hanged so long, and that I am so often pressed for advice thereon, that of all men should be the furthest from the knowledge of it, the better to mediate for the doers.'

'The factions ran very hot;' James however, tempted by hounds and horses, 5000*l.* a year, and the prospect of the succession, which Gray had been allowed indirectly to promise him, was inclined on the whole to cast his fortunes with the Queen. She could not herself be induced to allow more than 4000*l*, but the fifth was provided from some other source.[1]

A sketch of the terms of the League was laid before the Lords of Convention. It was described in the preamble as directed against the Catholic combination—a union offensive and defensive for protection against the common enemy. The King promised in it to be guided in his marriage by the Queen of England. Elizabeth bound herself if not to recognize yet to respect the King's title to the English succession.[2]

Mary Stuart was not mentioned on one side, nor the banished Lords on the other; but the Master of Gray had undertaken privately for the latter that when the alliance was completed they should be recalled. The articles were generally approved. The King hinted that he would like an English Duchy. The Convention amplified the preamble, explaining the League to be 'for causes of religion' against any invader who would disturb the profession of faith established in the two realms; and they required the Queen to engage more precisely, neither directly nor indirectly to July.

[1] Perhaps by subscriptions among the council. Wotton asks, on the 9th of July, if he may inform the King of the means by which the support was increased.—*MSS. Scotland.*

[2] Heads of a League to be made between her Majesty and the King of Scots, June 7—17: *MSS.* Ibid.

promote the pretensions of any other claimant of the crown. They also suggested further, that Scots and English should become mutually naturalized citizens of either country. Some difference of opinion followed. Elizabeth desired to reserve a power to herself, 'upon unkind usage which she hoped would not fall out towards her, to take such order for the succession as to herself and the Parliament should seem meet.'[1] The treaty however would probably have been arranged satisfactorily to the parties concerned. The Queen of Scots' friends had abandoned all hope of preventing it by peaceable means, and the negotiation was left to those who were determined to carry it through.

Other ways not peaceable however were still open to them. There were still the traditional Border enmities, which could at any moment be blown into a flame. The fortunes of the Earl of Arran depended on the prevention of an arrangement which would lead to the return of the Douglases and the Hamiltons; and the management of the treaty with England having passed out of his hands, he had placed himself at the disposition of the Duke of Guise. To the conspirators at Paris it was all-important to prevent the completion of the alliance, and heavy boxes of bullion were sent over for Arran, to use at his discretion in breaking up the English party. A raid of cattle thieves out of Northumberland, on a larger scale than usual, gave him the opportunity for which he was watching.

[1] Articles of the treaty sent from Scotland, with considerations by her Majesty, July: *MSS. Scotland.*

Ker of Fernyhurst, who was Warden for Scotland, was one of the very few noblemen who through good and evil had been true to the cause of Mary Stuart. To him the intended treaty was as detestable as it was to Arran, and on less ignoble grounds, and the borderers of Hawick and Jedburgh were always ready for a fray. It was usual when there had been any disorder on the Marches that the Wardens on both sides should hold what was called a day of truce, a peaceable conference at some spot in the debatable ground, where they could examine the circumstances, hear witnesses, and punish the offenders. On the present occasion the place of meeting was on the Cheviots, near Riccarton. Sir John Foster, the English Warden, brought with him as usual only a handful of his followers, in all not more than three hundred men; and he was accompanied accidentally by Lord Russell, Lord Bedford's eldest son, who happened to be staying with him. When he arrived on the ground he found Fernyhurst not 'in ordinary sort,' but surrounded with the moss-troopers of Teviotdale, 'with banners flying and drums beating, such as were never seen before.'[1] The business of the day had hardly commenced when an English boy was caught stealing a pair of spurs. Justice was prompt on such occasions—the boy was hanged, and conversation began again. The Scots however had mounted their horses, and gathered into masses. Suddenly a few strokes were heard upon their drums, and the whole three thousand August.

[1] Sir John Foster to Walsingham, July 31—August 10: *MSS. Scotland.*

charged in a body upon the English, firing their harquebusses in their faces as they came up. Utterly unprepared, Foster's followers broke and scattered. Many fell, the rest fled for their lives. Foster himself was taken and carried to Jedburgh. Lord Russell was killed—killed evidently with intention by one of Ker's servants.

The Russells were known to be especially dear to Elizabeth. The old Earl of Bedford, at that moment on his deathbed, had been distinguished among the handful of peers who had been true, heart and soul, to the Reformation. It appears to have been calculated that the murder of his heir would exasperate Elizabeth into retaliation, and that the treaty would be at an end.[1]

Suspicion pointed at once to Arran. The Scotch Court was at St Andrews. Edward Wotton, without waiting for orders, went at once to the King, 'who shed tears like a child newly beaten,' protesting, by his honour and crown, that he was himself innocent, 'hoping the Queen would not condemn him for other men's faults, and wishing all the Lords of the Border were dead, so Lord Russell was alive again.' Wotton demanded Arran's arrest. The King made no difficulty, sent him under a guard to Edinburgh Castle, and offered, if the

[1] 'The Catholics paid the Russells the compliment of being especially delighted. A correspondent of Lady Morley writes to her: "The Earl of Bedford is dead, and gone to his great master, the devil, I fear me. His son is dispatched in a conflict upon the frontiers. The fear in England is so great that we are much to rejoice thereat. Good Madam, be of all comfort; your Ladyship's deliverance is at hand."'———— to the Lady Morley, August 29, 1585: *MSS. Domestic.*

Queen wished it, to deliver him prisoner into England.[1]

Elizabeth took the King at his word, or was beforehand with him in demanding Arran's surrender. She understood perfectly what had happened. She was aware of Arran's correspondence with Guise, and Fernyhurst had been named by Parry as the leader of the army which was to invade England, had he himself succeeded in killing her. She required that both Ker and Arran should be sent to Carlisle Castle to be tried for the murder; and, distracted between his personal regard for his favourite, his pride as a Scot, and his desire to keep well with England, 'the King was so unquiet and passionate as he seemed like a man beside himself.'[2] Arran must have foreseen what would happen, and must have calculated that the state of feeling between the two countries would not allow a Scotch nobleman, whatever his offence, to be given up and hanged. 'The King's affection for him' too 'was greater than was imagined.' He was released after a few days' confinement, James writing to Elizabeth to say that he had ascertained him to be innocent; and Wotton had to tell his mistress that she must choose between justice and the League; if she wished to punish the offenders she must use force and send back the exiled noblemen.[3]

A cloud had risen exactly as Arran had anticipated. Guise sent over more money. The Earl of Huntly,

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[1] Wotton to Walsingham, July 29, 30—August 8, 9: *MSS. Scotland.*

[2] Wotton to Walsingham, August 6—16: *MSS.* Ibid.

[3] Wotton to Walsingham, August 6—16.

always French and Catholic, reappeared at the Court. The King replied to a second demand for Arran by a direct refusal; and the army of the League in France, left idle by 'the patched-up peace,' was placed at his service if he would break altogether with England.

The Master of Gray, seeing how things were tending, advised the Queen to give money in turn to Angus and the Hamiltons, and 'let them slip.' He undertook himself to join them with his friends at Berwick; and Arran could then be killed or taken, the King's person secured, and the treaty be completed at leisure.[1]

Time pressed. The Jesuits showed themselves again like vultures scenting carrion. 'Mora trahit periculum,' said Wotton, in letter after letter. His own life was in danger. The murder of an ambassador would complete the work, and make the rupture certain. Colonel Stewart 'braved Wotton to his face' in the King's presence, saying that the charge against Arran was false. Wotton told him that he lied. Gray was urgent for a resolution; he had committed himself so deeply that if England did not move, he said that he must look to his own safety, and change sides again.[2]

Elizabeth was in her normal condition. If the Lords went down, the ministers would follow; James's paper episcopacy, which she so much approved of, would crumble and the Kirk be again in the ascendant. Walsingham wrote gratefully to the Master of Gray, ex-

[1] Wotton to Walsingham, August 25—September 4: *MSS. Scotland.*

[2] Wotton to Walsingham, August 31—September 10, September 1—11: *MSS.* Ibid.

pressing the fullest sympathy with his views; but between Walsingham and the Queen there were the usual differences of opinion.[1] Walsingham was for sending back the Lords openly at once. He had disapproved all along of their abandonment. The Queen refused to part with money, and still believed in diplomacy. The demand for the surrender of Arran was withdrawn. The ambassador was directed to say that by his release, by the repair of the Jesuits thither, and generally by the character of the murder, the Queen 'saw cause of jealousy,' and that she advised and begged for the Lords' quiet recall.

'La via del mezo,' Wotton replied, was altogether unprofitable; the King was on the verge of breaking with her, and Elizabeth must either yield altogether or go roundly to work the other way. As Randolph, as Throgmorton, as Davison, had reported many a time before in the same words, 'the cold dealing of England was able to drive the most constant to seek new courses for their own standing.'[2] Guise sent Arran word, that if he could hold out but for six weeks, he should have men and money enough to encounter all the force that could be sent against him. Arran was himself preparing for an armed struggle, gathering to his side every loose lance in Scotland. A report being abroad that the Lords were coming down, a general levy was proclaimed of

[1] 'When we advise to use some way of prevention then are we thought authors of unnecessary charges, and when we lay open the apparent dangers, then are we heard as men possessed with vain fears.'—Walsingham to Wotton, September 4—14: *MSS. Scotland.*

[2] Wotton to Walsingham, September 11—21: *MSS.* Ibid.

all Scots between 16 and 60 to encounter the English enemy.[1] Elizabeth wavered like an aspen; one day Walsingham told Gray that all was well; then Arran wrote her a lying letter and all was changed again. Fernyhurst was next offered as a victim; Fernyhurst was too faithful to Mary Stuart; and 'the King and Arran,' Wotton wrote, 'could be well contented he were hanged so that would satisfy.'[2] Fernyhurst should be sent to Carlisle if Angus and the Hamiltons were detained in England, and the League might then go forward as before. The Queen was disposed to agree. Wotton as violently objected: 'to trust now to the League,' he said, 'unless the Lords be restored, is to trust to a rotten staff,' which would be broken at the moment when it was most needed.

September. The Queen, for once, felt the obligation of a promise. She said she had given her word to James that the Lords should be kept in England. Wotton insisted that James had broken faith first in releasing Arran; want of resolution would ruin everything; the Master of Gray would make his own terms, and 'then it would be too late to repent a lost opportunity which would never again be offered:' in a few days Scotland would be full of Frenchmen, and if the return of the Lords could be delayed for but a short time, the French party counted that the game was theirs.[3]

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[1] Wotton to Walsingham, September 13—23.

[2] Wotton to Walsingham, September 18—28: *MSS. Scotland.*

[3] Wotton to Walsingham, September 18—28: *MSS.* Ibid.

James, who had been at first frightened, was fast recovering his confidence. Arran assured him that the Queen was 'but boasting,' as she had done before the execution of Morton, and that she dared not move. The Master of Gray, distracted at 'the long English delay,' told Wotton plainly that if another fortnight was allowed to pass 'he would shift for himself;' the French were making large offers to him, and he could not refuse to join them. Wotton said that he was not generally an adviser of 'violent courses,' but 'matters framed so unthwartly that no good could be done but by way of force;' in another week or two Arran would be master of Scotland and the King would be clay in his hands. For himself, Wotton entreated to be immediately recalled. Every one at the Court carried pistols, and men who had not spared kings and regents would not be nice about ambassadors. 'If the Queen would send down the Lords,' he said, 'they would work wonders and remedy all inconveniences: if she would not, the country would be clean lost and all her friends wrecked. The King was young, and easily carried away, and most of the persons about him were Papists or Atheists.'[1]

There was, as usual, one straight honourable road open to Elizabeth, and as usual she would not travel upon it. To avow and protect the Lords, who had been driven out of Scotland only for having served her too faithfully; to restore them, frankly, conspicuously, and with confessed support, was a step to which no argu-

[1] Wotton to Walsingham, September 22—October 2: *MSS. Scotland.*

ment could induce her to consent. The most which she could be brought to contemplate was that, as if weary of inactivity and hopeless of pardon, they should apply to her for passports to go abroad, and that, when started upon their journey, they might change their route for the Border without her own appearing to have sanctioned their return to Scotland. To sustain the farce, and protect herself further, she applied through Wotton for James's permission to them to go to Germany.[1]

But even so she 'still varied in her purpose.' Walsingham had been unable to convince her that she was really in danger. 'She was carried away with the hope that the treaty would have cured all,' or that there would be a fresh explosion in France.[2] At length she was made to see that the Duke of Guise was really meditating an immediate descent on Scotland. In James's sincerity she had no belief at any time, further than she could hold him by his interest. Walsingham believed him to be false in religion;[3] and to lose the Master of Gray was a risk too formidable to be ventured. 'After mature deliberation she began to fall to resolution.'[4] Wotton still pressed for haste. 'Protraction of time,' he wrote in cipher, 'is very dangerous,' 'celerity must be the word.'[5] Huntly,

[1] Walsingham to Wotton, September 24—October 4: *MSS. Scotland.* Elizabeth to James, November 10—20: *MSS.* Ibid.

[2] Walsingham to Wotton, September 24—October 4; *MSS.* Ibid.

[3] 'The bruits given out by the Papists, both here and there, touching the King, I do assure you are not without cause, for he doth but dissemble in religion, whatsoever he professeth to the contrary.'—Ibid.

[4] Wotton to Walsingham, October 5—15: *MSS.* Ibid.

[5] Wotton to Walsingham, October 7—17: *MSS.* Ibid. From

Crawford, and Montrose, were gathering their forces to join Arran. The final step therefore was at last taken. Wotton was recalled. The Queen, 'finding,' as she said, 'no redress for Lord Russell's murder,' declared publicly that she 'did not think it honourable to allow a minister to remain at the Scotch Court;' and he stole away without taking leave. 'Mr Wotton,' wrote Walsingham to Davison, 'is retired out of Scotland, sans dire adieu; you shall hear of a change there shortly; I pray God it may be for the best.'[1] Angus, Mar, Colville, and the Master of Glamys, sent in a formal request to Elizabeth, which was easily granted them, to be allowed to leave England for Germany. They rode straight for the Border. They were met at Jedburgh by Lord Hume, and a few miles further by Lord Hamilton, who had gone down before them. The hatred against Arran was so deep and general that no English help was needed. The whole Lothians rose, and superstition gave the rising a more than natural force. The plague had lain for months upon the Scotch towns. Twenty thousand people, in the wild estimate of terror, had died in Edinburgh alone. Lady Arran was believed to be a witch, and the pestilence to be God's judgment upon her and her husband's devilries. Unresisted and with gathering numbers the October.

another source it would seem that James made more resistance than Arran expected to Guise's coming over. Arran, in the middle of October, said 'that the time was not come, but that it should shortly be brought to pass.'—Scottish advertisements, October 19—29: *MSS. Scotland.*

[1] *MSS. Holland*, October 23—November 2.

Lords swept on to Stirling, where the King was lying. Gray, Maitland, and Bellenden remained with him to prevent Arran from carrying him off. Arran tried to seize them, but failed, and escaped in disguise by the water-gate, flinging the keys into the Forth as he fled. James would have gone also, fearing probably his father's fate. He stole down to a postern, which he hoped to find unguarded, but the Lords had been too careful to leave a bolt-hole open. He was caged, and had to wait for his fate. On the 2nd of November[1] the town opened its gates. Two days later the castle surrendered also. The King was once more a prisoner in the hands of the Protestant nobles, and all was over.

November.

Thus rapidly the revolution was completed, and the hopes of the Catholics were again 'dashed' at the moment when they were about to be realized. A second raid, more efficient than the raid of Ruthven, destroyed the faction which for six years had distracted Scotland. No blood was shed, not even Arran's, who, stripped of his usurped wealth, was left to wander in poverty and to die at last in a brawl. The Hamiltons recovered their estates. Angus was reinstated in the splendid inheritance of the Douglases. The King was treated so much better than he expected that he was easily reconciled to his fate. The Lords affected a regret to him for the violence into which they had been driven. They assured him of their respect for himself. He

[1] November 2—12.

said, shrewdly, 'there was no need of words; weapons had spoken loud enough, and gotten them audience to clear their own cause.'[1]

Elizabeth outdid herself. Relieved of her danger, she professed to be overwhelmed with astonishment. Alarmed for her dear brother's safety, and specially desirous he should understand that she had been no party to what had happened, she sent her cousin, young Knowles,[2] to comfort and encourage him. If the Lords ill-used him, she swore 'they should smart for it,' and she wrote him a letter which, read by the light of Walsingham's and Wotton's correspondence, suggests reflections which need not be expressed.

'Right dear Brother,' she said, 'the strange news of hard accidents that are arrived here of unlooked-for or unsuspected attempts in Scotland, even by some such as lately issued out of our land, constraineth me, as well for the care we have of your person as of the discharge of our own honour and conscience, to send you immediately this gentleman—one that appertaineth to us in blood—both to offer you all assistance of help, as all good endeavours of counsel, and to make it plain that we dealt plainly. These Lords, making great outcries that I would not or could not help them to be restored, I, by their great importunance, yielded, that if I might be freed of my assurance given unto you for their safe keeping, I would consent unto their departure; and so, after your answer, as methought most

[1] Calderwood.

[2] Leicester's brother-in-law, son of Sir Francis Knowles.

honourable, that they might take them away to Germany with your gracious grant of some livelihood, after a week since I gave them my passport, and so dismissed them, without, I swear to you, even the sight of any one of them

'Now, when I weigh how suddenly beyond my expectation this sudden stir ariseth, and fearing lest some evil and wicked person might surmise that this was not without my foresight, I beseech you trust my actions according to the measure of my former dealings for your safety, and answerable to the rule of reason, and you shall find that few princes will agree to constraint of their equals, much less with compulsion of their subjects. Judge of me therefore as a king that carrieth no abject nature; and think this of me, that rather than your danger I will venture mine. And albeit I must confess that it is dangerous for a prince to irritate too much through evil advice the generality of great subjects, so might you ere now have followed my advice that would never betray you with unsound counsel.

'And now to conclude—making haste—I pray you be plain with this bearer that I may know what you would that I should do without excuse hereafter that constrained you did it, for I dare assure you of his secrecy, and thereof be you bold. For the Lord Russell's death and other things, I refer me to this gentleman, who I dare promise is of no faction beside my will. God bless you as I wish myself.

'Your true assured cousin and sister,

'ELIZABETH.

'Fear not, for your life must be theirs, or else they shall smart, every mother's son of them.

'November 10, 1585.'[1]

The supposition that James could be deceived by the fiction of a passport to Germany was an indifferent compliment to his understanding; and if he had been able to resent his captivity the letter would scarcely have persuaded him of Elizabeth's innocence. The business had been done so completely however that there was nothing to fear, and the King, though more respectfully treated, was as helpless as he had been in the hands of Morton. He concealed his displeasure, and appeared resigned to his fate. Young Knowles found him hunting daily, and on the happiest terms with his masters. He said he had been greatly offended with the Lords at their first return, but finding that they meant him no harm he considered God had worked a miracle in bringing about so happy a reconciliation. They might have done what they pleased with him, and he was now satisfied that they had taken arms, not against him, but against Arran. He was content with the result, and desired nothing but the completion of the English treaty.[2]

The designs of Guise upon England were once more defeated. His preparations had been all but completed: his troops had been drawn down under various pretexts to the Channel coast, and were ready to embark

[1] *MSS. Scotland.*

[2] William Knowles to Walsingham, November 23—December 3: *MSS Scotland.*

at a day's notice. The Catholics had once more congratulated themselves that their day of deliverance was at hand: once more all had been broken up. In England itself the party of insurrection was gradually dissolving. Paget and Morley were abroad: Lord Henry Howard and the Earl of Northumberland were in the Tower: Lord Arundel, for whom the Queen had a special tenderness, had been under arrest also for a time, but had been released and had been held in attendance at the Court. That these noblemen had been for many years engaged in active conspiracy; that they had intended and had deliberately prepared to rebel as soon as Guise should land either in Scotland or England, the correspondence of Mendoza and de Tassis contains the most conclusive proofs. Their proceedings and their purposes had indeed been revealed with sufficient clearness by Francis Throgmorton, and they had been received into the Church since the passing of the statute which made it a penal offence. But Elizabeth could not bring herself to punish the son and brother of the Duke of Norfolk. Arundel had been restored in blood; she had visited him at Framlingham; she had intended to give him back the dukedom; for his father's sake she had shown him exceptional kindness, and he repaid her by taking his father's place at the head of the disaffected Catholics. He had denied his guilt, and with the clearest proof of it under her eyes she refused to disbelieve him. He had been present at the opening of the last session of Parliament. The association however and the bill which was founded

upon it, with the companion Act against the Jesuits, which he opposed in the House of Lords, showed him that England was no safe place for disloyal noblemen. He wrote at length to Elizabeth, confessing himself a Catholic. He complained of the malice of his enemies, and alluded to the ends of his father and grandfather. He told her that for the sake of his soul, which was in peril among heretics, he felt obliged to retire to the Continent. Knowing that she would refuse him permission, he left his letter to be given to her when he was gone. A vessel was waiting for him in a creek somewhere in Sussex. He embarked and had proceeded half a mile to sea, but the Government had received notice of his intended flight. An armed boat lay in wait for him, and he was taken and brought back to the Tower. Again he declared most solemnly that he had been guilty of no disloyalty. The Queen 'was pleased to receive' his protestations of innocence. Throgmorton's confession however, he was told, had been confirmed by an intercepted letter of Mendoza, who had named him as the expected leader of a rebellion. His 'falling away in religion,' his conduct in Parliament, the intimacy of Lady Arundel with the Pagets, and his attempt to steal out of the realm, were circumstances tending, all of them, strongly to confirm the suspicions of him, and he was invited to regard his present restraint rather as favourable and gracious dealing than as severity.[1]

April.

[1] Words to be used to the Earl of Arundel, April, 1585. Walsingham's hand: *MSS. Domestic.*

In the Tower therefore Arundel remained, useless thenceforward for the purposes of the Catholics. Lord Northumberland, who was to have risen with him and was to have shared the honour of the revolution, had deserved and would probably have found less gentle treatment. Compromised in the rebellion of 1569, though avoiding treason in the first degree, Sir Henry Percy had escaped with a fine of 5000*l.* The Queen had not only excused him payment, but being unwilling that an old peerage should become extinct, she had revived the earldom in his favour, and with the title he had adopted his brother's politics and had become the chief of a new conspiracy. About his guilt there was no doubt whatever. Charles Paget had come to England to consult him about the spot where Guise was to land. He deserved no mercy, and lenient as Elizabeth always was to offenders of high blood, he would probably have found none. Had he been tried he must have been found guilty, and could not reasonably hope to escape execution. To save his property therefore for his children, he anticipated forfeiture, and shot himself in his room in the Tower.[1]

[1] It was immediately said that he had been murdered. He was found dead in his bed, shot with three balls in the breast, with the pistol on the floor, and the doors bolted—so it was officially stated—on the inside. It was argued that in a place like the Tower a prisoner could not be in possession of a loaded pistol, nor would a prisoner's door have bolts on the inside. The Catholics spoke confidently of foul play. They even named the person, a servant of Sir Christopher Hatton, by whom the deed was committed. The Government was confessedly afraid of the report, and anxious to clear itself, and Catholic historians have found further ground for assuming the murder proved, from a passage

Thus gradually the Catholics were collapsing as a formidable party in the State; and seeing their hopes blighted and their enemies triumphant, were now more and more inclined to sit still and wait for the open interference of Spain or France. No weapon formed against the Queen seemed to prosper. The Pope's anathemas had borne fruit only in the rotting quarters of two hundred Jesuits and the skull of Desmond upon a spike on London Bridge. The great June.

of a letter written many years after by Sir Walter Raleigh to Sir Robert Cecil. 'For after revenge,' Raleigh said, 'fear them not. Humours of men succeed not, but grow by occasion and accidents of time and power. Somerset made no revenge on the Duke of Northumberland's heirs. Northumberland that now is thinks not of Hatton's issue.' These words speak undoubtedly to a belief at the end of the century, that foul play had been used, and perhaps that the belief was shared by Raleigh himself. But Raleigh was not omniscient, and on the other side there is first a very elaborate inquest upon the Earl's body, conducted by the coroner of the city of London. The jury examined the premises, and satisfied themselves about the bolts. Sir Owen Hopton described the bursting of the door, and the position in which the body was found. The Earl's servant confessed to having bought the pistol at his master's desire, and described the manner in which it was carried in; the gunsmith was produced from whom it was purchased, and the inquiry was accepted as conclusive, by every one to whom charges against the Government were not credible in proportion to their enormity. No intelligible motive can be suggested for the murder of a prisoner of rank whom it would have been useful to try, and whose estates might have thus rewarded the avarice of courtiers; while to suicide there was the temptation of escaping a public execution, otherwise almost certain, and the practical desire to save the property of the family from confiscation. Forfeiture would have followed, as a matter of course, on a legal conviction for high treason; but to kill an untried nobleman, and afterwards to pass a bill of attainder through the House of Lords, would have been morally impossible. To the Catholics, on the other hand, it was perfectly natural to suspect a Government which they hated, and to spare the memory of one of their own leaders from the reproach of what they looked on as a crime.

Powers had looked on in indifference, and every one of themselves who had dared to move in the cause was either dead, in exile, or in the Tower. The rack and the quartering knife were terrible; but more terrible, more crushing, more wearing to heart and spirit, was the perpetual disappointment of their hopes. They sunk under a fatality which they called the will of God, and concluded that for some inscrutable cause it was his pleasure that heresy should prevail.

END OF VOL. VI.

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